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THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

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Agnes of God—A distinctly flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the father of the child, and the Mother Superior of the convent is inclined to agree with her, but a court-appointed psychiatrist (herself a lapsed Catholic) has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Amanda Plummer. The author is John Pielmeier. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/12/82.) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Antigone—Joseph Chaikin's handsome, imaginative production is all but done in by a flat, wooden translation. On Sunday afternoon, May 30, there will be a sign-language interpreter for deaf patrons. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—The reappearance of the musical by Larry L. King and Peter Masterson, with music by Carol Hall. Carlin Glynn, Gil Rogers, and Delores Hall head the cast. Directed by Tommy Tune and Mr. Masterson. Previews through Monday matinée, May 31, and opens officially that same evening at 7:30. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, except June 2, and Saturdays at 2; special matinées Sunday, May 30, and Memorial Day at 3.)

Beyond Therapy—A comedy by Christopher Durang, with John Lithgow and Dianne Wiest as the leads. Directed by John Madden. Previews through Wednesday matinée, May 26, and opens officially that same evening at 6:45. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.)

Blues in the Night—A musical conceived and directed by Sheldon Epps and focussed on three blues singers in Chicago in the thirties. With Leslie Uggams and Debbie Shapiro. Previews through Tuesday, June 1. Opens officially on Wednesday, June 2. (Rialto, Broadway at 43rd St. 354-5236. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Browning Version and **The Twelve Pound Look**—A satisfactory revival of Sir Terence Rattigan's play, with Lee Richardson as the unpopular, beleaguered English schoolmaster who is undone by a single act of kindness—the gift of a book—on the day of his resignation. In Sir James Barrie's sharp and frothy "The Twelve Pound Look," which serves as a curtain-raiser, Mr. Richardson is a pompous Englishman who learns that his ex-wife left him fourteen years before not for another man but for a typewriter. (5/3/82) (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Chalk Garden—A very good revival of Enid Bagnold's imperishable comedy, with Constance Cummings, Irene Worth, and Donal Donnelly. John Stix is the director. (5/10/82) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Crimes of the Heart—In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but it is the particular gift of the author, Beth Henley, to make nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. (11/16/81) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Dining Room—The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.,'s delightful play takes place in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters over the past fifty years or so. All the characters are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors—John Shea, Pippa Pearthree, Lois de Banzie, Ann McDonough, W. H. Macy, and Remak Ramsay. David Trainer was the good director. (3/1/82) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Do Black Patent Leather Shoes Really Reflect Up?—A musical with a book by John R. Powers (based on his novel of the same title), and music and lyrics by James Quinn and Alaric Jans. Mike Nussbaum directed. Previews Wednesday, May 26. Opens officially on Thursday, May 27. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Dreamgirls—Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (1/4/82) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ensemble Studio Theatre—A festival of fifteen one-act plays, running through Monday, June 21. "Fog," by Conrad Bromberg; "Appearances," by Tina Howe; "The Undefeated Rhumba Champ," by Charles Leipart; and

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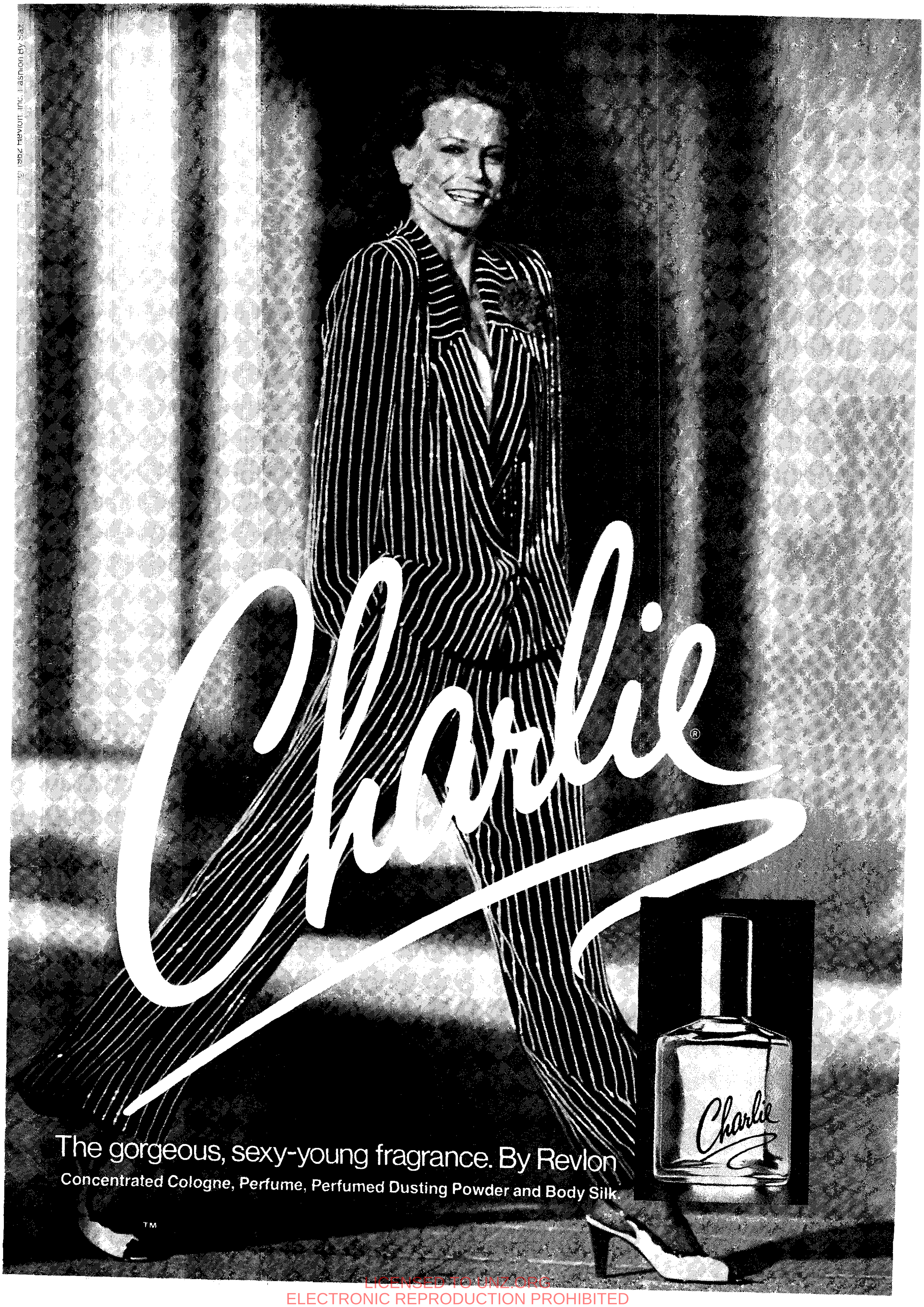
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"The Forest Lawn Diet," by James G. Richardson: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 26-27, and Saturday evening, May 29. . . . ¶ "The Fisher Wedding," by Carol Hall; "The Fortress of Solitude," by Jeffrey M. Jones; "Goodbye, Howard," by Romulus Linney; and "The Self-Begotten," by John Wellman: Friday evening, May 28; Saturday matinée, May 29; and Sunday and Monday evenings, May 30-31. . . . ¶ "Buddies," by Mary Gallagher; "Rosario and the Gypsies," by Eduardo Machado (book and lyrics) and Rick Vartorella (music); and "Ord-Way Ames-Gay," by Susan Vick: Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 2-3, and Saturday evening, June 5. . . . ¶ "Kilo," by Marc B. Berman; "Class Reunion," by Kermit Frazier; "Many Happy Returns," by Willie Reale; and "Routed," by Jeffrey Sweet. Friday evening, June 4, and Saturday matinée, June 5. (Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 247-4982.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1970 musical **APPLAUSE** (book by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Charles Strouse, and lyrics by Lee Adams) is the last offering of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 6. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Freak—This trivial drama about Edgar Cayce, the clairvoyant healer, is written with prime-time slickness, but it is nicely performed by James Greene, Dann Florek, and Polly Draper, among others. Stephen Zuckerman was the director, Granville Wyche Burgess the dramatist. (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30; on Thursday, May 27, at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Geniuses—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. Joanne Camp gives an attractive performance as a dumb actress who outsmarts everyone. (5/24/82) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Hothouse—A first-rate production of an early Pinter play, which the author permitted to languish unseen for reasons best known to himself. Many wryly funny lines and a certain amount of eerie Pinter mayhem. (5/17/82) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 489-9237. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 30.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Bill Hutton heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. Tony Tanner is the director. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2; special matinée Thursday, June 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, May 30: Johann Strauss's **A NIGHT IN VENICE**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, June 2: Gilbert and Sullivan's **THE MIKADO.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Livingstone and Sechele—A British play by David Pownall, with Mike Champagne and Afemo Omilami. (Quaigh, Hotel Diplomat, 108 W. 43rd St. 221-9088. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Master Harold . . . and the Boys—The theme of this short, elegantly written melodrama is the desolation of failed relations, whether in the family or out in the world. The scene is South Africa. The author, Athol Fugard, has directed his superb cast with appropriate energy. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

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Medea—Zoe Caldwell and Judith Anderson in the classic tragedy by Euripides. Robert Whitehead directed. (5/17/82) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—Charles Fuller's gripping drama **A SOLDIER'S PLAY** is about an investigation into the shooting of a black sergeant at an Army Camp in Louisiana in 1944. In a series of flashbacks, the investigator (a black Army captain) and the audience move closer and closer to the truth about the murder and about a number of other matters as well. The performances by all members of the company are excellent, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction. Adolph Caesar is the sergeant, Charles Brown is the captain, and Larry Riley is a private whose easygoing manner is especially irksome to the sergeant. (12/7/81) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

Nine—A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Raul Julia plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Performing Garage—The second and third presentations in a retrospective of the Wooster Group's works since 1978. **POINT JUDITH:** Thursday, June 3, at 8; Friday, June 4, at 7:30; and Saturday, June 5, at 10:30. . . . **ROUTE 1 & 9:** Friday, June 4, at 10:30; Saturday, June 5, at 7:30; and Sunday, June 6, at 8. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Closes Sunday, June 13.)

Pump Boys and Dinettes—A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann (lead singer, guitarist, and pump boy) or by his wife, Cass Morgan (singer, percussionist, and counter girl). The six singer/instrumentalists are delightful; Mark Hardwick, at the piano, is especially so. A Dodger Theatre Company production. (11/16/81) (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performances Sunday, May 30, at 7, and Memorial Day at 3.)

The Regard of Flight—Bill Irwin, the beguiling clown, acrobat, pantomimist, and dancer, has added words—funny words—to his repertoire in an on-and-off parody of avant-garde theatre. He is ably assisted by his partners, Doug Skinner (composer and pianist) and Michael O'Connor. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

San Francisco Mime Troupe—A four-week engagement; through Sunday, June 6. "Factwino Meets the Moral Majority," by Joan Holden, with Brian Freeman, Arthur Holden, Tede Matthews, Henri Picciotto, and Peter Solomon, and with music by Bruce Barthol. (Fashion Institute of Technology, 227 W. 27th St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 11; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Scenes from La Vie de Boheme—A play by Anthony Giardina. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 30.)

Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All for You and **The Actor's Nightmare**—A very funny evening in the theatre. "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd and wicked parodies of respected playwrights. Everyone in the company does very well, under Jerry Zaks's nimble direction; Elizabeth Franz is splendid as the nun, and Jeff Brooks is fine as the actor-in-spite-of-himself. (11/2/81) (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Torch Song Trilogy—Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. The four-and-a-half-hour running time goes by quickly. (2/1/82) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Nightly at 7:30. Closes Sunday, May 30.)

The Woods—A love affair in a weekend of stormy crisis is the subject of this good play by David Mamet. (Second Stage, sixteenth floor, 23 W. 73rd St. 787-8302. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, May 30.)

Long Runs—**AMADEUS:** We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with Frank Langella, Dennis Boutsikaris, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. On Wednesday evening, May 26, there will be two sign-language interpreters for deaf patrons. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Wednesdays through Fridays and Saturday, May 29, at 8, and Sundays and Saturday, June 5, at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CLOUD 9:** Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic

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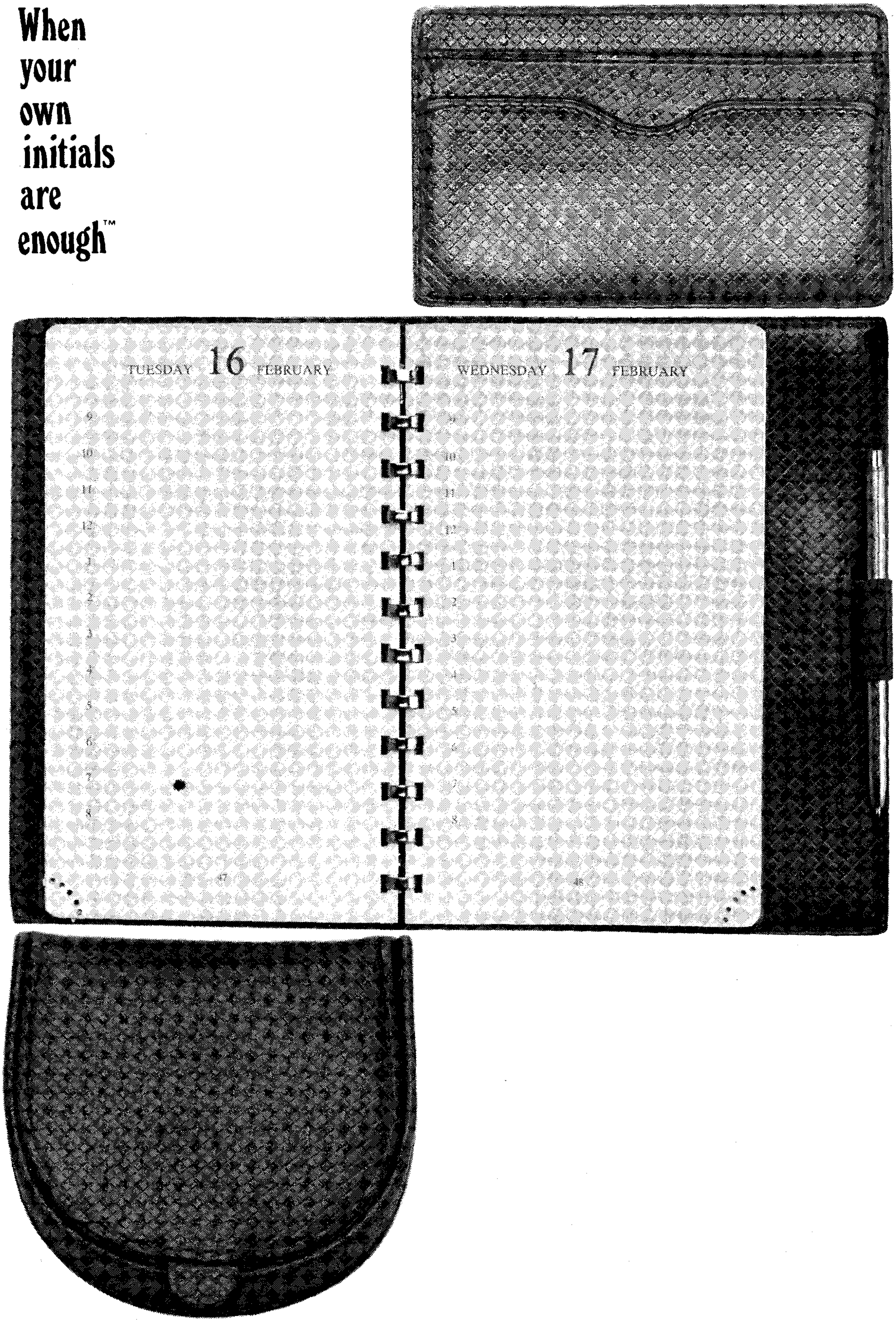
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composers. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Farley Granger, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays, except Memorial Day, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Memorial Day at 2.) . . . **EVITA:** A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Anthony Crivello, and David Cryer. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 9,184 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **LENA HORNE: THE LADY AND HER MUSIC:** A couple of dozen cherished standards (by Porter, Youmans, Rodgers & Hart, etc., etc.) sung to perfection. Miss Horne brings down the house not once but many times. (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays, except June 1, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE:** Gilbert and Sullivan Americanized, which, in this case, is to say good-humoredly vulgarized. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SOPHISTICATED LADIES:** A stunning potpourri of Duke Ellington numbers, affording us again and again a welcome shock of recognition. The cast, headed by Maurice Hines, sings and dances with extraordinary energy; few musicals have ever moved so swiftly from a confident start to a no less confident finish. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** Mickey Rooney and Ann Miller having a high old time in a musical show that only pretends to be based on the great days of burlesque, if burlesque ever had great days. Starting Monday, May 31, Eddie Bracken will fill in for Mr. Rooney for two weeks. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays and Memorial Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Memorial Day at 3.) . . . **WOMAN OF THE YEAR:** Lauren Bacall carries with ease on her broad shoulders this musical-comedy version of the old Hepburn-Tracy movie. The clever songs are by Kander and Ebb, and the direction is by Robert Moore. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—The hundred-and-twelfth edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's wingding. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 26, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, May 27, at 10:30 and 7:30; Friday, May 28, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturday, May 29, at 10:30, 3, and 8; and final performances Sunday and Monday, May 30-31, at 1 and 5:30.)

Radio City Music Hall—Presenting "Encore," a great big show celebrating the Music Hall's fiftieth birthday. The Rockettes drop in daily from M. et Mme. Verdurin's. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Mondays and Tuesdays at 11 and 2:30, and Wednesdays and Fridays through Sundays at 2:30 and 8.)

Forbidden Broadway—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays through Saturdays at 9 and midnight; and Sundays at 9.)

New York Gilbert and Sullivan Players—Presenting the first three of nine performances of "Patience." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Friday, June 4, at 8, and Saturday, June 5, at 3 and 8. For information about tickets, call 724-9159.)

The Bacchae—Tadashi Suzuki's version of the Euripides tragedy, in Japanese and English. A production of the Japan Society and La Mama. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. Friday through Sunday, May 28-30, and Tuesday through Sunday, June 1-6, at 7:30. For tickets, call 475-7710.)

DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, May 26: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 27: "Ballade," "Sonatine," "Souvenir de Florence," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 28: "Donizetti Variations," "In G Major," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 29: "Donizetti Variations," "*Souvenir de Florence,*" *and* "*In G Major.*" . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 29: "Mozartiana," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, May 30: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Souvenir de Florence," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, May 30: "Donizetti Variations," "La Valse," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 1: "La Valse," "Opus 19/The Dreamer," and "Chaconne." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June 2: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Square Dance," and "Symphony in C." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June 3: "La Valse," "Mozartiana," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Friday evening, June 4: "Donizetti Variations," "In G Major," and "La Valse." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 5: "Donizetti Variations," "The Four Temperaments," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, June 5: "Chaconne," "The Four Temperaments," and "In G Major." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, July 4.)

American Ballet Theatre—Wednesday matinée and evening, May 26, and Thursday evening, May 27: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 28: "Concerto," "Pillar of Fire," "Other Dances," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 29: "The Kingdom of the Shades" from "La Bayadère," "Fancy Free," and "Carmen." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 29: "Concerto," "Rodeo," "Claire de Lune," and "Carmen." . . . ¶ Monday evening, May 31: "Theme and Variations," "Jardin Animé "Other Dances," and "Voluntaries." . ¶ Tuesday evening, June 1: "Les Noces "Jardin Animé," "Clair de Lune," a "Voluntaries." . . . ¶ Wednesday matiné June 2: "Les Noces," "Great Gallopi Gottschalk," and "Theme and Vari tions." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, June "Les Noces," "Airs," "Pas de Deux," a "Rodeo." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, June "Concerto" and "Giselle." . . . ¶ Friday ev ning, June 4: "Prodigal Son" and "Giselle . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, June 5: "Gre Galloping Gottschalk" and "Giselle." . ¶ Saturday evening, June 5: "Prodigal So and "Giselle." (Metropolitan Opera Hou 362-6000. Evenings at 8. Matinées at Through Saturday, June 12.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Opening performances o four-week engagement that will run throu Sunday, June 27—Wednesday, June 2, at "A Footstep of Air," and two premières "Circa" and "Play Bach." (A benefit perf mance; for tickets, call 777-7710.) . ¶ Thursday, June 3 at 8: "Harbinger," "T Gods Amused," "Over the Pavement" (p mière), and "A Footstep of Air." . . . ¶ Frid June 4, at 8: "Theatre," "Circa," and "Pl Bach." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 5, at 2: "H binger," "The Consort," and "A Footstep Air." . . . ¶ Saturday, June 5, at 8: "Anaton Balm" (première), "Over the Pavement," a "Half Time." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eigh Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

Douglas Dunn and Dancers—Final perf mances of "Game Tree." (St. Mark's In-t Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-81 Thursday through Saturday, May 27-29, 8:30.)

Dianne McIntyre's Sounds in Motion and Ce Taylor—A program of contemporary da with jazz accompaniment. (Judson Memor Church, 55 Washington Sq. S. Thursd through Sunday, May 27-30, at 8:30. For formation about tickets, call 348-2460.)

Contemporary Ballet Company—A full-len work-in-progress, "Alibi." (The Space, C Center, 131 W. 55th St. Wednesday thro Saturday, June 2-5, at 8:30. For informat about tickets, call 255-3326.)

Phyllis Lamhut Dance Company—Four perf mances of "Passing." (Dance Theatre Wo shop, 219 W. 19th St. Thursday through S day, June 3-6, at 8. For tickets, call 9 0077.)

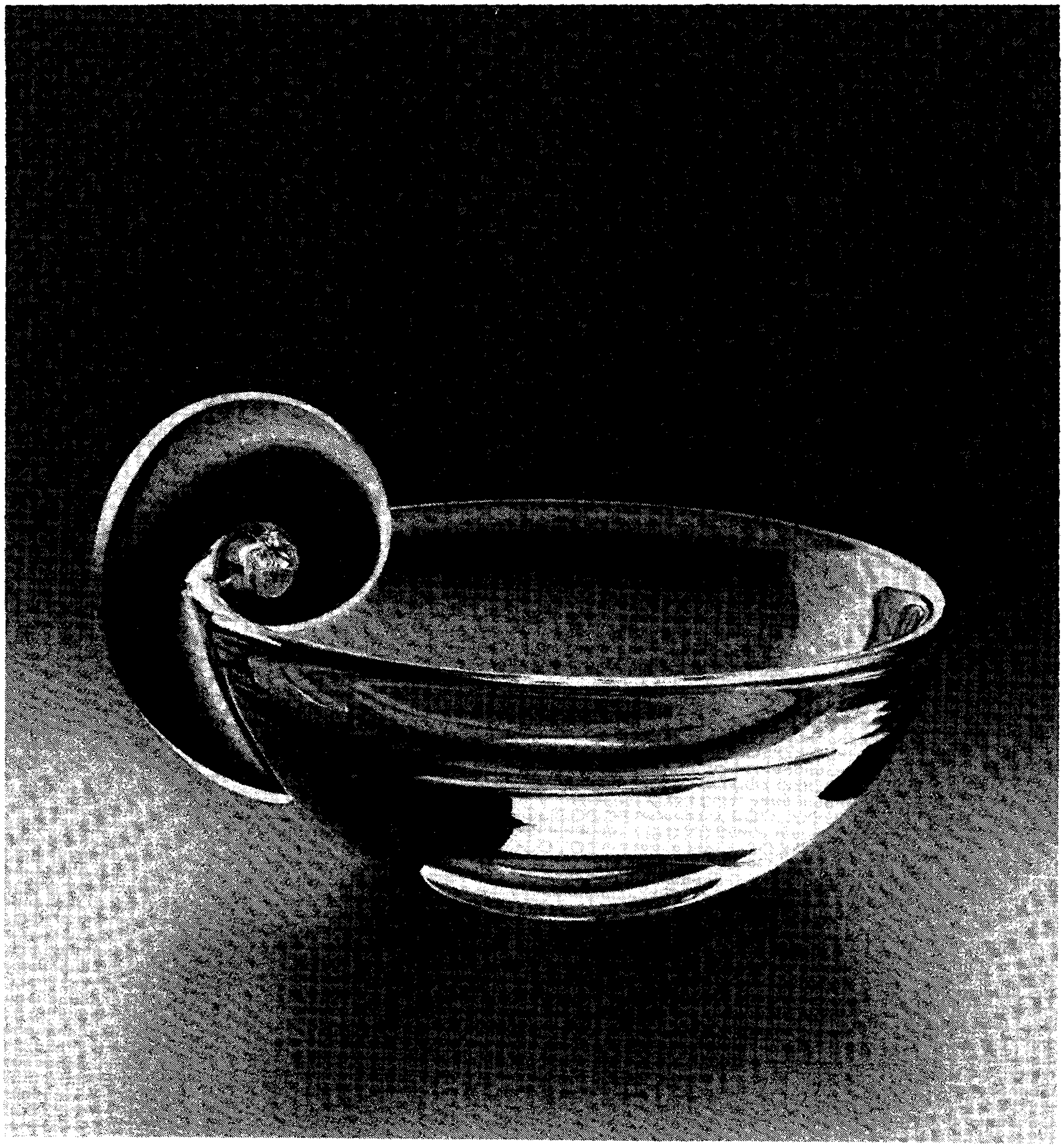
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-f type is used to pick out a few of the more no ble performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians a night-club proprietors live complicated li that are subject to last-minute change; it therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixt for years. Friday and Saturday, May 28- **JAKI BYARD,** the simultaneously free and str pianist, will lead a trio; Friday and Sat day, June 4-5, pianist **HUGH LAWSON** will p form with bassist **WALTER BOOKER** and dru mer **JIMMY COBB.** Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, a one.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (4 8592)—According to the barman, there been scads of clubs at this address, going the way back to speakeasy days. Tromboni **KAI WINDING** and **CURTIS FULLER,** who both l bebop, co-pilot their quintet through Sund May 30; on Monday, May 31, Lola Dunn be present; and beginning Tuesday, June pianist, jazz professor, and National Pu Radio star **BILLY TAYLOR** will work with his t opposite singer **CARRIE SMITH.** There are usua three sets, beginning at ten.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (2 6300)—The roster: Wednesday, May 26, **ROCHES,** the harmonizing folk trio of sist Thursday, May 27, Jimmy Hall and T Nielsen & the Parker Brothers band; Fri and Saturday, May 28-29, singer Jon Luci Sunday, May 30, the Metros and St Almaas's Beat Rodeo; Thursday, June 3, sim Sulton and Michael Smotherman; Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, blues sin **SIPPIE WALLACE.** Shows at eight-thirty eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursda



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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. Pianist **HANK JONES** and bassist **RED MITCHELL** collaborate through Saturday, May 29; on Sunday, May 30, pianist **LARRY WILLIS** will join Mr. Mitchell; and beginning Monday, May 31, **HILTON RUIZ** will man the keyboard for six nights, accompanied by the humming, buzzing bassist, **MAJOR HOLLEY.** Music from nine-forty-five.

Broadway Joe's, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON,** who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, *very* subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Wednesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—The more passionate admirers of samba music think of it as one of the great developments of post-wheel civilization. This urbane room is a good place to hear it performed by a vocalist and a backup trio after eleven. Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and *carnaval* music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining and dancing.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** and his trusty *compadres,* **BEVERLY PEER** and **ROBBIE SCOTT,** are here to stay—through June, anyway—in the Café Carlyle. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . **BARBARA CARROLL,** who sings and plays piano, too, works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist **ELLIS LARKINS,** whose solos epitomize delicacy and whose sets epitomize brevity, is once again performing nightly, except Sundays, from eight to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, May 26, Yap Yap Research, the Transformers, Kammer Musik, and the Mice; Thursday, May 27, Crucial Truth and Killer Instinct; Friday, May 28, Certain Generals, Chain Gang, and Cool It, Reba; and Saturday, May 29, the Outsets. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

City Limits, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—A country-and-Western hangout for New Yorkers who secretly wish they had names like Delbert McClinton and Lacy J. Dalton. Various lively, well-miked bands are booked to play here for listening and dancing nightly after ten.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER,** who sings the blues, chants the blues, calls the blues, talks the blues, and writes the blues, also sings "Let the Rest of the World Go By," "Somebody Loves Me," and a beautifully slow version of "The Glory of Love." She's here Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays have been given over to singer-bassist **ARVELL SHAW** and his trio. Shows at nine and eleven. Dining.

Eagle Tavern, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Wednesday, May 26, the New York Packet; Saturday, May 29, the Lewis Brothers; Sunday, May 30, guitarists Guy Davis and Joe Ravo; Wednesday, June 2, Royston and Heather Wood; and Saturday, June 5, Cloud Valley. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Saturdays, and from nine on Sundays.

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Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Mondays through Fridays from eight-thirty to two, and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Sunday, May 30, tenor saxophonist Tad Shull's quintet will perform from nine-thirty. On Wednesdays and Fridays, other small combos work from six to eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled belowstairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. Pianist and singer Michel Legrand, the Gallic Henry Mancini, will be accompanied by **RON CARTER** on bass and **BILLY HART** on drums through Sunday, May 30; on Tuesday, June 1, organist **JIMMY SMITH,** who plays jumping, growling blues and jazz, will move in with a quartet. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, May 26, Betsy Lippett and Hillary Morgan; Thursday, May 27, a benefit concert of Asian-American music; Friday, May 28, Tom Chapin; Sunday, May 30, the Bluegrass Band; Tuesday, June 1, Jo Pacific and Bill Fern; Thursday, June 3, Rich Deans and the Stingers; Friday, June 4, super guitarists **JOHN FAHEY** and **JOHN RENBOURN;** and Saturday, June 5, Rod McDonald. Two shows, at about *nine and midnight, every night but Monday,* when a hootenanny begins around eight.

Greene Street, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: **JACKIE CAIN & ROY KRAL,** probably the best—certainly the most popular—vocal duo in jazz, through Saturday, May 29; Monday, May 31, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM,** pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND,** and saxophonist-flutist **FRANK WESS;** Tuesday and Wednesday, June 1-2, Jann Parker; and Thursday through Saturday, June 3-5, Bahamian guitarist Wendel Stuart. On Sundays, **TOP SHELF—REGGIE WORKMAN, JOHN STUBBLEFIELD, HOWARD JOHNSON, MICKEY TUCKER,** and **WARREN SMITH**—performs. Music Sundays throug Thursdays at ten-thirty and midnight, an Fridays and Saturdays at eleven, twelve-thir ty, and two. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371 2220)—Small enough to be a hamburge stand (it was) and musical enough to be jazz landmark (it is). Guitarist **ATTILA ZOLLE** has arrived to work with pianist **DON FRIEDMA** and bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ**—they all back u vocalist Alicia Sherman—Wednesday through Sundays from ten. On Mondays an Tuesdays, a trio led by guitarist **CHUCK WAYN** begins performing at ten. Pianist Don Golso works nightly from five to ten, except on Sur days, when **BROOKS KERR** plays stride piano an sings.

Griff's Plaza Café, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867 7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restau rant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's on level up—and hires small bands and pian soloists. Bassist **STEVE RHONE** performs with pianist through Saturday, May 29; on Tue: day, June 1, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** trio will move in. Music from eight to mic night Tuesdays through Fridays, and fror nine to one on Saturdays. Mondays fror seven to eleven are given over to **NINA SHELDO** a lively singer and pianist.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (28 3200)—A refurbished bar and restaurant i a neighborhood that is itself in the process being refurbished. **DAVE MC KENNA,** a pumpin swirling time-warp of a pianist—he pla stride with his left hand and bebop with h right—can be found at the dining-roo grand Tuesdays through Saturdays. **R RICHARDS** will be the pianist on Sunday an Monday, May 30-31. Sets Tuesdays throug Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Sa urdays from ten to two, and Sundays ar Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty

Hors d'Oeuvrerie, at Windows on the Worl 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (93 1111)—Startling views of tall ships, wi ships, short ships, and narrow ships, as we as Governors Island, Ellis Island, Liberty I land, Upper New York Bay, the Huds River, the East River, Union City, Jerse City, Bayonne, assorted Brooklyn-Manhatta bridges, and beautiful downtown Brookly **MARTY NAPOLEON** and a trio perform for listeni and dancing from seven-thirty to one throu Saturday, May 29. Pianist Chuck Fol alternates with them after nine. Starti Tuesday, June 1, the Judd Woldin trio w play from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tue days through Saturdays, alternating wi Phil Della Penna until nine and with Chu Folds after nine-thirty.

Jazzmania Society, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)- A very big, airy room with ceiling fans ar jazz fans. Friday and Saturday, May 28-2 will be devoted to bassist **SAHEB SARBIB'S** b band and dancers; on Wednesday, June singer **CLARICE TAYLOR** will be here with an ou there R. & B. unit; and Friday and Saturda June 4-5, will belong to Loremil Machad Afro-Brazilian Ensemble. Thursdays, a you octet, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND,** plays samb (of course) with *grandeza de animo.* Mus from about eight-thirty, and if you ha around until one in the morning on Frid and Saturday, May 28-29, you'll hear ev more jazz, played by Mike Morgenstern, t saxophonist-proprietor, who jams with bunch of musical colleagues. Closed Wedne day, May 26.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)— no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries mo vividly without a carpet to soak it up- traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative Eddie Condon's (see above) just thirty pac east. A tradition-bound sextet led by tru peter Spanky Davis occupies the bandsta Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thir to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMI SKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kamins directs another group of musical archivi from eight until two.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9 St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner resta rant and bar that is crowded with good l teners, and for good reasons—the piano-ba teams that work here. **JOHN HICKS** and **ART DA** work through Saturday, May 29; **JUNI MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** the Sunday-and-Mo

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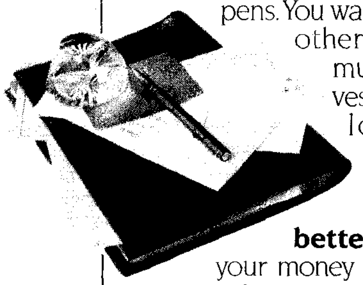

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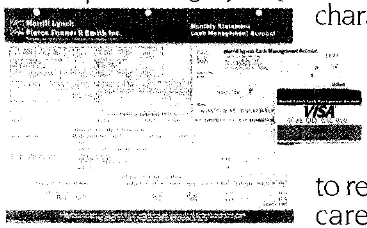

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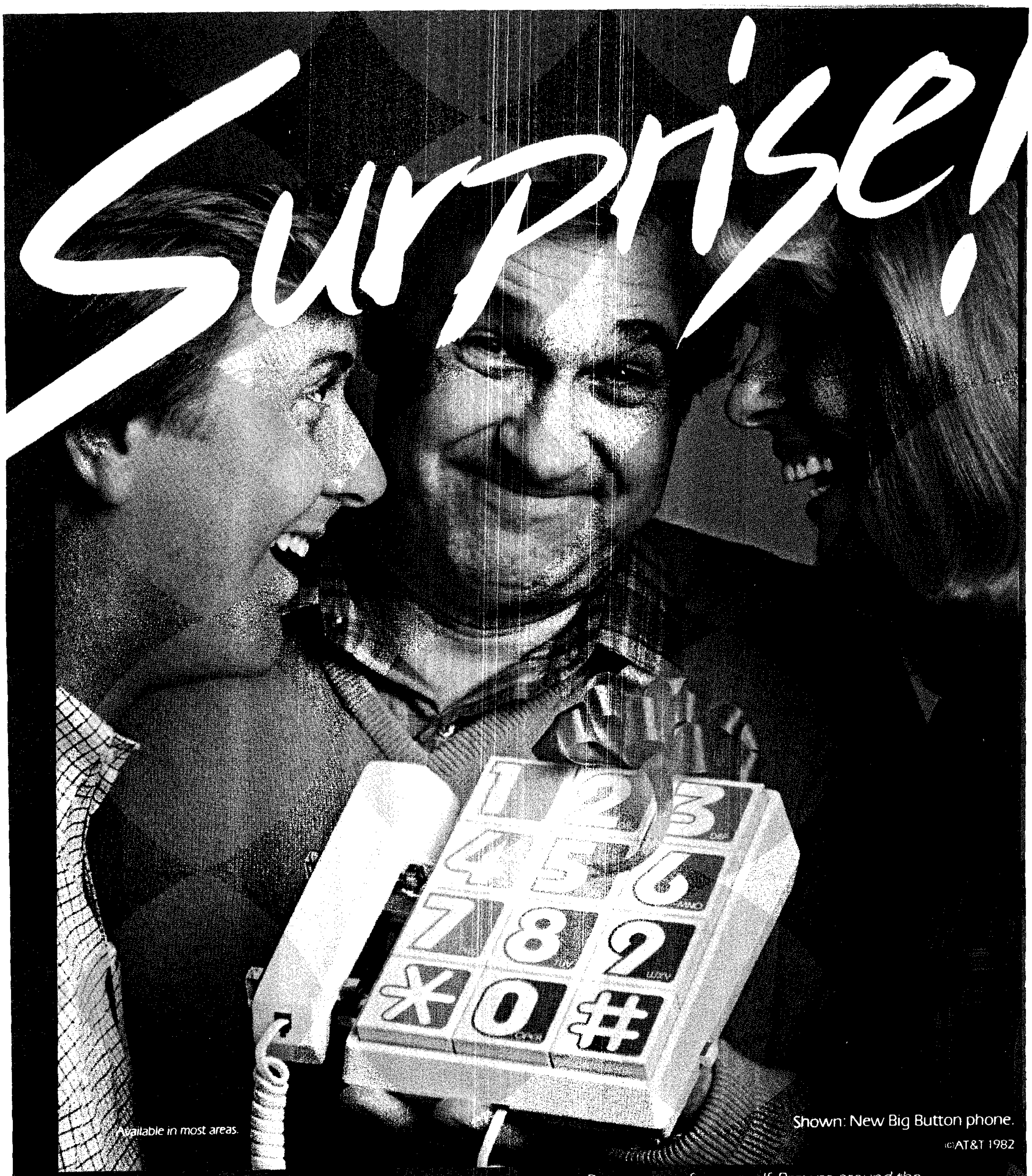

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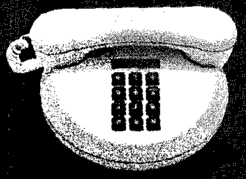

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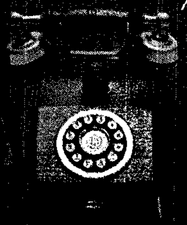

New Country Squire† phone

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

day musicians, will continue through the week of Tuesday, June 1. Music from ten.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open spaces department. Wednesday, May 26, the Long Island All-Stars; Thursday, May 27, Johnny Paycheck; Sunday, May 30, Buzz Dakota; Monday, May 31, Gabe Johnson and Buzz Dakota; and Wednesday, June 2, Livingston Taylor. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

Lush Life, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A practically brand-new jazz club that already has an exciting, established feel to it. **OLD & NEW DREAMS,** which is made up of former Ornette Coleman hands—trumpeter **DON CHERRY,** bassist **CHARLIE HADEN,** tenor saxophonist **DEWEY REDMAN,** and drummer **ED BLACKWELL**—is present through Sunday, May 30; Monday and Tuesday, May 31-June 1, **JOE LEE WILSON,** an all-out, gutbucket, bluesy risk-taker of a jazz singer, who should be famous, will head up his band, the Joy of Jazz; and on Wednesday, June 2, drummer **BEAVER HARRIS,** pianist **DON PULLEN,** and their **360° MUSIC EXPERIENCE,** which will feature baritone saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT,** bassist **FRED HOPKINS,** and steel drummer **FRANCIS HAINES,** will begin a four-night visit. Sets begin at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

Marty's, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A singer's room with a view of a garden and a view of **JOE WILLIAMS** through Saturday, May 29. Wednesday through Saturday, June 2-5, **KENNY RANKIN** will be singing here. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer and pianist **SHIRLEY HORN** has moved in to perform Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a septet, plays Dixieland jazz. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. Wednesday, May 26, Emilie Long; Thursday, May 27, Billie Scott; Tuesday, June 1, Charlie Barnett; Thursday, June 3, Zion and Creation, both reggae bands; and Fridays and Saturdays, electric violinist Noel Pointer. Sundays belong to **STRING FEVER,** a fourteen-piece string ensemble plus drummer which plays swing music. Music from about ten until two. Closed Memorial Day.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, May 26, Tony Bird; Thursday, May 27, Nancy West & the Trouble Boys; Friday, May 28, Geoff Bradford, Marcos Estebez, Jeffrey Roy, and Rob Tomaro; Saturday, May 29, Dee Archer and Hooks; Sunday, May 30, Bryan Wells & Urbanity; Wednesday, June 2, Dana Calitri and the Method; Thursday and Friday, June 3-4, Jim Dawson; and Saturday, June 5, Dan Daley. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays and Sundays at nine and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to a showcase from nine-thirty. Dining and dancing.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

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Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! **SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet for listening, dancing, or just gawking out the windows. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, May 26, Nina Hagen; Thursday, May 27, Jim Carroll; Friday, May 28, Sparks; Saturday, May 29, Jim Carroll; Monday, May 31, Grown Ups; and Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, guitarist **TOM VERLAINE.** Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the King Cole Room, "More of Loesser," a revue honoring composer Frank Loesser's tunes, is under way. Bobby Morse, Lynne Thigpen, Liz Callaway, and Regina O'Malley constitute the cast. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. Thursday through Sunday, May 27-30, will be turned over to drummer **LENNY WHITE,** trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER,** and pianist **CEDAR WALTON;** Monday, May 31, Ed Palermo's big band will be here. Music from nine-thirty.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in padded bentwood chairs, and live jazz. Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, the **BARRY HARRIS** trio will play hard bop, and Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, Lillias White and Dave Hopkins will be on the bandstand. Music from ten. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Saxophonist **SONNY STITT** leads a quartet through Saturday, May 29; Sunday and Monday, May 30-31, are the property of Lynn Welshman & the Tentet Jazz Band; and on Tuesday, June 1, **RAY BARRETTO** will arrive with his Latin-jazz combo. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—**CHARLES BROWN,** a smooth, silky R. & B. singer who plays red-hot blues piano, is present Wednesdays and Thursdays. On Fridays and Saturdays, Ce Dell Davis, a slide guitarist from Little Rock, is onstage. Tuesdays are lift-off sessions for the local soul-shake octet the **UPTOWN HORNS,** which plays some of the bluesiest, raunchiest, and loosest music in the city. Shows most nights after nine-thirty.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A non-threatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, May 26, Mink DeVille; Thursday, May 27, Wayne Kramer and Air Raid; Friday, May 28, Relief; Tuesday, June 1, Baby & the Pacifiers; Wednesday, June 2, Chris Moffa & the Competition and Last Licks; Thursday, June 3, Knucklehead Smith; Friday, June 4, Scarlet Fever; and Saturday, June 5, the Full Hand Band. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room. May 31, Angel Canales y Sabor and **BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y COMPANIA** will be present, along with guest soloist flutist **DAVE VALENTIN.** They'll begin about nine. On Tuesdays on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio from nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Altoist **PHIL WOODS** heads his quartet through Sunday, May 30; on Tuesday, June 1, trumpeter **RED RODNEY** and multi-instrumentalist **IRA SULLIVAN,** who plays trumpet, soprano sax, and flute equally wonderfully, will come in with their quintet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; veteran bebopper **SADIK HAKIM** has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON** leads a quartet through Sunday, May 30; on Monday, May 31, bassist **AARON BELL** will be present; and on Tuesday, June 1, saxophonist **BENNY WATERS** will bring in his quartet. Music nightly from about nine.

Zinno, 128 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—Bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** and guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI,** who've been playing their own kind of chamber jazz—a lively, compelling mixture of jazz, classical, and rock music—together for years, perform in the connecting music passageway of this sleek, spacious bar and restaurant through Saturday, May 29. On Monday, May 31, pianist Michael Melillo and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** will take charge. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty and on Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty. Mr. Bertoncini plays solo guitar on Sundays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. Dining.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

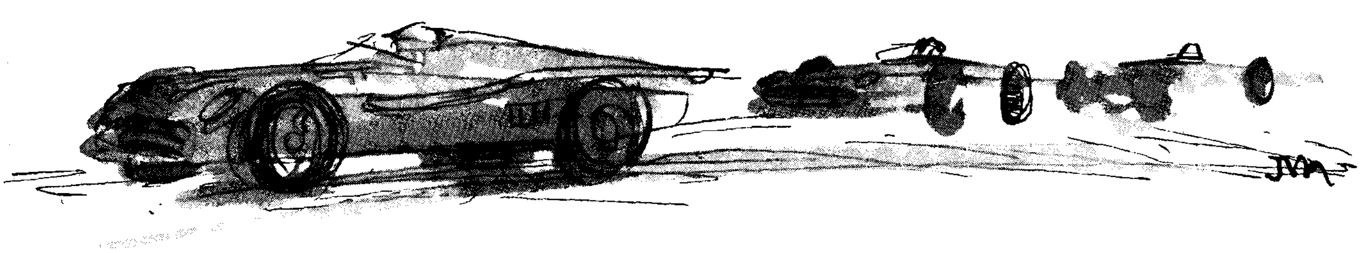
Laurie Anderson—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, May 27, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Edwin Hawkins—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, May 28, at 8.

Raphael—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 29, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 30, at 3 and 8.

Jazz in the Park—Guanabara. (Central Park Mall. Sunday, May 30, at 3.)

Dick Hyman—St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, June 5, at 8, with the New York Jazz Repertory Company, Carrie Smith, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, June 6, at 8, with Roger Kellaway, Dick Well-



stood, and Harvey Phillips. For information about tickets, call 935-2200.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Bill Kirchner nonet. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 28-29, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Sonny Fortune quartet. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 30, at 3: Jim Schapperoew quintet. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 30, at 10 and midnight: Barry Altschul trio. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Soundscape—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Thursday, June 3, at 10 and midnight: Defunkt and Daniel Ponce. . . . ¶ Friday, June 4, at 10 and midnight: James Chance and the Contortions. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Carol Anthony—Massive barns, cell-like interiors, and portraits of women done in craypas and enamel. Through Saturday, May 29. (Davidson, 43 E. 78th St.)

Alexander Calder (1898-1976)—Small-scale three-dimensional works—stabiles, mobiles, wire sculptures of animals—plus gouaches. Through Thursday, June 3. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Robert Cumming—Realist drawings in black and white, plus silhouettes and photographs. First one-man show in New York. Through June 12. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Niki de Saint-Phalle—New sculptures, including colored-light works outlining figures from mythology. Through Saturday, June 5. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Enrico Donati—Paintings in which abstract designs are incised into crusty, cementlike surfaces. Through Friday, June 4. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Juan Downey—A videotape nearly a half hour long (and shown continuously) and thirteen drawings, all referring to Velázquez's "Las Meninas" or "Rokeby Venus." Through Saturday, June 5. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Chaim Gross—Early and recent direct carvings in wood and stone. Through June 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Michael Heizer—Massive chunks of lava, gray granite, and red granite are used in three new sculptures. Through June 19. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Jennine Hough—Oil paintings of imaginary landscapes filled with wildflowers. Through Friday, May 28. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Darryl Hughto—Abstract paintings distinguished by wide, contrived cracks in their thick acrylic surfaces, exposing the unprimed canvas below. Through Saturday, May 29. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

Keith Jacobshagen—Midwestern vistas with an urban skyline visible on the far horizon, dwarfed by the towering expanse of sky overhead. Through Wednesday, June 2. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Richard Loving—Abstract paintings in which some concrete forms can be discerned—a hand, a flame, a plant. Through Saturday, June 5 (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Sandra Mackintosh—Collages depicting designs for elegant, useless machines which are decorated with snippets of foreign moneys—Chinese, Greek, Vietnamese, Korean, Japanese, German. Through Saturday, May 29. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

Francis Picabia (1879-1953)—A small show of paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, May 29 (Adler-Castillo, 58 E. 79th St)

Tod Wizon—Highly colored semi-abstract paintings of landscapes. Through June 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Saturdays.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella,** 18 E. 79th St Paintings and sculptures by Europeans (and the Americans Kline and Rothko) of this century and the nineteenth, including Cézanne, Ernst, and Matisse. Through June 12. . . . **davis & langdale,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Watercolors by British artists (with the expatriate Benjamin West tucked in) from the eighteenth century to the twentieth: Turner, Sickert, Lear, and others. Through Friday, June 4. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **einstein,** 243 E. 82nd St.: Large-format drawings by *Daniel Morper, Mary* Joan Waid, Lucy Sallick, and others. Through Friday, May 28. . . . **elkon,** 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings and drawings by twentieth-century Americans and Europeans, among them Agnes Martin, Balthus, and Jackson Pollock. Through Thursday, June 3. . . . **goethe house,** 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St.: Paintings from Frankfurt at the time of Goethe: Three triptychs containing copied miniatures of paintings (by Rembrandt, Correggio, Dürer) owned by Frankfurt collectors and done by a family of restorers; and fifteen canvases by contemporaneous artists. Through June 12. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 11 to 7; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, noon to 5.) . . . **graham,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "New York Visionaries" is the title for a show of paintings by seven artists—Isaac Abrams, Linda Gardner, Carol Hertzer, Hanna Kay, Mati Klarwein, De Es Schwertberger, and Olga Spiegel—who share similar themes. Through June 25. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **stone,** 48 E. 86th St.: Wayne Thiebaud (portraits and San Francisco landscapes), Gordon Cook (still-life paintings), and David Beck (a painted construction of a symphony orchestra, seen at eye level, which performs at the turn of a handle). Through Friday, May 28. . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit exhibition of nearly a hundred early-nineteenth-century French paintings and drawings. Both neoclassic and Romantic masters (David, Delacroix, and Ingres among them) are represented, as are some lesser-known artists (Fragonard's son and sister-in-law). Through Friday, May 28.

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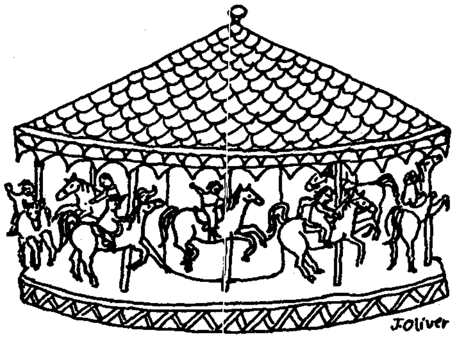
Sculpture—At **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 70th St.: A show of more than seventy-five American works, ranging from carved-pine representa*tions of "Comedy" and "Tragedy"* done in 1808 by William Rush to a 1938 model for a bronze outdoor sculpture by Paul Manship, and including works by Frederic Remington, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and Elie Nadelman. Through Friday, June 4. . . **sculpture center,** 167 E. 69th St.: Works in clay by East Coast artists—Mary Frank, Daisy Youngblood, James Walsh, and others. Through Tuesday, June 1.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Elie Abrahami—Imaginative watercolors of, among other things, strange medieval fleets, by an Iranian who was educated while a prisoner in Israel and who now lives in Paris. Through Wednesday, June 2. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

Fernando Botero—Sculptures (bronze and painted epoxy) in a style very much in keeping with his paintings. Through Saturday, May 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Charles Burchfield (1893-1967)—A selection of watercolors representing the seasons. Through June 11. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)



David Cantine—Thirty-four small paintings of groups of discs, done in various acrylic colors on Masonite. Through Saturday, June 5. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tony Cragg—Hundreds of fragments of urban debris—plastic toys, wheels, buckets, pieces of cement, bottles—neatly arranged on the floor or hung on the wall to form recognizable shapes, such as an axehead, an artist's palette, a color spectrum. Through Thursday, June 3. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Richard Crozier—Small paintings of flowering mullein and other aspects of the Virginia landscape. Through Saturday, May 29. (Tatistcheff, 38 E. 57th St.)

Allan D'Arcangelo / José de Rivera—Hard-edge paintings that emphasize the sky—as seen beyond the wingtip of a plane in flight, or scarred by contrails over an airport, or as the background for a study of gasoline tanks. / Three examples of his silvery whiplash sculptures. Through Saturday, June 5. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Anne Dunn—Colored-ink studies of flowers, seen in studio still-lifes and framing South-of-France landscapes. Through Friday, May 28. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Tobacco Forrester—Large watercolors of flowers—water lilies, amaryllis, lotuses. Through Friday, May 28. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Ilse Getz—Collages, constructions, and paintings, mostly of windows, shutters or baroque doorways, inspired by the architecture of Key West and inland Connecticut. Through Friday, May 28. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St.)

John Hoyland—Recent abstract acrylics on canvas by a British artist. Through Saturday, May 29. (Jacobson Hochman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Irwin—Works from the late sixties: two disc paintings, one opaque and one translucent, projecting from the wall; and two solid-color paintings. Through June 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Wonsook Kim—*Narrative and allegorical* drawings (charcoal on canvas), painted boxes (containing drawings), and small oils on wood. Through June 9. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Dong Kingman—Views of mainland China and the Great Wall in a selection of works by this peripatetic watercolorist. Through Friday, June 4. (Hammer, 33 W. 57th St.)

Lizbeth Mitty—A sense of domesticity permeates the interiors painted by this young realist. *Through Saturday, June 5. (Esman,* 29 W 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Robert Murray—The artist has coaxed various shades of blue from aluminum and bronze sculptures, with either a patina or a stain. Through Saturday, May 29. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Alice Neel—Paintings (not one of them a portrait) from the past fifty years—still-lifes, cityscapes, landscapes, interiors. Through Saturday, June 5. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Kenneth Noland—Monotypes with chevron patterns. Through Friday, May 28. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Felix Ruvolo and Emerson Woelffer—Abstract Expressionist *paintings from the fifties.* Through Saturday, June 5 (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Martin Schongauer (1450-91)—Eighteen engravings. Through Friday, May 28. (Donson, 38 E. 57th St.)

Maria Simonds-Gooding—Abstractions derived from primitive cultures and incised deeply into plaster-coated wooden panels. Through Saturday, May 29. (Parsons, 24 W 57th St.)

James Surls—Grotesque flowers, monsters, and approximately human figures constructed of twisted, sun-dried branches of wood. Through Friday, June 4. (Frumkin, 50 W 57th St Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Antoni Tàpies—Works on paper in mixed *mediums by a Spanish abstractionist who of*ten leans heavily on bright red and dead

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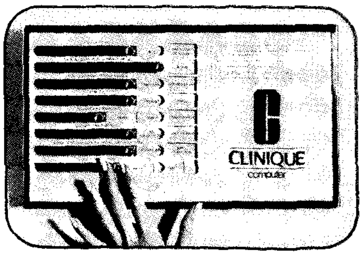

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black. Through Saturday, June 5. (Del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michael Vivo—Studies of soft-looking fabrics folded like towels, done with colored pencils. Through Saturday, June 5. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—A coiled black leather belt, a sneaker, a snapshot of two girls, and a flower make up a mammoth still-life—nearly ten feet high and twenty feet long—which is among the new paintings in this exhibit. Through Saturday, May 29. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **blum helman**, 20 W. 57th St.: New work by Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, and Richard Serra. Through June 12. . . . **haber theodore**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works in clay by Betty Woodman, Graham Marks, Maryann Harman, James Makins, and four others. Through June 26. . . . **oscarsson hood**, 41 W. 57th St.: Recent paintings and works on paper by Thornton Willis and Carol Haerer, and a mixed-medium sculpture by George Mayocole. Through June 26. (Opens at noon, Tuesdays through Fridays.) . . . **sachs**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings by gallery regulars Alice Dalton Brown, Sally Vagliano, Power Boothe, and others; and sculptures by Dorothy Dehner. Through June 19. . . . **sumers**, 50 W. 57th St.: Prints by sculptors, among them Archipenko, Maillol, Marini, and Rodin. Through June 18. (Closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

John Altoon (1925-69) / **Jane Rosen**—Large drawings, some of them erotic, done with a quick, nervous line. / Wall sculptures of soaring figures. Through June 12. (Thorp, 419 West Broadway.)

Conrad Atkinson—Photographs, collages, and other works by a British polemist who addresses subjects such as nuclear power and pollution. Through Saturday, June 5. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Richard Ballard—Large charcoal and oil drawings of odalisques; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 29. (Birksted, 152 Mercer St. Opens at 12:30 on Saturdays.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Two installations, each consisting of ten paintings and drawings; one set is devoted to a creek near Stony Point on the Hudson and the other to Saint Barts and the Caribbean Sea around it. Through Saturday, June 5. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Domenick Capobianco / Diane Karol—Recent abstract paintings. / Collage paintings on canvas. Through Saturday, June 5. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Luciano Castelli—Expressionist works by a Swiss-born artist, now working in Berlin. Through Thursday, June 3. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Sari Dienes—Old pencils, tin cans, cow skulls, an antiquated, gilded typewriter, and other found objects converted into freestanding and wall sculptures by a veteran artist. Through Saturday, June 5. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Don Gummer—Wall reliefs by the artist who did the large sculpture, called "Spiral Crown," which occupies the space in front of the Seagram Building. Through June 12. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Norman Laliberté—Boxed collages and large wall hangings of painted unstretched canvas. Through Sunday, May 30. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Opens Sundays at noon.)

Dennis Oppenheim / Keith Haring—An expanded version of an installation from his "fireworks" series, which was exhibited at the Hirshhorn Museum. Some of its components (spinning blades, motors) are in constant motion; others (rockets, flares) are activated periodically. / Commmercial color posters of Elvis Presley and Marilyn Monroe, altered with black sumi ink. Through June 26. (Bonlow, 150 Greene St.)

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Lois Polansky—Handmade-paper kimonos and fans, which are decorated with fresh-cut flowers that were inlaid in the paper when it was drying. Through June 9. (Milliken, 98 Prince St.)

Sigmar Polke / William Wegman—Paintings done ten years ago by a German artist who was attracted to American themes like Spiderman and the Wild West. / Drawings and photographs that represent a sort of memorial to the artist's dog Man Ray, star of numerous videotapes, who died recently. Through Wednesday, June 2. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Jim Sullivan—Two large oils of cavorting dragons done in heavy impasto are prominent among the works in this show, which also includes figures and dogs. Through Wednesday, June 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Shirley Lazarus Toran—Works composed of layers of bright-colored cut-out grids superimposed on one another. Through Sunday, May 30. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Open Sundays.)

Christopher Wilmarth—Drawings in pastels and charcoal, paintings, and sculptures, plus a book of etchings, all inspired by poems of Mallarmé. Through Saturday, May 29. (Studio for the First Amendment, 144 Wooster St.)

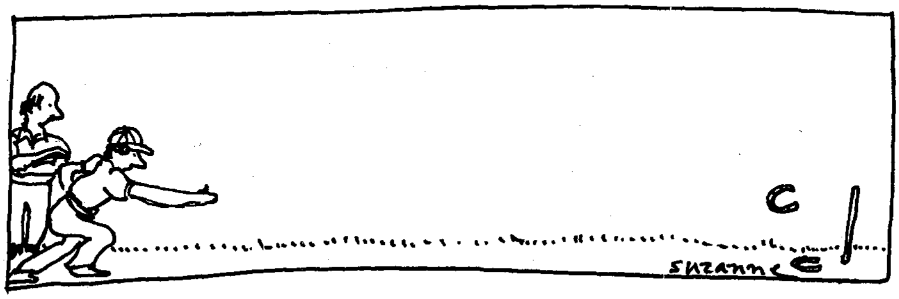
Jack Youngerman—A two-gallery show of new sculptural wall pieces—brightly painted swirls of synthetic foam ranging from a couple of feet to twelve feet in diameter. The larger pieces are on view in the Washburn Gallery at 113 Greene Street, and the smaller ones at the uptown branch at 42 E. 57th Street. Through Friday, June 4.

Group Shows—At **art galaxy**, 262 Mott St., between Houston and Prince Sts.: Abstract paintings by eleven artists, among them Bill Jensen, Jean Feinberg, and Elizabeth Murray. Through Saturday, June 5. . . . **the drawing center**, 137 Greene St.: Works on paper by twelve artists, two of whom (John Knecht and Sandra Moore) are showing drawings for animated films. Through June 26. (Open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **hutchinson**, 138 Greene St.: Small-scale realist paintings by Sherman Drexler, Jim Richmond, and David Rohn. Through Saturday, May 29. . . . **semaphore**, 462 West Broadway: Works by three artists in an invitational show—Nancy Dwyer, Donald Baechler, and Ken Goodman. Through Saturday, June 5.

OTHER GALLERIES

Lawrence Calcagno—Abstract landscape paintings from the sixties. Through Saturday, June 5. (Foundations, 80 Warren St., one block south of Chambers St.)

John Chamberlain—Twenty painted-and-chromed steel sculptures, 1975-81; one large-scale work in urethane foam; and a series of fifteen lithographs, dated 1978. (Dia Art Foundation, 67 Vestry St., two blocks below Canal St., a stone's throw from the Hudson. Opens at noon.)



Francis Cunningham—Paintings of figures, dated 1971-82, by a realist. Through Saturday, May 29. (New Brooklyn School Gallery, 13-15 Laight St., at Varick and Canal Sts. Opens at noon Mondays through Fridays, at 11 Saturdays.)

Sherron Francis—*Paintings on clay.* Through Saturday, June 5. (Clayworks Studio Workshop, 4 Great Jones St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Opens at 1.)

Group Shows—At the **bromm**, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: "Agitated Figures: the New Emotionalism" is the title for a show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by ten artists, including Jedd Garet, Roseanne Generalli, Jody Pinto, and Terry Rosenberg. Through June 19. . . . **federal hall national memorial**, 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: The Whitney Downtown Museum has two shows here, one of eighteen drawings, paintings, and photographs that refer to movies, newspapers, or advertising. Artists include Thomas Lawson and Cindy Sherman. The other show consists of forty-one videotapes that use music. Through Friday, June 4. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 3.) . . . **grey art gallery**, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq.: "John James Audubon & His Sons," a hundred oils, watercolors, drawings, and prints; some of them are by Audubon's associate Joseph Bartholomew Kidd. Through Saturday, June 5. (Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; and Saturdays, 1 to 5.) . . . **the new museum**, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: Early works by five artists: Lynda Benglis, Joan Brown, Luis Jimenez, Gary Stephan, and Lawrence Weiner. Through Thursday, June 3. (Opens weekdays, except Memorial Day, at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Roger Corbeau—Photographs taken on movie sets, 1932-82. Through June 25. (French Institute-Alliance Française, 22 E. 60th St. Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 8; Fridays, 10 to 5:30.)

Roy DeCarava—A retrospective of photographs, some of which have been printed by him for the first time for this exhibit. Through Saturday, June 5. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

David Heiden—Black-and-white prints of the Khao I Dang Holding Center for Kampucheans, in Thailand, where the photographer was a volunteer physician in the spring of 1980. Through June 15. (Cathedral of St John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Daily, 9 to 5.)

Ezra Stoller—Photographs of the ancient temples of Angkor Wat and Bayon, taken when the photographer went to Cambodia in 1959 Through June 9. (Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings unti 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Through Indian Eyes—The art of photography in India between 1850 and 1920 is surveyed in a show of more than a hundred and fifty hand-painted photographs that invite comparison and contrast to traditional Indian painting and to European photography (fifteen examples of each are offered) of the same period. Through July 4. (Internationa Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., a 94th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Forty-four watercolors and drawings of Boston Public Garden from the sketchbook of Maurice Prendergast, exhibited separately in their original sequence. . . . ¶ Thirty-one seventeenth-century Dutch paintings on loan from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Edward William Carter. Through June 20. . . . ¶ A show of fifth- to tenth-century artifacts that wer buried in the deserts of Central Asia for thousand years and unearthed by German archeologists in the late nineteenth century—primarily religious paintings, clay an wood figures, and manuscripts, but also some frescoes retrieved from temples at Kizil, showing scenes from the life of Buddha. On loan from the West Berlin State Museums. Through June 20. . . . ¶ The hundredth anniversary of George Bellows' birth is the occasion for a show of his lithographs (including many of the best-known boxing scenes), as well as a few paintings and drawings. Through July 4. . . . ¶ The Costume Institute's tenth annual fashion show, focussing primarily on the eighteenth-century French woman but also encompassing her European and American counterparts. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of about a hundred early paintings and drawings by Giorgio de Chirico. Through June 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of diverse works by seven contemporary Italian artists: Sandro Chia, Enzo Cucchi, Nino Longobardi, Luigi Ontani, Giuseppe Penone, Vettor Pisani, and Gilberto Zorio. . . . ¶ Jack Tworkov: An exhibit of paintings and works on paper from the past fifteen years. (Open daily. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays and Memorial Day, 11 to 5.) Both shows through June 20.

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of the video artist Nam June Paik, whose latest piece consists of a pyramid of forty-eight television sets showing various Paik tapes. Through June 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit devoted to abstract drawings in which thirty-two artists are represented, including Weber, Gorky, Albers, and Rockburne. Through July 11. . . . ¶ Approximately fifty figurative paintings from the past two decades by nearly two dozen artists—Arthur G. Dove, Alice Neel, Alfred Leslie, and David Salle among them. Through June 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and thirty intaglio prints by Richard Diebenkorn, done from 1949 to 1980. Through June 6. . . . ¶ An installation combining paint and string on a gallery wall, by Patrick Ireland. Through July 5. . . . ¶ Alberto Burri's multipanelled abstract painting entitled "The Voyage." Through July 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5; Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Champions of American Sport," a show in which a hundred sports heroes from the eighteen-thirties to today (Knute Rockne, Casey Stengel, Pancho Gonzales, Wilma Rudolph, Mark Spitz) are seen in paintings, photographs, and sculptures by such artists as Thomas Eakins, Norman Rockwell, Neil Leifer, Elaine de Kooning, and others. Organized by the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery. Through June 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, 10 to 9.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—The annual exhibition of art works and manuscripts by new members of the Academy-Institute and by winners of honors and awards. Paintings by R. B. Kitaj, Philip Pearlstein, and others; books and manuscripts by Shirley Hazzard, Francis Steegmuller, Christina Stead, Edward Hoagland, Frederick Buechner, Daryl Hine, Berton Roueché, Mark Helprin, William Heyen, and others. Through June 13. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Fifty Oriental rugs collected by the members of the Hajji Baba Club. Through June 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, noon to 5.)

China Institute, 125 E. 65th St.—A selection of seventy-five bronzes, jades, ceramics, sculptures, and paintings from the Yale University Art Gallery. The earliest piece, from the Shang dynasty, is a bronze pole top with two addorsed heads—one animal, one human. Through Sunday, May 30. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park—More than a hundred and twenty examples of medieval stained glass and architectural sculptures from France, Spain, Italy, and Britain, selected from the Raymond Pitcairn collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, noon to 4:45.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century landscape drawings (with a few prints and oil paintings) by Winslow Homer, Thomas Cole, Frederic E. Church, Samuel F. B. Morse, and others. Through July 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—This institution's entire collection of eleven Rembrandt etchings is on display for the first time in many years. Among the cleaned and restored works are scenes from the life of Christ (including the so-called "Hundred Guilder Print"), landscapes, and portraits. Through June 27. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A show of Americana and other items from the Library Company of Philadelphia, the oldest library collection in the United States. Among the offerings are Thomas Jefferson's own copy of his 1774 book "A Summary View of the Rights of British America," with the page turned to his handwritten notes; a draft of the Constitution, with notes in the hand of delegate John Dickinson; and an autograph manuscript of Dr. Benjamin Rush's "Lecture of Diseases of the Mind." Through June 17. (Open Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—An exhibit of works by Shikō Munakata (1903-75), whose set of twelve woodblock prints entitled "The Ten Great Disciples of Buddha" is complemented by landscapes and calligraphy in ink. Through July 31. (Open daily, except Memorial Day, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century French illustrated books has, among more than a hundred examples, a copy of Molière's "Oeuvres" with original drawings by Moreau and of Verlaine's "Parallèlement" with all of its Bonnard drawings and trial proofs. . . . ¶ Fifty drawings from the Donald M. Oenslager collection of theatre drawings, a recent gift to the library. . . . ¶ A show of Carolingian and Romanesque illuminated manuscripts affording, in particular, a view of the jewel-bound front cover of the ninth-century "Lindau Gospels." (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All three shows through July 31.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—The architecture of New York over the years is the subject of an exhibition of photographs, drawings, paintings, and prints. An 1885 watercolor study, by Jacob Wrey Mould, carries the title "The Central Park Lawn Tennis Club and Ladies Cottage." (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Memorial Day, 1 to 5.)

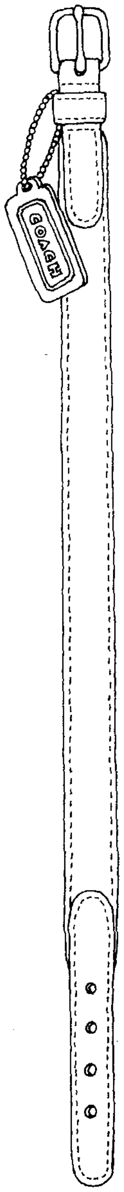
National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A loan show of American still-life paintings, 1801 to 1939, includes examples by Raphaelle Peale, Severin Roesen, William Michael Harnett, Charles Demuth, and Georgia O'Keeffe. Through July 4. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The architectural history of Grand Central Terminal is documented in a show of photographs (of the site, the excavation of the site, the building under construction and after completion), original drawings (for the architectural competition), and a multi-level, walk-through scale model of the structure. Starts Thursday, May 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671.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Exhibition Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Michael Smith (performance), Thursday, May 27, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Exhibitions: Contemporary handmade books by East European artists (through June 19), and by Mexican artists (through June 26). . . . ¶ Posters by Polish artists, through June 26.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Independent films (16mm and Super 8), Wednesday and Thursday, May 26-27, at 8:30 and 10:30 (different shows); Juan Downey (video), Saturday, May 29, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An exhibition of monochromatic drawings by Mark Innerst, through Saturday, May 29.

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—The main show, entitled "Space Invaders," consists of eight large-scale installations. Through Sunday, May 30.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; *for Avery Fisher Hall* 874-2424; *for Carnegie Hall* 247-7459; *and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House,* 129 *W.* 67*th St.* 362-8719. *Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)*

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—The opening performances of the "Mozart & Stravinsky Festival," a series of twelve concerts presented through Friday, June 18. Wednesday, May 26, and Saturday, May 29: John Lanchbery directing, with Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano; Janice Meyerson, mezzo-soprano; Jon Garrison, tenor; John Paul Bogart, bass; Yefim Bronfman, Stephanie Brown, Paul Jacobs, and Ken Noda, all piano; and the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 27: Zubin Mehta conducting, with Rudolf Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, May 28: Zubin Mehta conducting, with Ken Noda, piano. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, June 1-2: Klaus Tennstedt conducting, with Yehudi Menuhin, violin. (Evenings at 8.)

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra—Zubin Mehta conducting a Schidlowsky-Verdi-Mahler program, with Leontyne Price, soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 26, at 8.)

Serenades—The opening performances in a series of seventeen concerts of orchestral, choral, and chamber music presented through Thursday, June 17. CARNEGIE HALL. Wednesday, June 2, at 8: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra and acting as violin soloist in a program of music by Bach, Stravinsky, Haydn, and Beethoven, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello; Charles Ullery, bassoon; and Richard Killmer, oboe. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 3, at 8: The Cleveland Quartet and Jean-Bernard Pommier and Marc Niekrug, piano, in a Haydn-Stravinsky-Beethoven program. . . . ¶ Friday, June 4, at 8: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra and acting as violin soloist in a Bach-Stravinsky-Beethoven program, with Joseph Kalichstein, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, June 5, at 8: Pinchas Zukerman conducting a Haydn-Stravinsky-Beethoven program, with Cho-Liang Lin, violin, and Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano. . . . CARNEGIE RECITAL HALL. Wednesday, June 2, at 5:45: A Beethoven-Stravinsky program, performed by Yo-Yo Ma, cello; Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Erie Mills, soprano; and Marc Neikrug, piano. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 3, at 5:45: Cho-Liang Lin, violin, and Jean-Bernard Pommier, piano, in an all-Bach program.

Israel Philharmonic Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic—Zubin Mehta conducting a joint concert for the benefit of the endowment funds of both orchestras. (Avery Fisher Hall. Thursday, June 3, at 8:15.)

Concert Royal—James Richman directing Monteverdi's opera "L'Incoronazione di Poppea," in concert form, with Ann Monoyios and Johana Arnold, sopranos; Drew Minter, countertenor; Wilbur Pauley, bass; and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 28, at 8.)

Washington Square Chamber Orchestra—Victor Yellin directing a performance of Mrs. H.H.A. Beach's Mass in E Flat, with Debra Dean, soprano; Ruth Ray, alto; James Pugh, tenor; Paul Straney, bass; and the Choir of the Church of the Ascension. (Church of the Ascension, Fifth Ave. at 10th St. Sunday, May 30, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

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Bronx Arts Ensemble Orchestra and the New York Latvian Concert Choir—Andrejs Jansons directing the American première of Alfreds Kalnins' opera "Banuta," in concert form, with Maralin Niska, soprano; Algis Grigas, bass-baritone; William Hall, tenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, June 5, at 2.)

Pro Arte Chorale—Roger Nierenberg directing a program that includes the American première of Mendelssohn's "Te Deum." (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, June 2, at 8.)

RECITALS

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 26, at 8.)

Raymond Dudley—Fortepiano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, May 26, at 8.)

Tanya Remenikova—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 27, at 8.)

Thruston Johnson*—Violin, in an all-Joaquín* Turina program, with David Garvey, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 29, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music—Braxton Blake conducting Lucia Dlugoszewski's "Cicada Terrible Freedom" in its first complete performance. With Linda Quan, violin; David Taylor, bass trombone; Susan Palms, flute; James Dooley, trumpet; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 31, at 8.)

Jane Bryden—Soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, June 1, at 8.)

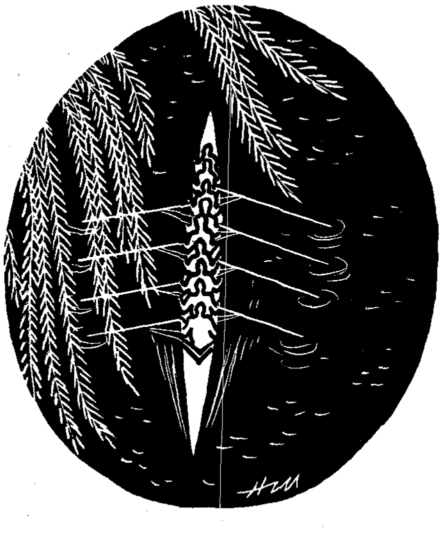
Richard Reid—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, June 1, at 8.)

David Bradshaw and Cosmo Buono—Duo-piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, June 3, at 8.)

Susan Gregory—*Soprano. (*Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, June 3, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Chamber music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, June 5, at 9.)

Note—The New York Renaissance Band will give a concert in the Garden Court of the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Wednesday, June 9, at 5:30. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Tuesday, June 1, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed envelope should be enclosed.



SPORTS

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Toronto, Wednesday, May 26, at 8. . . . ¶ Mets (a benefit exhibition game), Thursday, May 27, at 7. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Friday and Saturday, June 4-5, at 8. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Friday, May 28, at 8:05; Saturday, May 29, at 7:35; and Sunday, May 30, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Atlanta, Monday, May 31, at 1:35, and Tuesday and Wednesday, June 1-2, at 7:35.

Bicycling—Two events taking place in Central Park, both beginning and ending near the Tavern-on-the-Green. A twenty-four-hour marathon around the Park, sponsored by the Pepsi-Cola Company, will get under way at noon on Saturday, May 29. . . . ¶ The Grand Prix of the *Self* Cycling Circuit, a twenty-five-mile race, will get under way at eleven on Wednesday, June 2.

Crew—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Thursday through Saturday, June 3-5.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, Aug. 2. The Flash, Wednesday, May 26; the Red Smith Handicap, Saturday, May 29; the Saranac, Sunday, May 30; the Metropolitan Handicap, Monday, May 31; the Mother Goose, Friday, June 4; and the Belmont, Saturday, June 5. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays, Sundays, and Memorial Day between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 4. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays and Memorial Day at 11:20.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, from Thursday, May 27, through Saturday, Sept. 4.

Running—L'eggs Mini Marathon, of ten thousand metres, with close to six thousand women participating, will start at ten-thirty on Monday, May 31, in Central Park near the Tavern-on-the-Green and finish at almost the same place.

Soccer—Trans-Atlantic Challenge Cup—Wednesday, May 26, at 7: Cosmos vs. Napoli of Italy. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 29, at 1:30: Cosmos vs. Club Nacional of Uruguay. . . . ¶ Monday, May 31, at 1:30: Napoli of Italy vs. Club Nacional of Uruguay. . . . ¶ Monday, May 31, at 4: Cosmos vs. Chicago. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

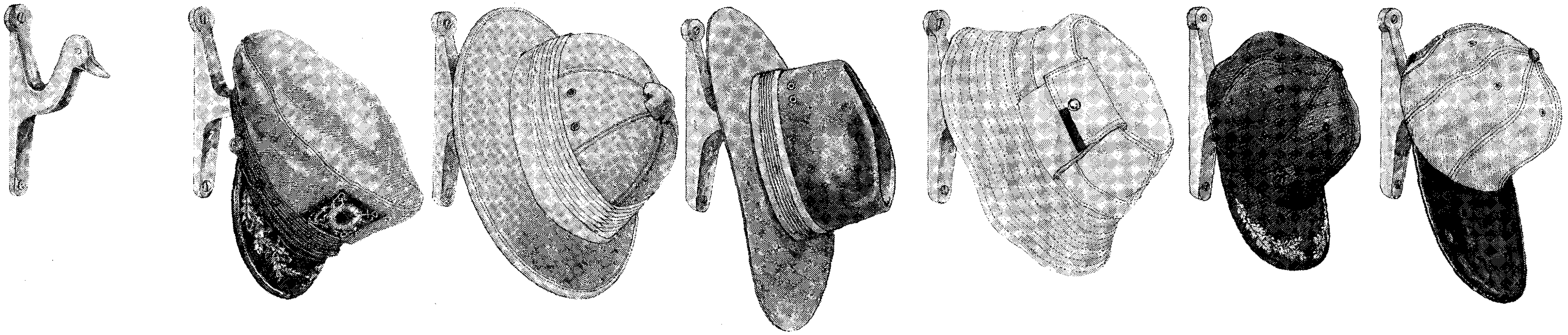
Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Wednesday, June 16. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Nov. 20. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 7.

ET ALIA

The Great Outdoors—The semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view Saturday through Monday, May 29-31; Saturday and Sunday, June 5-6; and Saturday and Sunday, June 12-13, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ On Sunday, May 30, a conducted walking tour of Madison Square and Gramercy Park, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, will start at the Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St., at 1:30. For information about tickets, call 534-1672.

Auctions—At SOTHEBY'S, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, May 27, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Thursday, May 27, at 1:30: Art Deco bronzes. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 27, immediately following the above sale: Art Nouveau and Art Deco objects. . . . ¶ Friday, May 28, at 10 and 2: *Nineteenth-century European paintings and* drawings. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 3, at 10 and 2: American paintings, drawings, and sculptures. Exhibition starts Friday, May 28.

Abercrombie & Fitch and American Express salutes the many hats of Father.



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—*Ezra H. Fitch*

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—*Izaak Walton*

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 22.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through May 30: "Iracema" (1975; directed by Jorge Bodanzky and Orlando Senna) and "Jari" (1980; Jorge Bodanzky and Wolf Gauer), both films from Brazil, in Portuguese. Mr. Bodanzky will be present on Thursday, May 27, at 9.

From June 1: "A Time for Dying" (1969; Budd Boetticher), with Richard Lapp, Victor Jory, and Audie Murphy.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

"Chariots of Fire" (†).

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through May 27: "On Golden Pond" (†) and "Coal Miner's Daughter" (†).

May 28-June 3: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†); and another feature, to be announced.

From June 4: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through May 27: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D.

From May 28: To be announced.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Victor/Victoria" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

Through May 27: "The House Where Evil Dwells" (Kevin Connor), with Edward Albert and Susan George.

From May 28: "Visiting Hours" (Jean-Claude Lord), with Lee Grant and William Shatner.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Fighting Back" (Lewis Teague), with Tom Skerritt and Patti LuPone.

Theatre 2: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.

Theatre 3: "Annie" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through May 27: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.

From May 28: "Rocky III" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through May 27: "Memoirs of a French Whore" (1979; Daniel Duval), with Miou-Miou and Maria Schneider. X-rated.

From May 28: "Maya" (Agust Agustsson), with Berta Dominguez D.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"The Secret Policeman's Other Ball," a series of skits with the Monty Python troupe.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through May 27: "The Amateur" (Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer.

From May 28: "Visiting Hours" (Jean-Claude Lord), with Lee Grant and William Shatner.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"Diva" (†).

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through May 27: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mary Herrier. May 28-June 3: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From June 4: "Poltergeist" (Tobe Hooper), with Jobeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

Theatre 2: Through June 3: "Chariots of Fire" (†). From June 4: "Poltergeist" (Tobe Hooper), with Jobeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through May 27: "I Love You" (Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga. From May 28: "The Escape Artist" (Caleb Deschanel), with Griffin O'Neal and Raul Julia.

Theatre 2: "Diner" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

May 26: "Deathtrap" (†)

From May 27: "Don's Party" (Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with John Hargreaves.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Mephisto" (†).

Theatre 2: Through May 27: "Too Far to Go" (Fielder Cook), with Michael Moriarty and Blythe Danner. From May 28: "Rocky III" (†).

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.

Theatre 2: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Loews New York Twin 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Fighting Back" (Lewis Teague), with Tom Skerritt and Patti LuPone.

Theatre 2: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Victor/Victoria" (†).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304; Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through May 27: "On Golden Pond" (†).

From May 28: "Deathtrap" (†).

U.A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Annie" (†).

Theatre 2: "Fighting Back" (Lewis Teague), with Tom Skerritt and Patti LuPone.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through May 27: "The House Where Evil Dwells" (Kevin Connor), with Edward Albert and Susan George.

May 28-June 3: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker.

From June 4: "Poltergeist" (Tobe Hooper), with Jobeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.

Theatre 2: Through May 27: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D. From May 28: "Rocky III" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum 1 and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: Through June 1: "Eijanaika" (directed by Shohei Imamura; in Japanese), with Shigeru Izumiya. From June 2: "A Distant Cry from Spring" (1980; Yoji Yamada; in Japanese), with Ken Takakura.

Theatre 2: May 26: "Cousin Angelica" (†); and "Boy" (1970; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese). May 27-29: "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" (1974; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Brigitte Mira; and "Stroszek" (†). May 30-31: "The Mother and the Whore" (†). June 1-2: "Woyzeck" (†); and "The Sudden Wealth of the Poor People of Kombach" (1971; Volker Schlöndorff; in German). June 3-5: "Tout Va Bien" (†) and "The Middle of the World" (†).

Waverly 1 and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).

Theatre 2: "Quest for Fire" (†).

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

Theatre 2: Through June 3: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren. From June 4: "Poltergeist" (Tobe Hooper), with Jobeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.

Theatre 2: Through May 27: "Conan the Barbarian." From May 28: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.

Theatre 3: Through June 3: "Conan the Barbarian." From June 4 (tentative): "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Theatre 4: "Roommates" (Chuck Vincent).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Victor/Victoria" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Let There Be Rock" (Eric Dionysius and Eric Mistler), with AC/DC.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through May 27: "Missing" (†).

From May 28: "I Love You" (Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Genocide" (Arnold Schwartzman), a documentary.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Smash Palace" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"The Chosen" (Jeremy Paul Kagan), with Maximilian Schell and Rod Steiger.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Quest for Fire" (†).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "Chariots of Fire" (†).

Theatre 2: "My Dinner with André" (†).

Theatre 3: "Gregory's Girl" (Bill Forsyth), with Gordon John Sinclair.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Marianne and Juliane" (Margarethe von Trotta; in German), with Barbara Sukowa and Jutta Lampe.

Theatre 2: Through June 3: "The Vulture" (Yaky Yosha; in Hebrew). From June 4: "Chan Is Missing" (Wayne Wang), with Wood May.

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Das Boot" (Wolfgang Petersen; in German).

Theatre 2: "Garde à Vue" (Claude Miller; in French), with Michel Serrault and Lino Ventura.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through May 27: "Victor/Victoria" (†). From May 28: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through May 27: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D. From May 28: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through May 27: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren. From May 28: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through May 27: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Con-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

nery and George Grizzard. From May 28: "Rocky III" (†).

NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.
Theatre 2: Through May 27: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†). From May 28: "The Atomic Café" (Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: Through May 27: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder. May 28-June 3: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From June 4: "Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.
Theatre 3: "Conan the Barbarian."
Theatre 4: Through May 27: "Arthur" (†) and "Body Heat" (†). From May 28: "Memoirs of a French Whore" (1979; Daniel Duval; in French), with Miou-Miou and Maria Schneider. X-rated.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through May 27: "The Amateur" (directed by Charles Jarrott), with John Savage and Christopher Plummer. From May 28: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through May 27: "The Texas Chain Saw Massacre" (1974; Tobe Hooper), with Marilyn Burns; and "Massacre at Central High" (1976; Renee Daalder), with Derrel Maury, Andrew Stevens, and Bob Carradine. From May 28: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through May 27: "Budo" (1978; Arthur Davis), a documentary. From May 28: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through May 27: "If You Could See What I Hear" (Eric Till), with Marc Singer. From May 28: To be announced.
Theatre 5: Through May 27: "Chariots of Fire" (†). From May 28: To be announced.
Theatre 6: Through May 27: "Arthur" (†) and "Body Heat (†). From May 28: To be announced.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through June 3: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard
From June 4: "Hanky Panky" (Sidney Poitier), with Gene Wilder and Gilda Radner.

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through June 3: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt. From June 4: "Wrong Is Right" (Richard Brooks), with Sean Connery and George Grizzard.
Theatre 3: "Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip" (†).
Theatre 4: Through June 3: "Reds" (†). From June 4: "Partners" (James Burrows), with Ryan O'Neal and John Hurt.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Annie" (†).

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.
Theatre 2: "Fighting Back" (Lewis Teague), with Tom Skerritt and Patti LuPone.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through May 27: "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (Just Jaeckin), with Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay.
From May 28: To be announced.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
Through May 31: "The Long Good Friday" (John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.
From June 1: "Some Kind of Hero" (Michael Pressman), with Richard Pryor and Margot Kidder.

IVOLI 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Theatre 1: "Conan the Barbarian" (John Milius), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and James Earl Jones.
Theatre 2: "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

.K.O. CENTURY CINERAMA 1 AND 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			26	27	28	29
30	31	1	2	3	4	5

Theatre 1: Through May 27: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro. In 3-D. May 28-June 3: "Clash of the Titans" (Desmond Davis), with Harry Hamlin and Judi Bowker. From June 4: "Poltergeist" (Tobe Hooper), with Jobeth Williams and Craig T. Nelson.
Theatre 2: Through May 27: "Paradise" (Stuart Gillard), with Willie Aames and Phoebe Cates. From May 28: "Rocky III" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN 1 AND 2, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: Through May 27: "The House Where Evil Dwells" (Kevin Connor), with Edward Albert and Susan George. From May 28: "Visiting Hours" (Jean-Claude Lord), with Lee Grant and William Shatner.
Theatre 2: "Porky's" (Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan and Mark Herrier.

REVIVAL HOUSES

AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through June 1: "Race d'Ep (Homosexual Century)" (1979; directed by Lionel Soukaz and Guy Hocquenghem).
From June 2: "Who Shall Live and Who Shall Die" (Laurence Jarvik), a documentary.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 26: "Under the Flag of the Rising Sun" (1971; Kenji Fukasaku; in Japanese); and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Riva and Eiji Okada.
May 27: "The Exterminating Angel" (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and "Death in the Garden" (1956; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Simone Signoret and Michel Piccoli.
May 28-29: "Escape from New York" (1981; John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell and Lee Van Cleef; and "The Howling" (1981; Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee.
May 30: "Medea" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas; and "Antigone" (†).
May 31: "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "The White Sheik" (1951; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Brunella Bovo, and Giulietta Masina.
June 1: "Vengeance Is Mine" (1979; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese); and "Pale Flower" (1964; Masahuro Shinoda; in Japanese).
June 2: "Alexander Nevsky" (†) and "Strike" (†).
June 3: "The Magus" (†) and "Lord of the Flies" (†).
June 4-5: "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton), with Sean Connery as James Bond; and "On Her Majesty's Secret Service" (1969; Peter Hunt), with George Lazenby as Bond.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 26: "Just Before Nightfall" (1971; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Michel Bouquet, Stéphane Audran, François Périer, and Anna Douking; and "This Man Must Die" (1969; Claude Chabrol; in *French), with Michel Duchaussoy and Jean* Yanne.
May 27-29: "The Misfits" (1961; John Huston), with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1967; John Huston), with Elizabeth Taylor, Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, Julie Harris, and Robert Forster.
May 30-31: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).
June 1: "The Turning Point" (1977; Herbert Ross), with Anne Bancroft, Shirley MacLaine, Tom Skerritt, Mikhail Baryshnikov, and Leslie Browne; and "3 Women" (1977; Robert Altman), with Shelley Duvall, Sissy Spacek, and Janice Rule.
June 2-3: "Kagemusha" ("The Shadow Warrior;" 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai; and "Page of Madness" (1926; Teinosuke Kinugasa; a Japanese silent film with musical soundtrack).
June 4-5: "Fellini Satyricon" (†); and "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 27: "What's New Pussycat?" (1965; Clive Donner), with Peter O'Toole, Peter Sellers, Woody Allen, Romy Schneider, and Paula Prentiss; and "Take the Money and Run" (1969; Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin.
May 28-29: "Citizen Kane" (1941; Orson Welles), with Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; *and "The Magnificent Am*bersons" (1942; Orson Welles), with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.
May 30-June 1: "The Creature from the Black Lagoon" (1954; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Julie Adams; and "It Came from Outer Space" (1953; Jack Arnold), with Richard Carlson and Barbara Rush. Both films in 3-D.
June 2-3: "Misty Beethoven" (1976) and "Barbara Broadcast" (1978), both X-rated.
June 4-5: "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard; and "The Last Wave" (1978; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Richard Chamberlain, Gulpilil, Nandjiwarra Amagula, *and* Olivia Hamnett.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 27: "Caged" (1950; John Cromwell), with Eleanor Parker and Agnes Moorehead; and "Fortune and Men's Eyes" (1971; Harvey Hart), with Wendell Burton and Michael Greer.
May 28-29: "Some Like It Hot" (1959; Billy Wilder), with Marilyn Monroe, Tony Curtis, and Jack Lemmon; and "Bonnie and Clyde" (1967; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty, Faye Dunaway, Gene Hackman, and Estelle Parsons.
May 30-31: "Cabaret" (1972; Bob Fosse), with Liza Minnelli, Michael York, and Joel Grey; and "Something for Everyone" (1970; Harold Prince), with Angela Lansbury and Michael York.
June 1-2: "Suddenly, Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958; Richard Brooks), with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.
June 3: "Advise and Consent" (†) and "The Best Man" (†).
June 4-5: "Cruising" (1980; William Friedkin), with Al Pacino and Paul Sorvino; and "Dog Day Afternoon" (1975; Sidney Lumet), with Al Pacino and John Cazale.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through May 29: "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden; and

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"The Magic Christian" (1970; Joseph *McGrath), with Peter Sellers and Ringo* Starr.

May 30-June 1: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and "Eraserhead" (1980; David Lynch).

June 2-5: "The Magnificent Seven" (†) and "One-Eyed Jacks" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through May 29: "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton) and "Thunderball" (1965; Terence Young), both films with Sean Connery as James Bond.

May 30-June 1: "Ben-Hur" (†).

June 2-5: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

May 26: "Pickup on South Street" (1953; Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter; and "Kiss of Death" (1947; Henry Hathaway), with Victor Mature, Richard Widmark, Coleen Gray, and Brian Donlevy.

May 27-29: "There's No Business Like Show Business" (1954; Walter Lang), with Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray, and Mitzi Gaynor; and "The Gang's All Here" (1943; Busby Berkeley), with Alice Faye, James *Ellison, and Carmen Miranda.*

May 30-31: "Les Misêrables" (†); and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Róbert Stephenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.

June 1-2: "Young Mr. Lincoln" (†) and "How Green Was My Valley" (†).

June 3-5: "River of No Return" (1954; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum and Marilyn Monroe; and "Niagara" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

May 26: "A Taste of Honey" (1962; Tony Richardson), with Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, Murray Melvin, and Rita Tushingham; and "The Luck of Ginger Coffey" (1964; Irvin Kershner), with Robert Shaw and Mary Ure.

May 27: "99 River Street" (1953; Phil Karlson), with John Payne and Evelyn Keyes; *"The Phenix City Story" (1955; Phil Karl*son), with John McIntire, Richard Kiley, and Kathryn Grant; and "He Walked by Night" (1949; Anthony Mann and Alfred Werker), with Richard Basehart and Scott Brady.

May 28-29: "Tora-San's Dream of Spring" (1979; in Japanese); and "Foster Daddy Tora" (1980; in Japanese).

May 30: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Made in U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.

May 31: "Mon Oncle" (1958) and "Traffic" (1971), both films in French, directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

June 1: A program of cartoons by Bob Clampett.

June 2: "Bye Bye Braverman" (†) and "A Fine Madness" (†).

June 3: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; "Murder by Contract" (†); and "They Live by Night" (1948; Nicholas Ray), with Farley Granger *and Cathy O'Donnell.*

June 4-5: "The Comeback Trail" (1974; Harry Hurwitz), with Chuck McCann, Robert Staats, Ina Balin, and Buster Crabbe; and "The Projectionist" (†).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 26: "White Heat" (1949; Raoul Walsh), with James Cagney, Virginia Mayo, Edmond O'Brien, and Margaret Wycherly; and "The Public Enemy" (1931; William Wellman), with James Cagney, Jean Harlow, Joan Blondell, and Mae Clarke.

May 27: "Jezebel" (1938; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Henry Fonda, George Brent, and Fay Bainter; and "The Letter" (1940; William Wyler), with Bette Davis, Herbert Marshall, James Stephenson, Frieda Inescort, and Gale Sondergaard.

May 28-29: "Charlie Chan at the Race Track" (1936; H. Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as the detective; and "Castle in the Desert" (1942; Harry Lachman), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan.

May 30: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "The Blue Angel" (1929; Josef von Sternberg; in German), with Marlene Dietrich, Emil Jannings, and Hans Albers.

May 31: "Damn Yankee" (1958; Stanley Donen), with Gwen Verdon, Ray Walston, and Tab Hunter; and "Angels in the Outfield" (1951; Clarence Brown), with Paul Douglas, Janet Leigh, and Keenan Wynn.

June 1: "Living on Velvet" (1935; Frank Borzage), with George Brent and Kay Francis; and "Stranded" (1935; Frank Borzage), with Kay Francis, George Brent, Patricia Ellis, and Donald Woods.

June 2: "Bulldog Drummond Comes Back" (†); and "Bulldog Drummond's Peril" (1938; James Hogan), with John Barrymore as the detective.

June 3: "Golden Boy" (†) *and* "Requiem for a Heavyweight" (†).

June 4: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan) with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Rebel *Without a Cause" (1955; Nicholas Ray)* with James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo Corey Allen, and Nick Adams.

June 5: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfrec Hitchcock), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, anc John Williams; and "I Confess" (†).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Advise and Consent (1962)—Mindless "inside" story of Washington political shenanigans, directed by Otto Preminger. Accused of having been a Communist, Leffingwell (Henry Fonda), the nominee for Secretary of State, perjures himself. A senator (Don Murray) is victimized because of a homosexual episode in his past. (When he goes to a gay bar, it's such a lurid, evil place that Preminger seems grotesquely straight.) There are noteworthy performances by Burgess Meredith as Leffingwell's accuser, and by Franchot Tone as the President; Charles Laughton is entertainingly flamboyant as a Southern senator. With Lew Ayres as the Vice-President, and Walter Pidgeon, Gene Tierney, Peter Lawford, Paul Ford, George Grizzard, Inga Swenson, Will Geer, Betty White, and some actual Washington personages. The procession of people helps to take one's mind off the overwrought melodrama. Wendell Mayes adapted Allen Drury's best-seller. (8th St. Playhouse; June 3.)

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Sergei Eisenstein's ponderously surging epic has a famous score by Prokofieff and a stunning battle on ice. When it's great, it's very great, but there are long deadly stretches (which isn't the case with Eisenstein's other films). The plot has something to do with the thirteenth-century invasion of Russia by German knights; needless to say, the Russians expel the invaders. The propaganda isn't Communist but nationalist: the medieval story was used to warn Hitler to stay out. Photographed (as were all Eisenstein's feature films) by Eduard Tisse; with Nikolai Cherkassov as Prince Nevsky. *In Russian. (Bleecker St.* Cinema; June 2.)

Annie—With Albert Finney, Carol Burnett, and Aileen Quinn; directed by John Huston. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

Antigone (1961)—An unjustly neglected version of the Sophocles drama, adapted and directed by George Tzavellas so that the action is lucid and uncluttered, the characters are driven by instinct and passion, and the voices (speaking modern Greek) are eloquent. The commenting chorus (the bane of movie adaptations of classic Greek plays, and of many stage versions, too) has been reduced to a minimum. The action moves from the formalized setting of the palace at Thebes to the natural landscape of hills and plains without sacrificing the formal power of the performances, though it may take viewers a little while to adjust to this mixture of stylization and naturalism. The young Irene Papas is the strong yet defenseless Antigone, daughter of Oedipus, who rebels against the *kingly authority of her uncle,* Creon (the great Manos Katrakis); she breaks an unjust law—a law that violates her deepest feelings and her sense of justice and obligation—and is condemned to be buried alive. Papas and Katrakis give splendidly matched antithetical performances, and there are memorable sequences, such as Antigone stealing into the countryside to bury her dead brother, who has been left exposed in the sun, and powerful images, such as that of the blind, decrepit Teiresias in the shocking daylight. The English subtitles, by Noelle Gillmor, are a demonstration that subtitling can be a branch of the fine craft of translation. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 30.)

Arthur—As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, John Gielgud may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit. But Liza Minnelli, as the *poor-girl* heroine, doesn't have her share of the good lines, and she's electrifying when she needs only to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Geraldine Fitzgerald has the worst scenes, and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/27/81.) (Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; through May 27.)

Ben-Hur (1959)—Movie moguls have always had a real affinity for the grandiosity of th old Roman Empire. Charlton Heston play the Jewish prince Ben-Hur; when he refuse to rat on the Jews opposed to Roman domina tion, his childhood friend Messala (Stephe Boyd) packs him off to the galleys and send his mother (Martha Scott) and his siste (Cathy O'Donnell) to a dungeon. After pro longed slaving at the oars, Ben-Hur escape and saves the life of a bigwig in the Roma navy (Jack Hawkins), who adopts him. Even *tually we get to the chariot race, with Ber* Hur pitted against the treacherous Messal Lew Wallace's hectic potboiler-classic ha everything—even leprosy. M-G-M laid o the cash and William Wyler directed, wit several busy assistants; the cast includes Sa Jaffe, Haya Harareet, Hugh Griffith, Finla Currie, and a corps of stunt men. Has anyon ever been able to detect the contributions t the script of Gore Vidal, Christopher Fr and S. N. Behrman? Could they? (Hollywoo Twin Cinema 2; May 30-June 1.)

The Best Man (1964)—Gore Vidal's politic melodrama is about a convention at whic the two chief contestants for the party nomination for the Presidency are an Adl Stevenson type (Henry Fonda) and a J McCarthy type (Cliff Robertson). The fil has a lot of verve. It has the look of crackli intelligence thanks to Haskell Wexler's blac and-white cinematography and Frankli Schaffner's sure, fast-paced *direction. It see* like a hot, inside view even though Vidal se the issues in terms of a slick, simplistic end and-means morality play, and throws in t kind of clever, self-congratulatory topic *jokes that sound dated the first time you he* them. With Lee Tracy as the hard-bitten ol pro ex-President, Margaret Leighton, A Sothern, Edie Adams, Kevin McCarth Gene Raymond, George Kirgo (who is said have had a hand in the script) as t speech-writer, and Shelley Berman as an o sequious weakling. There's also an appea ance by the magnificent Mahalia Jacks (8th St. Playhouse; June 3.)

Body Heat—Lawrence Kasdan wrote and rected this forties pastiche that verges camp but takes itself straight. He h devised a style that is a catalogue of *noir* clichés—deco titles, flames and a heat wave, ceiling fans, tinkling wind chimes, old tunes, chicanery in muted voices, a weak man (William Hurt) and a femme fatale in white (Kathleen Turner), and insinuating, hotted-up dialogue that it would be fun to hoot at if only the hushed, sleepwalking manner of the film didn't make you cringe or yawn. Kasdan has modern characters talking jive talk as if they'd been boning up on Chandler novels, and he doesn't seem to know if he wants laughs or not. It's like listening to Mae West deliver her bawdy innuendos in a sincere tone. He poses Turner as a hot number, and she proceeds to lure Hurt, who's a chump, to murder her rich husband (Richard Crenna) as if she were following the marks on the floor made by the actresses who preceded her. As Teddy, a professional arsonist, Mickey Rourke almost makes you feel that you're at a real movie. With Ted Danson, and J. A. Preston. Cinematography by Richard H. Kline. (11/9/81) (Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; through May 27.)

Bulldog Drummond Comes Back (1937)—John Barrymore, having a good time. His beautiful nose was so famous that when he put on a false one he was disguised enough to thwart the villains. With Louise Campbell. Directed by Louis King. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 2.)

Bye Bye Braverman (1968)—Sidney Lumet takes Wallace Markfield's mean-spirited satirical novel, "To an Early Grave," and turns the material into a crudely affectionate comic romp. The movie is often gross and it's sloppily thrown together, but the characters' rhetoric has some juice in it. No one is ever likely to say that he was put to sleep by Sidney Lumet's good taste. Besides, there may never be another movie on the highly specialized subject of the comic failure of New York Jewish intellectuals. When Braverman, a minor literary figure, suddenly dies, his four literary friends gather in Greenwich Village, pile into a Volkswagen, set out to attend the funeral service in Brooklyn, and get lost. It's a low-comedy situation played for emotional wallowing as well as for laughs. Jewish actors playing Jews have a tendency to overdo it, as if they thought they might be taken for Gentiles if they behaved normally, and Lumet appears to have encouraged this; you keep wishing the camera would back away a bit. With George Segal; Jack Warden (miscast as a poet); Sorrell Booke, who has some wonderful mad movements of his head, as a fussy little book reviewer; and Joseph Wiseman, whose cold, bitter characterization is very effective. Also with Alan King, Phyllis Newman, Jessica Walter, Anthony Holland, Zohra Lampert (whose voice seems disembodied), and Godfrey Cambridge, who picks up the pace and brings the movie a welcome contrast. The screenplay is by Herbert Sargent; cinematography by Boris Kaufman. Shot in New York. (Thalia; June 2.)

Chariots of Fire—The story of the courage and the triumph of two young runners who represented Britain in the 1924 Olympics, held in Paris. The runners—Harold Abrahams (Ben Cross), a wealthy Jewish boy who is a student at Cambridge, and Eric Liddell (Ian Charleson), a Scottish divinity student—win because they have something to run for. The unbelievably self-possessed Abrahams runs against anti-Semitic snobbery and prejudices, and the devout Liddell runs in an ecstatic state, because "when I run, I can feel His pleasure." The picture is a piece of technological lyricism held together by the glue of simpleminded heroic sentiment; basically, its appeal is in watching a couple of guys win their races. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Hugh Hudson (it's his début film), from Colin Welland's script. Cinematography by David Watkin; music by Vangelis Papathanassiou. With Lindsay Anderson, John Gielgud, Alice Krige, Ian Holm, Cheryl Campbell, Dennis Christopher, Brad Davis, Nigel Havers, Nicholas Farrell, Nigel Davenport, Patrick Magee, and David Yelland as the Prince of Wales. (10/26/81) (R.K.O. Century Art, and Lincoln Plaza. . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through May 27. . . ¶ Manhattan; through June 3.)

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Coal Miner's Daughter (1980)—You don't have to love country music in order to have a mighty good time at this heartening, all-American biography of the "Grand Ole Opry" diva Loretta Lynn, who was married at fourteen before going on to attain Nashville immortality with "I'm a Honky Tonk Girl," "You're Lookin' at Country," and other down-home classics. Sissy Spacek is a pure pleasure to watch and listen to (she does all her own singing) as Loretta, and Tommy Lee Jones (as her husband, Mooney Lynn) and Levon Helm (as her tough, worn-down father) back her up with splendidly laconic, strong-jawed performances. The picture, which was directed by Michael Apted, drags a bit in its later stages, but its modest, keepin'-on manner and terrific Appalachian scenery disarm the cynicism that we bring to most show-biz bios. With Beverly D'Angelo and Phyllis Boyens. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 27.)

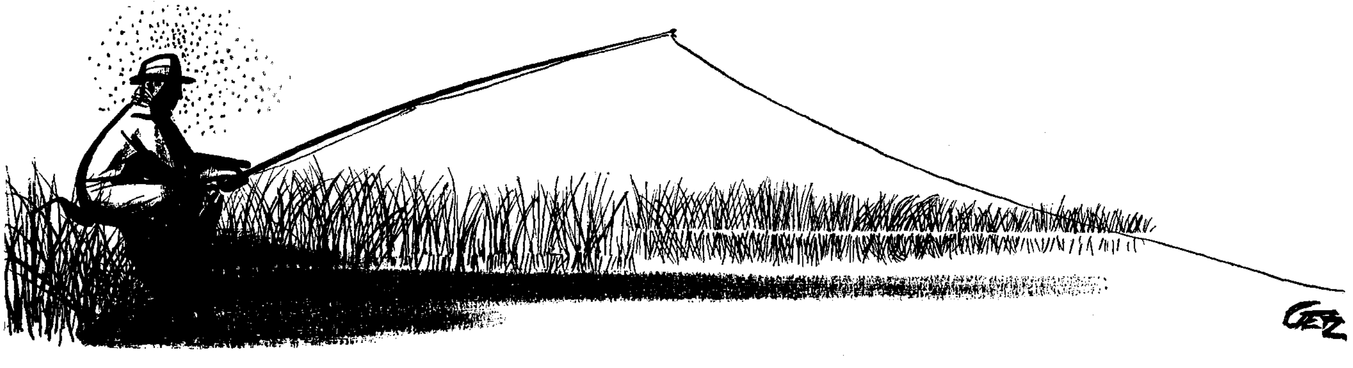
Cousin Angelica (1974)—Carlos Saura's wonderful picture is the first film made in Spain from the position of the people who lost the Civil War. It happens in two interwoven epochs: the outbreak of the war and the seventies. José Luis López Vázquez plays both a boy and a middle-aged man. His beloved is Angelica (María Clara Fernández), first seen (in 1938) as a little girl in a sailor suit who is the child of Francoist parents, later (in the seventies) as a daughter of the original Angelica. Happiness billows through this picture. In Spanish. (Film Forum; May 26.)

Deathtrap—This movie is for people who dream of seeing "Sleuth" again—there must be at least one or two of them. A once successful playwright (Michael Caine), who specializes in thrillers, plans to murder a former student (Christopher Reeve) and steal his flawless play, "Deathtrap." The director, Sidney Lumet, and the screenwriter, Jay Presson Allen, have decided to make the movie version of Ira Levin's wisecracking whodunit as realistic as possible. What this comes down to is a broad, obvious movie that looks like an ugly play and appears to be a vile vision of life, and at the end the staging and editing are so quick and muddled that you can't be sure what's happening. With Dyan Cannon, Irene Worth, and Henry Jones. (4/5/82) (D. W. Griffith; May 26. . . ¶ 72nd Street East; starting May 28.)

Diner—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore, in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (Coronet.)

Diva—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil;" it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan ball, with the debauchery of the pre-Christian Roman world at the time of Nero as an analogue of the modern post-Christian period. In "La Dolce Vita," he used the orgies of modern Rome as a parallel to ancient Rome, and now he reverses the analogy to make the same point—that man without a belief in God is a lecherous beast. The film is full of cautionary images of depravity that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy: an unconscionable number of performers stick out their evil tongues at us, and there are leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Fellini draws upon his master-entertainer's feeling for the daydreams of the audience, and many people find this film eerie, spellbinding, and even profound. Essentially, though, it's just a hip version of De Mille's "The Sign of the Cross" (also a photogenic demonstration of the highly dubious proposition that godlessness is lawlessness), and it's less entertaining than De Mille's kitsch—maybe because no one is given a role to play; Fellini is the only star. His pagans are freaks, and he uses Petronius and other classic sources as the basis for a movie that is one long orgy of eating, drinking, cruelty, and copulation. There's a charming episode with a beautiful slave girl in a deserted house, and some of Danilo Donati's set designs (a ship like a sea serpent, a building with many stories and no front wall) have a hypnotic quality. The fresco effect of the film becomes monotonous; we anticipate the



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

end a dozen times. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 4-5.)

A Fine Madness (1966)—A mixture of broad comedy and social comment that is interesting in one way or another in spite of its many faults. With Sean Connery as a poet, Patrick O'Neal as his analyst, and Joanne Woodward and Jean Seberg as their respective wives. Directed by Irvin Kershner. (Thalia; June 2.)

Golden Boy (1939)—William Holden—young, sensitive, and handsome—as the violinist turned prizefighter, in an only semi-reprehensible version of the Clifford Odets play, directed by Rouben Mamoulian. The role of Lorna Moon was built up to be large enough for Barbara Stanwyck, and the play was softened, rearranged, and wrenched around to provide for a happy ending. Yet the Odets material still has its dramatic pull, and Lee J. Cobb as the boy's father, Sam Levene as his taxi-driver brother-in-law, and Joseph Calleia as the slimy gangster out to corrupt him bring back some of the ambience of the New York theatre in Odets' impassioned heyday. Adolphe Menjou plays the prizefight manager; with Don Beddoe, Edward S. Brophy, Frank Jenks, and Clinton Rosemond. Cinematography by Nicholas Musuraca and Karl Freund. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 3.)

How Green Was My Valley (1941)—John Ford's much-honored movie about the decline of a Welsh mining family is moving and impressive in a big-Hollywood-picture way. Roddy McDowall and Walter Pidgeon are the leads, and the cast includes Maureen O'Hara, Sara Allgood, Barry Fitzgerald, and many other Irish actors (though the singers are really Welsh). (Regency; June 1-2.)

I Confess (1953)—A priest with a past (Montgomery Clift), caught in a trap: either he must betray the secrets of a murderer's confession or he himself will be convicted of the murder. The premise of this Hitchcock thriller is promising, but the movie, set in Quebec and partly shot there, is so reticent it's mostly dull. Clift seems determined not to move more than the tiniest facial muscles. With a miscast Anne Baxter, and Brian Aherne, O. E. Hasse, Karl Malden, and Dolly Haas. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 5.)

Lord of the Flies (1963)—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down to earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a sharp, cracking pace. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 3.)

The Magnificent Seven (1960)—The first of three Westerns based on Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai," and fairly rousing for about two-thirds of the way. The setting is now Mexico. John Sturges directed a good cast: Yul Brynner in the lead, with Steve McQueen, James Coburn, Horst Buchholz, Charles Bronson, Eli Wallach, Robert Vaughn, and Vladimir Sokoloff. Ragged when it tries for philosophical importance, but it's fun to see so many stars in an early stage in their careers. You can certainly see why they became stars. Written by William Roberts; music by Elmer Bernstein. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 2-5.)

The Magus (1968)—Probably the only movie in which one will ever see a copy of Empson's "The Seven Types of Ambiguity." That's a few too many types for this elaborate, trashy literary conceit, which should be eerie fun but isn't. It's certainly de-luxe, though, with Michael Caine, Anthony Quinn, Anna Karina, and Candice Bergen all being enigmatic on Majorca. Guy Green directed; John Fowles adapted his own novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 3.)

Mephisto—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. (Hendrik Höfgen is based on Gustav Gründgens, who was married during his early years to Thomas Mann's daughter Erika; the movie is loosely adapted from the 1936 novel "Mephisto," by her brother Klaus Mann, who is believed to have been Gründgens' lover.) Szabó sets up the willful, unpredictable Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who has no substance, who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on, and at the outset Brandauer, who has gleaming cat eyes and a seductive, impish smile, suggests an *enfant terrible*, a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The picture is like "Citizen Kane" with somebody like John Dean at the center. The film is gripping but its stern air of rectitude produces discomfort; essentially Szabó seems to be condemning Höfgen for being an actor. With Rolf Hoppe as the General, a Göring-like figure, and the superb, feline Karin Boyd as Höfgen's dancer mistress, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. This West German–Hungarian co-production was originally two hours and forty minutes long; the version showing here runs two hours and sixteen minutes. In German. (5/17/82) (Cinema I.)

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The Middle of the World (1975)—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. Directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. In French. (Film Forum; June 3-5.)

Les Misérables (1935)—"Uninspired" is too kind a word; this mild version of Victor Hugo's massive atrocity story, featuring Fredric March as Jean Valjean and Charles Laughton as Inspector Javert, is bottom drawer. The director, Richard Boleslavski, can't seem to get things moving, and the outrages lack inspiration—even the sewers seem namby-pamby. The look of the actors, their makeup, their manner of speaking are all howlingly wrong. With John Beal, Rochelle Hudson, Frances Drake, Cedric Hardwicke, Florence Eldridge, Jessie Ralph, John Carradine, Ferdinand Gottschalk, and Leonid Kinskey. (Regency; May 30-31.)

Missing—Costa-Gavras has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is the naïve, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reëducated) by what he learns. Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (Festival; through May 27.)

The Mother and the Whore (1973)—This controversial three-hour-and-thirty-minute film, produced, written, and directed by Jean Eustache, is about the aging young of the Left Bank, who live in an atmosphere of apocalyptic narcissism. It is about the disaffection of those who are stranded in a confusion of personal freedom and social hopelessness. Eustache's method resembles the static randomness of the Warhol-Morrissey pictures, but the randomness here is not a matter of indifference; it's a conscious goal. The actors—Jean-Pierre Léaud, Bernadette Lafont, Françoise Lebrun, Isabelle Weingarten, and Jacques Renard—were not allowed to deviate from the script, yet Eustache wants the look of chance. He tries to push viewers beyond patience—to rub our noses in his view of reality. Implicitly, he is saying, "I'm going to show you more of the tormented soul than anybody has ever shown you before." This soul belongs to a poor young nurse named Veronika, and the picture stands or falls on the viewer's attitude toward her recital of her sexual humiliations and her loathing of sex without love. In French. (Film Forum; May 30-31.)

Murder by Contract (1958)—A cleanly constructed low-budget suspense picture about hired killer (Vince Edwards). Shot in jus eight days, it was directed by Irving Lerner who was better known as an editor. The material is thin, but it has been worked out i visual terms, and the movie is often taut an exciting. Some high-contrast sequences ar models of black-and-white atmospheric storytelling. With Herschel Bernardi, Michae Granger, Joseph Mell, and Caprice Toriel a the killer's elusive target. From a screenpla by Ben Simcoe; score by Perry Botkin; cinematography by Lucien Ballard. (Thalia June 3.)

My Dinner with André—It's like a mad tea part or a mad, modern platonic dialogue about th meaning of life. Self-effacingly directed, b Louis Malle, it creates the illusion that w are simply listening in on a dinnertime conversation between the playwright Wallac Shawn and the former avant-garde theatr director André Gregory. Wally persuad André to tell him what he has been up to, an the suave, hawklike André, a crackpot glittery-eyed charmer, pours out the record of h transcendental experiences in Poland, i Scotland, in India and Tibet, in the Sahar and even in Montauk, where he was buri alive in a death-and-rebirth ceremony. Wh he acts out for us is the questing that h torn so much of the modern theatre apar When Wally, the pragmatist and sensualis begins to talk, he plays warthog to André soaring flights of mysticism. They're perfe foils. This is a bizarre and surprisingly ente taining satirical comedy: the story of t search beyond theatre turned into theat —or, at least, into a movie. (1/4/82) (Li coln Plaza.)

Niagara (1953)—This isn't a good movie, b it's fascinatingly tawdry and nasty—t only movie that explored the mean, unsavo potential of Marilyn Monroe's cuddly, infa tile perversity. There's no affection for h here. This picture was made just before s won Hollywood over with "Gentlemen Pr fer Blondes," and the amoral, destructi tramp—carnal as hell—she plays here mu represent Hollywood's lowest estimate of h Monroe's wet-lipped lasciviousness is enou to keep the first half of this murder mel drama going, but by the second half ther nothing but plot twists, centering on Niaga Falls. Joseph Cotten plays the husba whom she plans to kill; Richard Allan is h lover. With Jean Peters and Denis O'D The script is by Charles Brackett, Walt Reisch, and Richard Breen; Henry Hathaw directed. (Regency; June 3-5.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando, t Great Unpredictable, is both star and dir tor of this Western about a bandit whose o purpose in life is to kill his former partner. the prospective victim, Karl Malden make tough antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina P licer, a lovely young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the two enemies. Also with Slim Pickens, Timothy Carey, Ben Johnson, and Elisha Cook, Jr. The picture is of variable quality: it has some visual grandeur; it also has some bizarrely brutal scenes. It isn't clear why Brando made this peculiarly masochistic revenge fantasy, or whether he hoped for something quite different from what he finished with. From a script by Guy Trosper and Calder Willingham, based on Charles Neider's novel "The Authentic Death of Hendry Jones." Cinematography by Charles Lang; music by Hugo Friedhofer. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; June 2-5.)

On Golden Pond—The kind of uplifting twaddle that traffics heavily in rather basic symbols: the gold light on the pond stands for the sunset of life, and so on and on. Directed by Mark Rydell, from Ernest Thompson's adaptation of his own 1978 play, the movie is a doddering valentine in which Popsy Norman (Henry Fonda), who's having his eightieth birthday, and Mopsy Ethel (Katharine Hepburn), who's nearing her seventieth, crack jokes, weather domestic crises, and show us the strength of solid Yankee values. With Jane Fonda, who gives a tense performance in the terrible role of the neurotic daughter of the lovey-dovey old pair, and Dabney Coleman, Doug McKeon, and William Lanteau. (12/7/81) (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; through May 27.)

The Projectionist (1971)—Chuck McCann as a projectionist, and Rodney Dangerfield as a theatre owner. Harry Hurwitz wrote and directed this movie-infatuated movie, which includes bits of old serials and features. With Ina Balin. (Thalia; June 4-5.)

Quest for Fire—Set eighty thousand years ago, this science fantasy is a full-length version of the ape-man prologue to "2001." Naoh, Amoukar, and Gaw (Everett McGill, Ron Perlman, and Nameer El-Kadi), three warriors of the spear-carrying Ulam tribe, go out on the sacred mission of finding fire and bringing it back. As they fight off predatory animals and hideous, apier men, you begin to wish you could detect famous actors under all the makeup, the way you could in the Biblical spectaculars. It it weren't for the grisly closeups of torn flesh and of bloody confrontations, the picture might be taken for a put-on. The director, Jean-Jacques Annaud, has his own primitivism: he doesn't seem to have discovered crosscutting yet. What's fun in the movie is the makeup and the way that the faces of the three warriors are simian and attractive. Naoh, the hero, falls in love with the smooth-skinned, bluish-looking Ika (Rae Dawn Chong) of the mud people, the Ivaka, who know how to *make* fire. Ika also teaches Naoh a few other things—such as a basic, mutually satisfying sex position. Anthony Burgess "created" the "special languages," and Desmond Morris "created" the "body language and gestures." Script by Gérard Brach, based on a 1911 French novel by J. H. Rosny, Sr. (3/8/82) (Waverly, and Loews Paramount.)

Reds—Warren Beatty, who was the producer, the director, and the co-writer (with Trevor Griffiths), also plays the hero, the American journalist John Reed, who took part in the Bolshevik Revolution and wrote "Ten Days That Shook the World." Diane Keaton plays Reed's wife, the independent-minded Louise Bryant. The film, which runs three hours and twenty minutes, is conceived as a love story set against a background of bohemian living and revolutionary fervor. But the writers didn't work out a scrutable character for Louise. Beatty is often touching, and he does some of the best acting he has ever done, but he doesn't let his energy come through; he plays so much on what the audience responds to in him—the all-American combination of innocence and earnestness—that he's in danger of turning into Li'l Abner. The subject—the romantic life of an American Communist—may be daring, but the moviemaking is extremely traditional. With Jack Nicholson as Eugene O'Neill, and Gene Hackman, Paul Sorvino, the novelist Jerzy Kosinski as Zinoviev, Edward Herrmann, and Max Wright. Best of all: Maureen Stapleton as Emma Goldman, and a group of contemporaries of the Reeds (e.g., Rebecca West, Hamilton Fish), who appear in documentary interviews as "witnesses." Cinematography by Vittorio Storaro. (12/21/81) (Embassy; through June 3.)

Requiem for a Heavyweight (1962)—Anthony Quinn, Julie Harris, Jackie Gleason, and Mickey Rooney are sensationally good in this heartbreaking, twice-told tale of an athlete who has outlived the only trade he knows. Directed by Ralph Nelson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 3.)

Richard Pryor Live on the Sunset Strip—The master of physical comedy and lyrical obscenity in a new one-man show. To those of us who thought his 1979 film, "Richard Pryor Live in Concert," was one of the greatest performances we'd ever seen or ever will see, it may be disappointing yet emotionally stirring. The vast public outpouring of affection for him after his near-fatal accident in June, 1980, has changed him and his relation with the audience. He knows that all he has to do is stand on the stage and be adored. And he knows there's something the matter with this new situation, but he doesn't know how to deal with it. This film isn't in the class of the first, but it has superb bits. (4/5/82) (Embassy. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through May 27. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; May 28-June 3.)

Rocky III—With Sylvester Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, Carl Weathers, and Burgess Meredith; directed by Stallone. (Reviewed in this issue.) (34th St. East, Cinema II, R.K.O. Century 86th St., Loews 83rd Quad, and R.K.O. Century Cinerama; starting May 28.)

Smash Palace—With Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison, directed by Roger Donaldson. A New Zealand film. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Paris.)

Strike (1925)—Eisenstein's brutal, brilliant first film. One of the most startling débuts in the history of movies. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 2.)

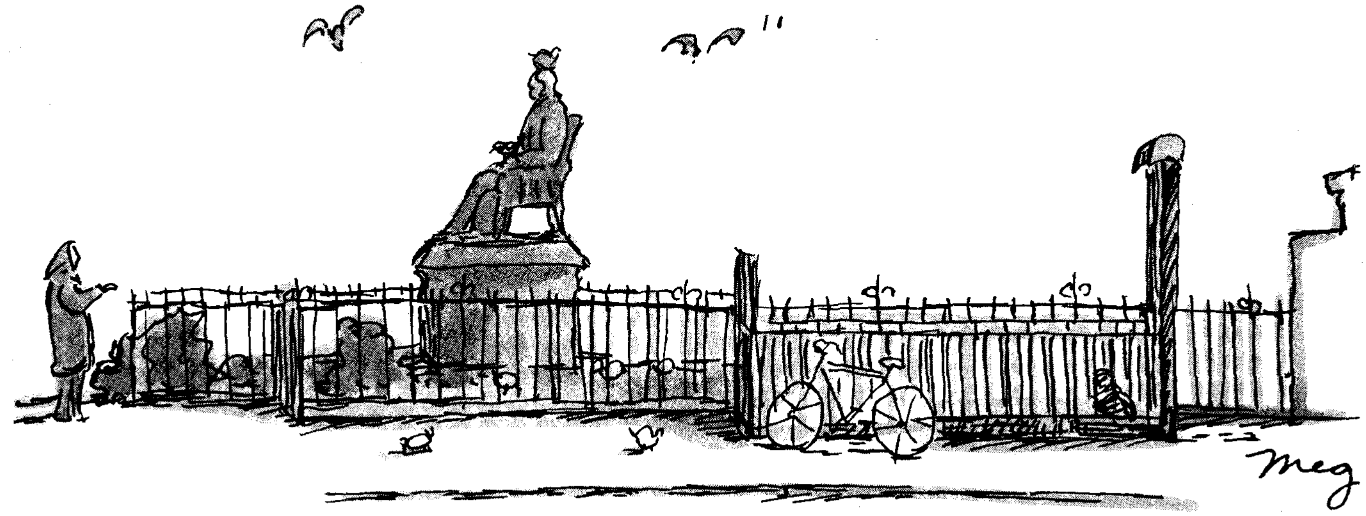
Stroszek (1977)—Werner Herzog, the West German who wrote and directed this wonderful film, describes it as a ballad. Stroszek, played by Bruno S., feels himself to be like a castaway going round and round forever—merry-go-round or mill wheel, he doesn't know which. In a key scene, early in the film, a befriending doctor tells Stroszek that he doesn't know how to look after himself, and then shows him a premature baby who, like Stroszek, will be all right, given a little help. There is a marvellous performance by a paper-faced old man called Scheitz (Clemens Scheitz). In German and English. (Film Forum; May 27-29.)

Tout Va Bien (1972)—Not as deadly in its pedagogical tone as other Jean-Luc Godard-Jean-Pierre Gorin films of the period. There's some relaxation and humor in this story of a workers' takeover of a sausage factory, but the way Jane Fonda, as an American journalist, and Yves Montand, as her French filmmaker-husband, are radicalized by the situation seems mechanical and naïve. In French. (Film Forum; June 3-5.)

Victor/Victoria—The writer-director Blake Edwards' rough-and-tumble boudoir farce centers on Julie Andrews as Victoria, an English singer stranded in Paris in 1934, who pretends to be a man so that she can get work as a female impersonator. Edwards pulls laughs with the crudest setups and the moldiest, most cynical dumb jokes. This is an audience pleaser in the worst sense. As an aging homosexual entertainer who trains Victoria to pass as Victor, Robert Preston plays a sentimental stereotype so heartily and likably that he redeems the musty material. James Garner is a night-club owner from Chicago, and, as the girlfriend he discards when he falls for Victoria, Lesley Ann Warren, gone blond, does dippy, exaggerated versions of Jean Harlow's nasal petulance. She's a comic-strip eccentric, and you feel her sweetness, but Edwards makes her into a nasty, screeching floozy. This picture features speeches about sexual politics that are the latest in show-biz enlightenment; it also features a chorus line that may be the most contemptuous display of women's bodies ever seen in a major-studio movie. With Alex Karras as Garner's bodyguard. The songs by Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse are bland and forgettable. Based on the 1933 German film comedy "Viktor und Viktoria;" this is at least the fifth version. (5/3/82) (Bay Cinema, 68th St. Playhouse, and Guild. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through May 27.)

Woyzeck (1979)—A Standard Authorized Version of the Büchner play, from the hand of Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski, as Woyzeck, is a splendid actor but overpowers both cast and text. With Eva Mattes, who won a Best Supporting Actress award at Cannes for this performance. In German. (Film Forum; June 1-2.)

Young Mr. Lincoln (1939)—One of John Ford's most memorable films, and not at all the tedious bummer that the title might suggest. The film is an embroidery (by the scenarist Lamar Trotti) on an actual murder trial in which Lincoln was the defense lawyer. Henry Fonda, in one of his best early performances, is funny and poignant as the drawling, awkward young hero, and Alice Brady plays the mother of the two defendants, Richard Cromwell and Eddie Quillan. With Pauline Moore as Ann Rutledge, Marjorie Weaver as Mary Todd, and Arleen Whelan, Ward Bond, Donald Meek, Robert Lowery, and assorted members of the Ford stock company. (Regency; June 1-2.)



WHAT MAKES NEIMAN-MARCUS NEIMAN-MARCUS?

A continuing series

In Monaco, 1956, we helped create a wedding fit for a princess. It wasn't the first time. It won't be the last.

We are very proud to say that we have helped select bridesmaids' dresses, arrange trousseaus, engrave invitations, gown brides and smooth travel arrangements for some of the most celebrated nuptials of the century. Not every wedding is a storybook affair, however. Some of our greatest triumphs were staged in the very teeth of disaster.

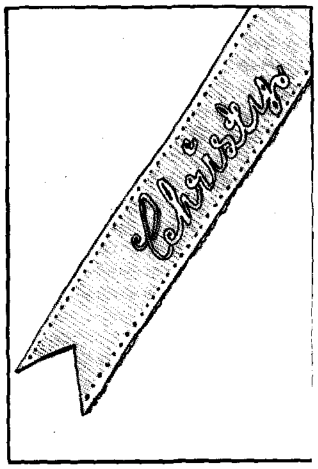
Like the infamous Friday night in December of 1964 when Neiman-Marcus went up in flames. Ten brides, scheduled to be married the next afternoon, awakened to find that their favorite store and their gowns were in ashes. But not their weddings — for by 7 a.m., an emergency "field station" with fitters and replacement gowns had been set up in a nearby hotel. The brides were called in — the weddings proceeded.

Emergencies aside, careful planning is still the key to a successful wedding. In addition to helping prospective brides with the details of gowns, gifts, invitations and trousseaus, N-M's bridal consultants also function as authorities on local custom. They're familiar with the finest points of etiquette, the traditions of almost every religion and the regulations of most clubs and churches. But in an unofficial capacity, they're the quick-thinking experts whose ingenuity often saves the day.

Take the well-attended wedding where our consultant arrived on time — only to find that the boutonnieres and bridesmaids' bouquets hadn't. Manicure scissors in hand, she combed the lawn for periwinkles, snipped a few blossoms from the altar — and afterwards enjoyed bouquets of compliments on the unusual floral arrangements.

The personal touch is a luxury we still lavish on every N-M bride. We still care enough to put a little "something blue" — a monogrammed ribbon label — inside the seam of every bridal gown we fit. When the dress is ready, we send it by special messenger to the photographer. Then it's returned to be spot cleaned, pressed and stuffed once more before its final delivery to the church.

Care and ingenuity have always been our hallmarks. They're qualities that make the wedding of a princess an event that's impossible to forget. Every princess.



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THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE recently received the following note from a friend of ours with whom strangers often strike up conversations:

Last Friday afternoon, as I waited in a long and snakelike line in a bank, a woman started talking to me. She had gray hair, some of which had straggled away from a plain bun it was meant to be part of, and she had on dark, rumpled slacks, an old blue jersey, and a well-worn raincoat. She wore no makeup, and she was carrying a somewhat frayed tote bag with the name "Brentano's" stamped nine or ten times in vertical rows on its sides, and in general I thought she looked like an old-fashioned bohemian intellectual. Here, more or less, is how the conversation went:

Woman (*looking at line*): It's frustrating, isn't it?

Me: Yes, it certainly is.

Woman: I think I preferred it the old way, where you lined up in front of individual tellers.

Me: But this way you can't get stuck in a line that has a lot of long transactions in it.

Woman: I know all about that, but I was always good at looking at what was in someone's hand and guessing how long he would take with the teller.

Me: But you could never be really sure. At least, I couldn't.

Woman: Well, I liked the element of gambling that was involved. It was like a game, and I had fun playing it.

Me: Well, that's an interesting way of looking at it, but altogether I think I probably spend a little less time in bank lines now than I used to.

Woman: I know all about that—the long transactions get shared out evenly for everyone waiting in line.

Me: Right.

Woman: That's an awfully cold and unpassionate way of looking at it.

Me: I beg your pardon?

Woman: I mean, the whole thing is so bland and mechanical now that if you like it this way it must mean that you aren't very passionate and don't like to take risks. From the way you look, that would make sense.

Me: Um, listen, lady—

Woman: I'm very good at reading people from their appearances.

Me: I see.

Woman: Well, this line certainly is dispiriting.

Me: Yes. The bank should put more tellers on duty on Friday afternoons.

Woman: I know all about that. I certainly wasn't blaming the tellers.

Me: I didn't say you were. I was just making an observation.

Woman: Banks on the East Side, uptown, always have lots of tellers at work. They take all their fat-cat customers and sit them down and smile at them.

Me: And serve them tea and scones.

Woman: No, they don't do that.

Me: It was a joke.

Woman: And it's pronounced "scuns."

Me: Actually, I think "scōnes" is probably allowed.

Woman: No, it's not. It's the same idea as for William Gladstone, which always ought to be pronounced "William Gladstun."

Me: I think if you looked it up in a good modern Webster's you'd find that "scōnes" and "Gladstōne" were given, and might even be preferred.

Woman: No, I wouldn't. It's "scuns" and "Gladstun." Oh, look, we're at the head of the line. I've accomplished exactly what I set out to accomplish, which was to start a conversation so that the time would go by faster. The light is on up there, so would you please move along?

When I got back to my office, I looked up "scones" and "Gladstone" in every reasonably new dictionary available, and in this country, which is where that woman happens to be leading her extremely annoying existence, "scōnes" and "Gladstōne" come first.

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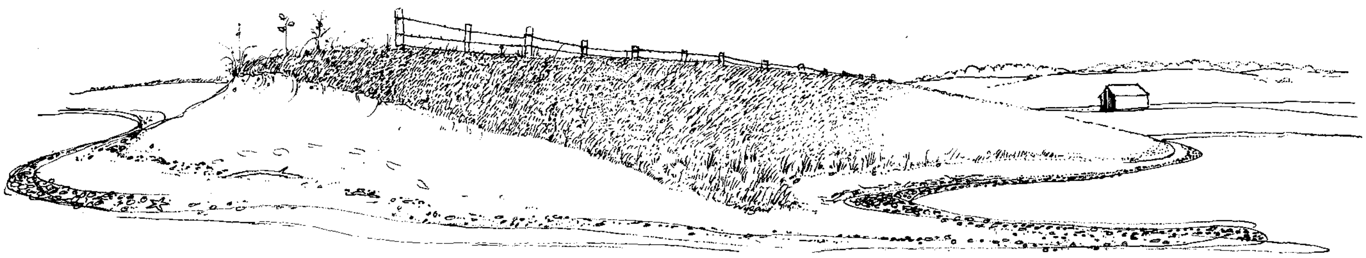
An Afternoon in the Ukraine

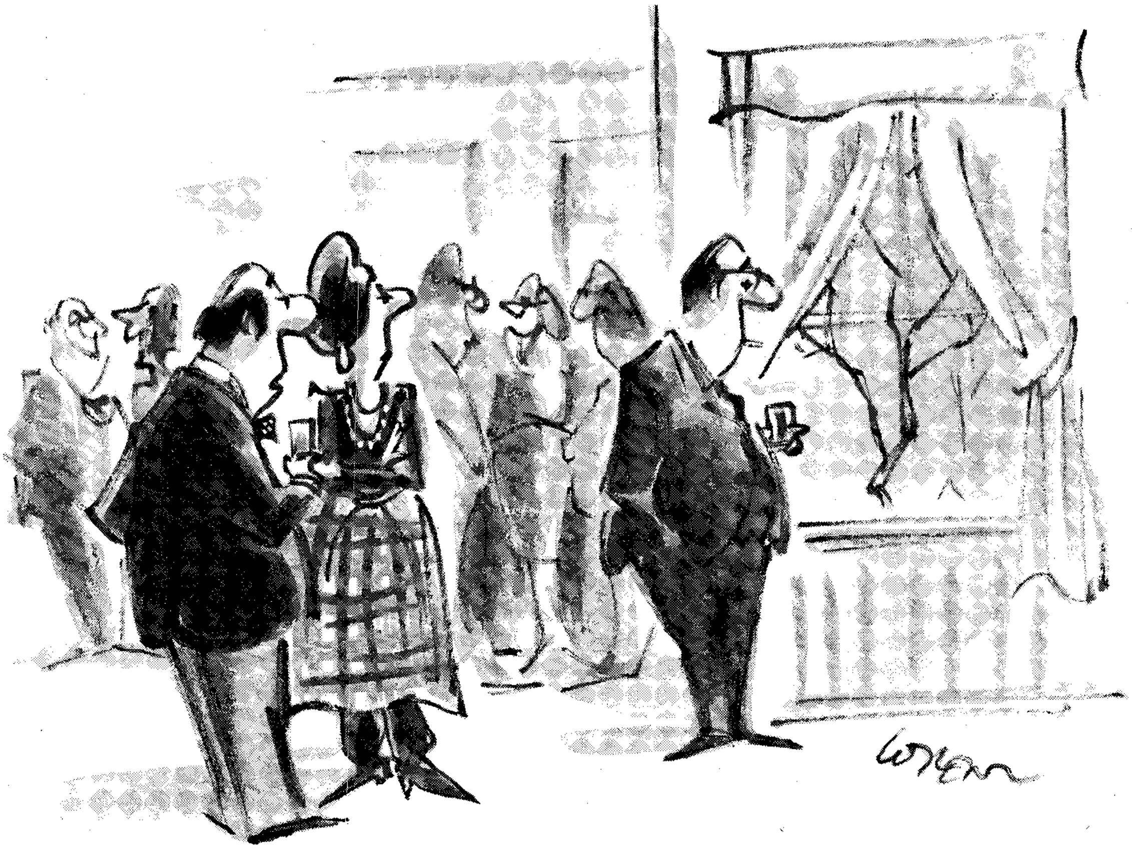
DURABILITY is a human quality that the shifting fads, manners, and landscapes of this city throw into sharp relief. As long ago as March of 1948, we wrote a note in



these columns on Mr. Myron Surmach, the proprietor of the Surma Book & Music Company, on East Seventh Street, in that part of the city where the Ukrainian language was heard on the sidewalks and used for daily commerce. It still is, and by now Mr. Surmach's store has acquired the status of a landmark. When we stepped into it one day last week, we felt we had gone through more than a doorway: the store has the aura of a never-never land, with shelves of Ukrainian books and records, clusters of dresses and blouses embroidered with the traditional floral and geometric patterns of the old Ukraine, and glass showcases displaying a profusion of *pysanky*, the delicately batiked eggs that are exchanged at Eastertime. We asked to speak to Mr. Surmach, who, we'd learned, had just written a history of the store, but we were told that nowadays he comes in to mind his shop only on Sundays, from Saddle River, New Jersey, where he lives. Instead, we talked to his son, Myron W. Surmach, who now actively runs the business, and who gave us some facts about it, occasionally breaking off to answer the telephone, sometimes in English, sometimes in Ukrainian.

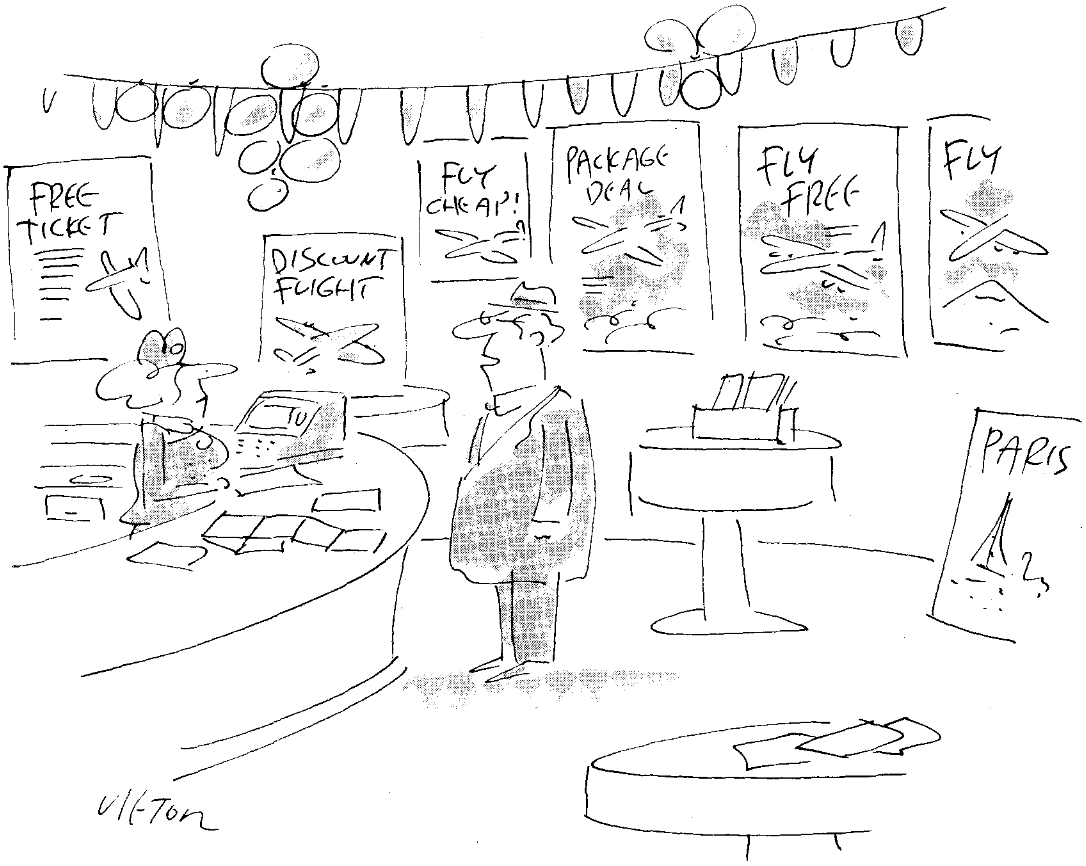
"My father emigrated from the Ukraine in 1910," he told us. "But it wasn't until 1918 that he started up the Surma Book & Music Company, when a new wave of emigration brought many more of his countrymen here to the lower East Side. The section bounded by First Street, Fourteenth Street, Third Avenue, and Avenue A is almost Ukrainian territory in our eyes. The store occupied three different sites around here before it took root in this spot, in 1943. My father ran it as a kind of switchboard for Ukrainian émigrés, keeping up a huge correspondence, tracing missing relatives, and helping new arrivals to find friends and connections. His history of the store is virtually his autobiography, since he and the store are inseparable in everyone's eyes. He turned eighty-nine in January, and we are going to be celebrating that, and the book's publication, at the Ukrainian Institute next Saturday afternoon. You must come along—it will give you some idea of the little world of Ukrainian-Americans."

The Ukrainian Institute of America has its headquarters in the French Gothic mansion that lends elegance to the southeast corner of Seventy-ninth Street and Fifth Avenue, and when we arrived for the event being staged in Mr. Surmach's honor—an exhibition called "Collections & Recollections"—we found some two hundred people already there. A number of the women were wearing embroidered Ukrainian blouses, and conversation was buzzing in both languages. The staircase wall and the upper floor were hung with the work of Mr. Surmach's daughter, Yaroslava Surmach Mills, who enjoys a considerable reputation as a calligrapher and book illustrator, and who has revived the Ukrainian art of glass-painting, producing small, jewelled scenes from Ukrainian village life. "My imaginary Ukraine," she told us, smiling, after we had been lured upstairs by these exhibits. She led us downstairs again and over to her father, who was standing in the front hall behind a table bearing the first copies of his book—"Story of My Surma Bookstore," in Ukrainian. A small, upright man, bald, with a gleeful smile that seemed to us to give off positive warmth, he would sign copies of his book with one hand and gesticulate with the other, at the same time carrying on a continuous banter in both languages. He remembered our conversation in 1948, he told us, and bade us welcome, in the manner of an ambassador, to what seemed more and more like a private kingdom. "If you had lived as long in the Ukrainian community as I have, you might wonder why it is referred to as a minority," he said. "For me, Ukrainians form a huge majority. Look, there are some of my grandchildren over there. Talk to them. You'll find that, however American they appear, some part of them is still Ukrainian. We always spoke Ukrainian at home—we taught it to our children. It was our way of keeping the Old Country alive. Our language, in a sense, *is* our country."



"Doug's at a hard place in life. Post nuclear family but not ready for the electronic cottage."

At this point, the company was summoned upstairs for the formalities of the afternoon, and we found ourself a chair at the back of an already crowded room, whose windows were stained a deep green by the foliage of Central Park. We fell into conversation with our neighbor, Mr. John Smoley, of Scranton, Pennsylvania, who turned out to be Mr. Surmach's editor. "In Scranton, I bring out *Narodna Volya*, a weekly of the Ukrainian Fraternal Association, mostly in Ukrainian, and I told my friend Surmach that I wanted to publish his memoirs," he confided to us. "In fact, I hounded him, to get him started, and we ran them for twenty-two successive weeks in 1981. That got the book under way, and I helped him with the rest. It was a task that gave us both much pleasure—the pleasure of bringing back so many half-forgotten things."



"Do you have any gimmicks that would get me to Toledo, Ohio?"

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The proceedings felt from the beginning like a family reunion, and it became obvious that Mr. Surmach was not only well known to the entire company but also held in delighted affection by it. One by one, the members of his immediate family—his daughter, his son, his daughter-in-law, three grandchildren—mounted a platform and delivered separate, small tributes, including their choicest anecdotes, and eventually Mr. Surmach himself was summoned to the spotlight. He beamed out at the company, just as pleased to see them as they were to see him. "I have been wondering all this last while whether I am alive or dead," he said. "Usually, you have to be dead before such things are said about you. We are supposed to be celebrating my book, which I should not have written, because I am a bookseller, not a book writer. But I have sold already some fifteen copies of it, so perhaps there is hope for me." If the occasion smacked at all of formality, Mr. Surmach swept any such atmosphere aside at a stroke. A formal address could not have been further from his mind, or his manner. Instead, he told stories, he made jokes in both languages, he pointed out old friends, he spoke about his bees. (He has kept an apiary in Saddle River since 1952, and sells his honey in the store.) All in all, benign as a patriarch at a picnic, he turned the afternoon into sheer joy. Then, all of a sudden, he called for a *bandura* to be brought; the *bandura*, the traditional instrument of the Ukraine, is strung like a lute, and looks for all the world like a small end table with a goose neck. Settling himself with it on his knee, he proceeded to play, breaking off in midchord to tell a story, urging the company to join him in songs that most of its members clearly knew by heart, plucking away at his memory. "You should all keep a *bandura* at home," he told the audience, wagging a finger. "It's more than a friend—it's a house and a family. It has so many voices." And he played some more, almost to himself, and then laid the *bandura* aside and stepped down to become one of the company again.

Conversation had taken over once more by the time we made our difficult way through a throng of Mr. Surmach's friends to wish him long life. He scrutinized us, his head on one side. "You look tired," he said. "Come to the store next Sunday, and I'll give you some of my Surma honey. I swear by it. It will do wonders for you—you'll see."

Signing

A NOONTIME ceremony took place the other day in the eighty-sixth-floor Observatory of the Empire State Building. Governor Hugh Carey, Mayor Ed Koch, a number of other dignitaries, and a couple of hundred guests turned up (sooner or later) for the signing of the first contract to book the entire New York Convention Center, which has been under construction for the past two years and, it is expected, will be completed in 1984. The imminent first signer was an outfit called the Packaging Machinery Manufacturers Institute, or PMMI, which has booked the center for a week in November, 1986. There were cocktails. There were balloons. There were flashbulbs. There were giant souvenir match-books printed with a message lauding the new center and making use of words like "huge-est" and "flexiblest."

Paul Hallingby, Jr., the chairman of the New York Convention Center Operating Corporation—the organization that will run the center—acted as master of ceremonies. Standing at a lectern in the enclosed portion of the Observatory, while the dignitaries sat in a row along one wall and the rest of the people sat in the middle of the room, he said, "I want to welcome you all here and to say, first, that today we're celebrating results—results of a great deal of inspiration, foresight, and planning. When we go outdoors, you'll see it to the west, with the facilities going up at a rapid rate. Next, we have, I think, the finest architectural firm on our team, the I. M. Pei firm, with Mr. Pei himself supervising the job."

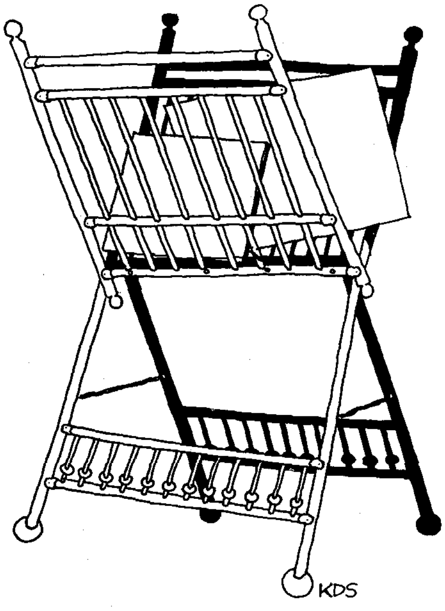
There were TV cameras. There was a guitarist singing songs about New York. Governor and Mrs. Carey were sitting just to the right of the lectern. The Governor was wearing a navy-blue suit. He looked pensive. Mrs. Carey was wearing a two-piece suit with a matching cape in a turquoise-and-black houndstooth pattern, with black velvet cuffs and lapels, and a turquoise-and-black striped blouse. She smiled a lot. When Mr. Hallingby had finished his introductory remarks, Governor Carey stepped to the lectern. "Just over two years ago, many of us gathered together and witnessed the ground-breaking for the Convention Center," the Governor said. He went on to speak of "the restoration of the economic vitality that for generations characterized the Empire State" and "the restoration of New York City's rightful place as the economic and business capital of America and the world."

Several more dignitaries spoke. They used phrases like "dynamic growth," "important milestone," "long effort," "finest of its kind," "incomparable combination," "fast-paced construction," "great coöperation," "back in the ballgame," and "historic moment."

Mayor Koch arrived late, smiling broadly. He was wearing a navy-blue suit. He shook hands with Governor Carey, kissed Mrs. Carey on the cheek, and stepped to the lectern. "What New York City has can't be duplicated anyplace else in the world," the Mayor said. "And now we have everything. Life is complete."

Lunches had been packed in black metal lunchboxes, to each of which two helium-filled balloons—one red, one white—were attached with red ribbons. When the speeches were concluded, the dignitaries and the guests picked up lunchboxes from a long table and moved outside, to the west terrace of the Observatory, where tables had been set up. The Governor and the Mayor donned white hard hats and joined representatives of the Convention Center and of PMMI in signing the first contract. We greeted Mayor Koch. We greeted Governor and Mrs. Carey. We greeted Jerry Lowery, a fit-looking gray-haired man, who is the executive director of the New York Convention Center Operating Corporation.

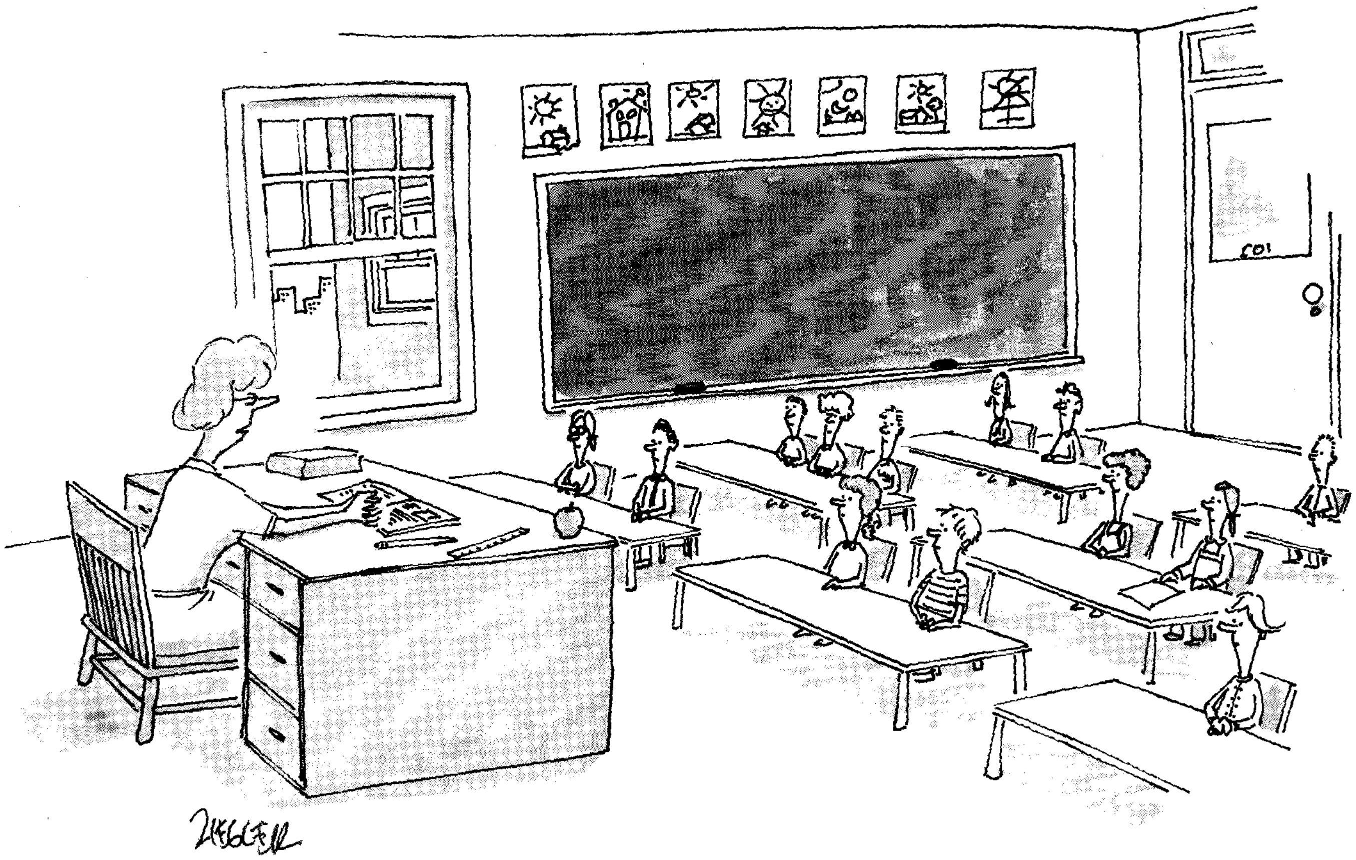
"It's appropriate that we're having the ceremony here, since our new Convention Center will be almost as long as the Empire State Building is tall," Mr. Lowery told us enthusiastically. "In fact, it will be the largest of its kind in the Western Hemisphere. Its two main exhibit halls together will be as big as fifteen football fields, and the entrance lobby will be so vast it could accommodate the width of a 747. Two hundred and thirty-two major conventions and trade shows have already been booked for the first two and a half years of operation, giving us an eighty-per-cent occupancy. And forty-five per cent of those shows have not been using the Coliseum, because it is too small for many of them and is heavily booked anyway. Revenues to the city and state from tourist dollars brought in by the new center are expected to exceed a billion dollars a year."



Mr. Lowery hurried over to join the Careys, Mayor Koch, and Mr. Hallingby at their table. We stepped to the balustrade and looked westward. It was a very bright, very clear day. On a twenty-three-acre plot of land between Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues, from Thirty-fourth to Thirty-ninth Street, the gray-and-buff reinforced concrete of the new center stretched out flat and empty, like some enormous landing strip for extraterrestrial vehicles. It appeared to be about a story and a half high. (When the center is finished, most of it will be four stories high, with the main entrance hall fifteen stories high.) Beyond the center was the gray-green North River, and on the other side of the river we could see the factories and high-rise towers of Hoboken and West New York. Beyond them was a line of faintly purple hills. As the dignitaries and guests sat down at the tables and began to open their lunchboxes, many of them released the red and white balloons, which bobbed up swiftly, caught a breeze, and sailed off into the sky.

Incredible

DR. DON BOB KIM, *professor of many languages at Taegu City Community College, in South Korea,* could not attend the sixth annual World-Wide Inventors Expo '82, on the mezzanine of the New York Statler Hotel. Too bad. A lot of people would have loved to meet him. Some of the stuff at the exposition was so incredible it was incredible. What was most incredible of all was Dr. Don Bob Kim's invention. It was more incredible than the electric lunch pail, the aerosol instant worm, the nasal-filter device, the steel-wool holder, the novel electric plug, the inter-visuometer, the hygienic underwear for men, the automatic noodle press for ready-to-serve noodles, the polyphase variable frequency inverter, and the electronic Afro comb. Thousands of people walked by the booths where prototypes of these creations were exhibited. They said, "Wow," "Unusual," "Fantastic, fantastic," "Un*real*," "Not to be believed," "*Un*believable," "I *never*," "Have you *ever*?," "Could you just die from this?" They seemed overwhelmed. At Booth No. 76, Dr Roberto Monsivais displayed his life



"All right, children, who wants to open our discussion of the Papa Bear's sense of rage? Tommy?"

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etector—known in his native Mexio as *detector de vida.* The life deector is a coffin with an oxygen tank nside. ("The only way in the world o avoid being embalmed or buried *live*," said Dr. Monsivais's adverisement in the World-Wide Inventors Expo '82 catalogue.) The life detector vas incredible, and Dr. Monsivais was ncredibly sincere. Even more inredible—but still not quite up to Dr. on Bob Kim's standard—was what vas offered by Dr. Yoshiro NakaMats. ot only was Dr. NakaMats' invenion incredible—a golf putter with an versized head and an incredibly overized square grip—but so was a brohure that Dr. NakaMats was giving way. It said that Dr. NakaMats' puttr "prevents golf sicks such as broken reath bone, heart attack, higher blood ressure, etc., because: (1) chest is not ressed by hitting, (2) easy stable wing because of linkswing, (3) save ower to hit ball because of loss of itting force is minimizing by link wing." The golf putter is not Dr. akaMats' only invention. His brohure said, "Dr. NakaMats invents lso many new words; for example, 'Bungineer.' 'Bungineer' is the man who has ample capability of both engineering technical knowledge and non-technical area such as sales, accounting, management, etc."

Despite his versatility, however, Dr. NakaMats must yield the palm to Dr. Don Bob Kim, who translates from Korean into English in an incredibly inventive way. That is his incredible invention. He can take a repair manual for a rocket-launching armored tank and translate it into English so that it comes out as a poem by John Ashbery. All the booths in the Korean section of the World-Wide Inventors Expo '82 had signs that described in Dr. Don Bob Kim's English what the viewer was looking at:

Woo Sin Mo Artificial Fruits: This invention is particularly coated by a method of specially dealing with heat its color is adhered into the resin so it gives the actual feeling of semi-permanent because there is no discoloration at all as well as fading because it is especially covered with vanishing skin and it can produce various kinds of fruits comparing favorably with those real ones.

Brushless Digital Motor for Activating All Phases of Power: This invention is powerful D.C. brushless motor that was generated the rotational magnetic force when all poles of stators were excited simultaneously.

Self-Supporting Power Fan Utilizing Elasticity: This structure of newly invented self-supporting power fan is utilized by the elasticity and lit it be rotated by producing the second power of rotation in accordance with leverage.

Safety Nut: The inside of the pitch of nut turned into a role of a spring is react by the force of nut which is available of screwing so this nut cannot be loosened from the bolt, especially because of a spring washer therewith attached. So it will keep various kinds of steel structure or machinery safely and satisfactorily.

All-Around Electric Assembly: It is pretty simple to learn how to use this invention without any technical guidance and accordingly it can be put together and used immediately. For example, it does not need any tools and it can be used permanently because there is not any out-of-order. This invention is deviced by resistant condenser and transistor within an electric plug and it can be assembled by a diver only.

Dr. Don Bob Kim's invention speaks for and to itself. If you disagree, you must not be paying attention.

A NIGHT OUT AT THE CLUB HARMONICA

IT'S that time of night, when hunting cats will be getting up off their cushions. It's that time, when cats will be leaving their pampering indoor premises through half-open windows and ingenious cat flaps. Early arrivals will have already added their luminous watchfulness to the darkness at the top of the wall.

And here I am, being surly at our table, while some somnolent saxophonist improvises on the bandstand; while a half-asleep drummer—dying, I imagine, for a large stiff drink—does his inadequate best to keep up with him, which is more than I can say for the pianist; while a double bass leans like a fat drunk against a wall and its musician has presumably sloped off for a wet or a sandwich.

What is this evening all about? The summer's conversations feel as if they were spoken a decade ago. I keep telling myself I'm not really here; I'm somewhere else, being nice to people, or reading "Le Savon," by Francis Ponge. I ought to be in bed, plotting to get my hands on a piece of cake without waking my wife and giving her good reason for directing accusations at the growing circumference of my middle. I really ought to be dreaming.

Young fashionables are being loud at the next table. "Cosmeticized angels," I say, "with damaged wings," feeling under an obligation to remark on them if only because my companions seem to be observing them with attitudes that look like ambiguous envy. "Film stars, aristocrats, parasites, and God," I say. "These are the few allowed to have a good time."

My aphorism impresses them like a bad joke. They turn away from the shabby exquisites. I eat an olive. It tastes like a grape injected with petrol.

Fashions appear to have roved backward again. I can almost hear the sound of far-off propellers and the faint whine of an all-clear. I can see the black market in the waiter's eyes as, eagerly, he obeys my gesture and brings another bottle. Tonight is all about being able to do that sort of thing. I am a colonel of the Free French, with a pocketful of nylon stockings. Tonight, *chérie,* we will have a good time; a little champagne, some cognac, and your legs will never be the same again.

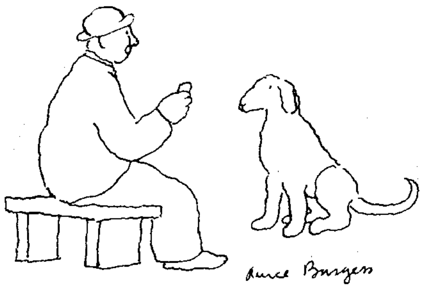
Tonight, too, is about wanting to stick a carnation in one's teeth and take off in a tango. It is about being different from who you are, in the name of enjoying yourself. For some reason, I want to pretend I am a performing seal. I want to flap my flippers in front of my face, balance a ball on my nose, and catch fish in my teeth. If nothing else, I might change the subject of conversation, which tonight is about opportunities in the antique trade.

Oink! Oink!

No salt-stinking haddocks land on our table; instead, the responsibly chilled wine is delivered in an ice bucket by a starched waiter with the eyes of a lion tamer, who looks steadily at me while I look steadily back at him with the eyes of a mouse. Is it time, I ask myself, for my trick with the tablecloth? I make the offer, but the pianist and the rest of the band, refreshed, break into "Take the 'A' Train" like burglars, and not only do we have to listen to this but we have to watch it.

Is this the post-modernist aesthetic about which I have heard so much this year? Two of us decided, on a large hot day in Yorkshire, that the language can no longer be used to describe anything with clarity. "It is not up to us," I said then. "No," said Charlie. As I looked through the glass of Charlie's new conservatory, I had the distinct sensation of knowing for a fact that his goat, his lawn, the bench under the evergreen, the stalks of last season's Brussels sprouts, the sky, the trees, the stone walls, the moors in the distance—all knew, all *know* where the language is hiding. At one point I felt convinced that Charlie's goat had eaten it. Valedictions all day and every day, but with words like that in it no wonder the language has gone to ground.

A young man, his hair the color of tadpoles, is putting his tongue into the mouth of a woman old enough to be his mother. "She's old enough to be his mother," says someone's girlfriend at our table, excitedly—but is it with amusement or disapproval?



"Perhaps she *is* his mother," says a friend of mind, and the way he says it makes me glad I didn't get there first. Everyone looks as if words have been stolen from their mouths.

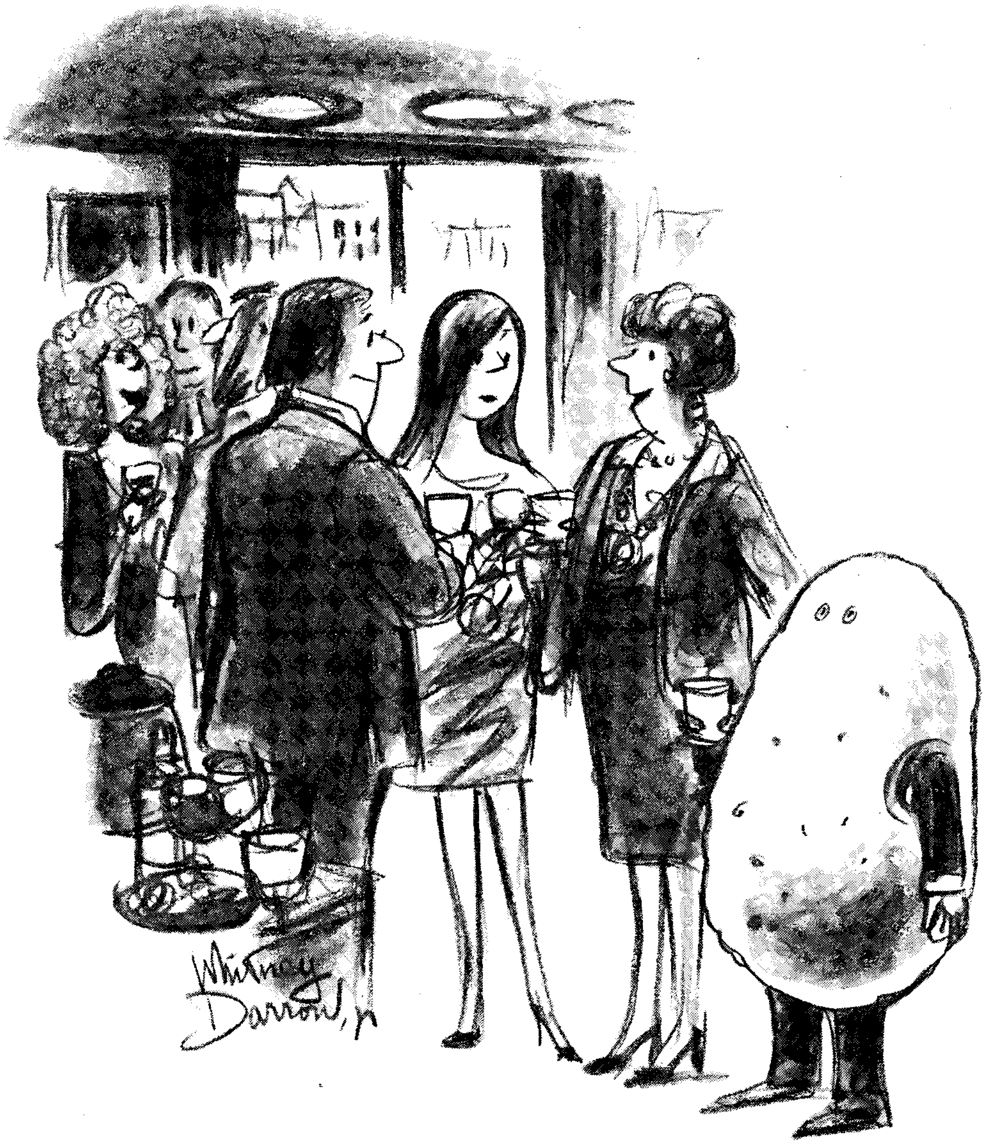
We all look, and imagine we can see family resemblances. But he gives her three ten-pound notes, so we turn away tittering, except me; mesmerized by the expense, I can't keep my eyes off that rakish young man and his elderly consort. "There has to be another explanation," says the girl who started all this. No one else thinks so. Having decided what's going on over there, they are now being urbane. They start arguing about the inflated prices of chinoiserie.

I can hear the sea in the distance, murmuring twaddle about the drowned. By now the band is playing something I suspect they are making up as they go along. There are sonic booms over Arcadia and Siberia, over northern Canada, the Antarctic, and the mid-oceans, which no one ever hears. There are times when I feel like the ubiquitous decimal in a computer. I want someone to write "I LOVE YOU" in lipstick on the back of my white tuxedo. But I haven't got a tuxedo.

Eavesdropping, I can just catch what some bearded little charlatan is saying about his forthcoming *plaquette* of verses. I want to go up to the microphone and announce that Paul Éluard, the twerp's mentor, whom he is supposed to have visited earlier this summer at Vence, has been dead since 1952.

A drunk blonde, singing, is fighting her way to the microphone. How embarrassing for her husband, who i reaching up to hand money to the pianist. Instead of a tipsy discourse on women's underwear in the twentieth century, from the feminist-Presbyterian point of view, which was too much to hope for, she implicates herself with "Boulevard of Broken Dreams." I am so determined to applaud this *veritas* that I am applauding already, as if applauding my determination, and she's just started. Yes, see; I understand why the large part she is with is looking at me like that. She must be popular if her friends, i spite of her inebriated squeaks, thin of my standup vigorous handclappin as impertinent criticism.

In the men's room I want to tell th man standing next to me that the lar guage is sound asleep or dead or that conceivably, Charlie's goat has eate it; and that even in remote places the wilderness is dying. But I tell this to the urinal, and bark at the stranger. In return, he strikes me viciously with his fist, straight against the source of my bark. He must have a soft fist—my mouth is not bleeding.



"Mr. Clayton does potato commercials."

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Woodsmoke, cicadas; no, true enough. I'm not here at all. I am in the *salle d'attente* at the Gare d'Austerlitz on my way toward woodsmoke and cicadas, and it is past 2 A.M. Policemen and ticket inspectors are staring down the beams of their torches. There is the sound of feeble snoring, as down-on-their-luck *voyageurs* wait out the night in an ashtray. No, nowhere in particular. When I reach Corrèze, if I ever do, I suppose the fragrance of the countryside will smell of my disillusionment like that sweaty waiting room, or this night club that tastes of cigars, cigarettes, wine, and everything that's on the menu. When I shut my eyes, I don't know where I am. Trees in the night club, the saxophonist swaying like a deep-sea diver, the drummer carried away on his own furies. Tame owl on my shoulder, what time is it? No, no, I am in the wrong bed, that's not her book under the pillow.

Coupledom. I hold somebody's hand for the sake of appearances. Much has been for the sake of keeping up appearances—fidelity, infidelity, good manners, mass murder. It is the wrong hand. I slap my own hand and pick up another hand from the table. "What is this," I ask, "a séance?" Moonlight is turning to char on the high heather fields five hundred miles away. "Why are you holding my hand? Give me one good reason why you should, and you can hold my hand," she says.

"Because," I say, "I'm dishonest."

"And what of your big mouth? Can you keep it shut?"

Discretion, I tell her, is an art in which I have taken several crash courses.

The summer is turning to ice in the head of my friend on my other side. "I don't feel married," he confesses. "I feel undivorced."

"The grass," I tell him, "is brown, black, purple, any shade you like, but it is never green, let alone greener, on the other side of the hill. Grass, friend, is grass."

"Thank you," he says. "You are so helpful."

"At thirty," comes a braying voice from the distance of a far table, "she became something of a bargain, frankly."

Oink! Oink!

Another bottle in an ice bucket.

" 'I let go of life with my gloves on'!"

She tells me to sit down, and I discover that—true enough—I'm standing up. Making the most of this, I explain that I'm playing my favorite game, which I call Hunt the Idiot. She turns away from me. Perhaps she's trying to tell me something. They all tell me to sit down. Seated, I close my eyes, and see things. Lacking the courage to be a performing seal, I could leap up onto the bandstand and make an announcement. "Ladies and gentlemen! I am thoroughly browned off with the entire universe!" Many people have done that; I am sure of it. They probably survived to live down the humiliation and tell the tale. But what I feel to be absolutely necessary is a gesture that, before these friends of mine, will not be misinterpreted as a cry for help but understood as an insult. In years to come, I will wake up in the middle of the night, chewing the pillow in apocalyptic embarrassment.

That waiter, the one with the eyes of a tout, has selected me as the likeliest source of his tip. The cheek of it! From what evidence has he sized me up as someone cowardly with his generosity? Why me?

Oink! Oink!

"Come and get it!" shouts the mouse to the lion tamer.

Time now, I think, for my trick with the tablecloth.

—Douglas Dunn

TERRITORY

Neil's mother, Mrs. Campbell, sits on her lawn chair behind a card table outside the food co-op. Every few minutes, as the sun shifts, she moves the chair and table several inches back so as to remain in the shade. It is a hundred degrees outside, and bright white. Each time someone goes in or out of the co-op a gust of air-conditioning flies out of the automatic doors, raising dust from the cement.

Neil stands just inside, poised over a water fountain, and watches her. She has on a sun hat, and a sweatshirt over her tennis dress; her legs are bare, and shiny with cocoa butter. In front of her, propped against the table, a sign proclaims "MOTHERS, FIGHT FOR YOUR CHILDREN'S RIGHTS—SUPPORT A NON-NUCLEAR FUTURE." Women dressed exactly like her pass by, notice the sign, listen to her brief spiel, finger pamphlets, sign petitions or don't sign petitions, never give money. Her weary eyes are masked by dark glasses. In the age of Reagan, she has declared, keeping up the causes of peace and justice is a futile, tiresome, and unrewarding effort; it is therefore an effort fit only for mothers to keep up. The sun bounces off the window glass through which Neil watches her. His own reflection lines up with her profile.

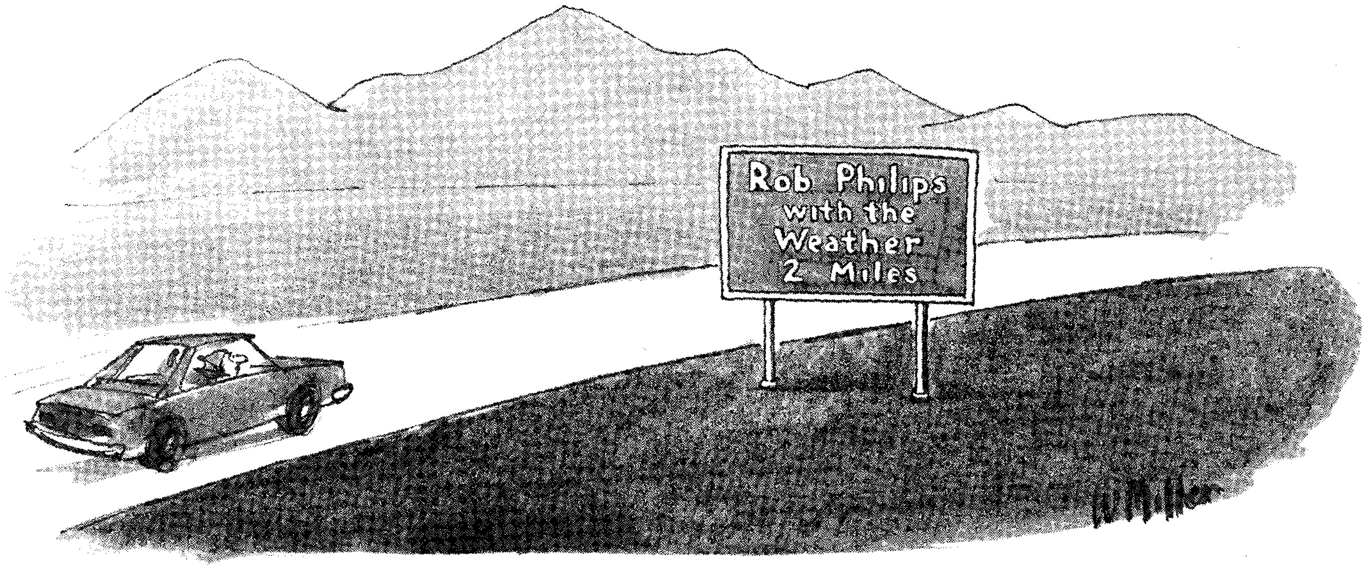
Later that afternoon, Neil spreads himself out alongside the pool and imagines he is being watched by the shirtless Chicano gardener. But the gardener, concentrating on his pruning, is neither seductive nor seducible. On the lawn, his mother's large Airedales—Abigail, Lucille, Fern—amble, sniff, urinate. Occasionally, they accost the gardener, who yells at them in Spanish.

After two years' absence, Neil reasons, he should feel nostalgia, regret, gladness upon returning home. He closes his eyes and tries to muster the proper background music for the cinematic scene of return. His rhapsody, however, is interrupted by the noises of his mother's trio—the scratchy cello, whining violin, stumbling piano—as she and Lillian Havalard and Charlotte Feder plunge through Mozart. The tune is cheery, in a Germanic sort of way, and utterly inappropriate to what Neil is trying to feel. Yet it *is* the music of his adolescence; they have played it for years, bent over the notes, their heads bobbing in silent time to the metronome.

It is getting darker. Every few minutes, he must move his towel so as to remain within the narrowing patch of sunlight. In four hours, Wayne, his lover of ten months and the only person he has ever imagined he could spend his life with, will be in this house, where no lover of his has ever set foot. The thought fills him with a sense of grand terror and curiosity. He stretches, tries to feel seductive, desirable. The gardener's shears whack at the ferns; the music above him rushes to a loud, premature conclusion. The women laugh and applaud themselves as they give up for the day. He hears Charlotte Feder's full nasal twang, the voice of a fat woman in a pink pants suit—odd, since she is a scrawny, arthritic old bird, rarely clad in anything other than tennis shorts and a blouse. Lillian is the fat woman in the pink pants suit; her voice is thin and warped by too much crying. Drink in hand, she calls out from the porch, "Hot enough!" and waves. He lifts himself up and nods to her.

The women sit on the porch and chatter; their voices blend with the clink of ice in glasses. They belong to a small circle of ladies all of whom, with the exception of Neil's mother, are widows and divorcées. Lillian's husband left her twenty-two years ago, and sends her a check every month to live on; Charlotte has been divorced twice as long as she was married, and has

MY! DON'T YOU LOOK NICE THIS EVENING.
SO THAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME.



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a daughter serving a long sentence for terrorist acts committed when she was nineteen. Only Neil's mother has a husband, a distant sort of husband, away often on business. He is away on business now. All of them feel betrayed—by husbands, by children, by history.

Neil closes his eyes, tries to hear the words only as sounds. Soon, a new noise accosts him: his mother arguing with the gardener in Spanish. He leans on his elbows and watches them; the syllables are loud, heated, and compressed, and seem on the verge of explosion. But the argument ends happily; they shake hands. The gardener collects his check and walks out the gate without so much as looking at Neil.

He does not know the gardener's name; as his mother has reminded him, he does not know most of what has gone on since he moved away. Her life has gone on, unaffected by his absence. He flinches at his own egoism, the egoism of sons.

"Neil! Did you call the airport to make sure the plane's coming in on time?"

"Yes," he shouts to her. "It is."

"Good. Well, I'll have dinner ready when you get back."

"Mom—"

"What?" The word comes out in a weary wail that is more of an answer than a question.

"What's wrong?" he says, forgetting his original question.

"Nothing's wrong," she declares in a tone that indicates that everything is wrong. "The dogs have to be fed, dinner has to be made, and I've got people here. Nothing's wrong."

"I hope things will be as comfortable as possible when Wayne gets here."

"Is that a request or a threat?"

"Mom—"

Behind her sunglasses, her eyes are inscrutable. "I'm tired," she says. "It's been a long day. I . . . I'm anxious to meet Wayne. I'm sure he'll be wonderful, and we'll all have a wonderful, wonderful time. I'm sorry. I'm just tired."

She heads up the stairs. He suddenly feels an urge to cover himself; his body embarrasses him, as it has in her presence since the day she saw him shirtless and said with delight, "Neil! You're growing hair under your arms!"

Before he can get up, the dogs gather round him and begin to sniff and lick at him. He wriggles to get away from them, but Abigail, the largest and the stupidest, straddles his stomach and nuzzles his mouth. He splutters and, laughing, throws her off. "Get away from me, you goddam dogs," he shouts, and swats at them. They are new dogs, not the dog of his childhood, not dogs he trusts.

He stands, and the dogs circle him, looking up at his face expectantly. He feels renewed terror at the thought that Wayne will be here so soon: Will they sleep in the same room? Will they make love? He has never had sex in his parents' house. How can he be expected to be a lover here, in this place of his childhood, of his earliest shame, in this household of mothers and dogs?

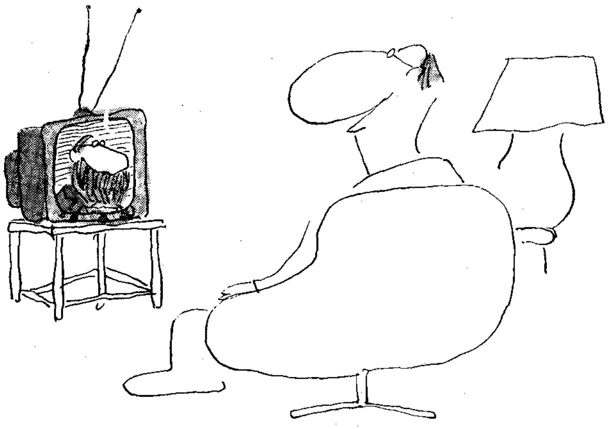
"Dinnertime! Abbylucyferny, Abbylucyferny, dinnertime!" His mother's litany disperses the dogs, and they run for the door.

"Do you realize," he shouts to her, "that no matter how much those dogs love you they'd probably kill you for the leg of lamb in the freezer?"

NEIL was twelve the first time he recognized in himself something like sexuality. He was lying outside, on the grass, when Rasputin—the dog, long dead, of his childhood—began licking his face. He felt a tingle he did not recognize, pulled off his shirt to give the dog access to more of him. Rasputin's tongue tickled coolly. A wet nose started to sniff down his body, toward his bathing suit. What he felt frightened him, but he couldn't bring himself to push the dog away. Then his mother called out, "Dinner," and Rasputin was gone, more interested in food than in him.

It was the day after Rasputin was put to sleep, years later, that Neil finally stood in the kitchen, his back turned to his parents, and said, with unexpected ease, "I'm a homosexual." The words seemed insufficient, reductive. For years, he had believed his sexuality to be detachable from the essential him, but now he realized that it was part of him. He had the sudden, despairing sensation that though the words had been easy to say, the fact of their having been aired was incurably damning. Only then, for the first time, did he admit that they were true, and he shook and wept in regret for what he would not be for his mother, for having failed her. His father hung back, silent; he was absent for that moment as he was mostly absent—a strong absence. Neil always thought of him sitting on the edge of the bed in his underwear, captivated by something on television. He said, “It’s O.K., Neil.” But his mother was resolute; her lower lip didn’t quaver. She had enormous reserves of strength to which she only gained access at moments like this one. She hugged him from behind, wrapped him in the childhood smells of perfume and brownies, and whispered, “It’s O.K., honey.” For once, her words seemed as inadequate as his. Neil felt himself shrunk to an embarrassed adolescent, hating her sympathy, not wanting her to touch him. It was the way he would feel from then on whenever he was in her presence—even now, at twenty-three, bringing home his lover to meet her.

All through his childhood, she had packed only the most nutritious lunches, had served on the PTA, had volunteered at the children’s library and at his school, had organized a successful campaign to ban a racist history textbook. The day after he told her, she located and got in touch with an organization called the Coalition of Parents of Lesbians and Gays. Within a year, she was president of it. On weekends, she and the other mothers drove their station wagons to San Francisco, set up their card tables in front of the Bulldog Baths, the Liberty Baths, passed out literature to men in leather and denim who were loath to admit they even had mothers. These men, who would do violence to each other, were strangely cowed by the suburban ladies with their informational booklets, and bent their heads. Neil was a sophomore in college then, and lived in San Francisco. She brought him pamphlets detailing the dangers of bathhouses and back rooms, enemas and poppers, wordless sex in alleyways. His excursion into that world had been brief and lamentable, and was over. He winced at the thought that she knew all his sexual secrets, and vowed to move to the East Coast to escape her. It was not very different from the days when she had campaigned for a better playground, or tutored the Hispanic children in the audiovisual room. Those days, as well, he had run away from her concern. Even today, perched in front of the co-op, collecting signatures for nuclear disarmament, she was quintessentially a mother. And if the lot of mothers was to expect nothing in return, was the lot of sons to return nothing?



“Tonight’s guests include Howard Filstrip, of the New York ‘Times’ . . .

Driving across the Dumbarton Bridge on his way to the airport, Neil thinks, I have returned nothing; I have simply returned. He wonders if she would have given birth to him had she known what he would grow up to be.

Then he berates himself: Why should he assume himself to be the cause of her sorrow? She has told him that her life is full of secrets. She has changed since he left home—grown thinner, more rigid, harder to hug. She has given up baking, taken up tennis; her skin has browned and tightened. She is no longer the woman who hugged him and kissed him, who said, “As long as you’re happy, that’s all that’s important to us.”

The flats spread out around him; the bridge floats on purple and green silt, and spongy bay fill, not water at all. Only ten miles north, a whole city has been built on gunk dredged up from the bay.

He arrives at the airport ten minutes early, to discover that the plane has landed twenty minutes early. His first view of Wayne is from behind, by the baggage belt. Wayne looks as he always looks—slightly windblown—and is wearing the ratty leather jacket he was wearing the night they met. Neil sneaks up on him and puts his hands on his shoulders; when Wayne turns around, he looks relieved to see him.

They hug like brothers; only in the safety of Neil’s mother’s car do they dare to kiss. They recognize each other’s smells, and grow comfortable again. “I never imagined I’d actually see you out here,” Neil says, “but you’re exactly the same here as there.”

“It’s only been a week.”

They kiss again. Neil wants to go to a motel, but Wayne insists on being pragmatic. “We’ll be there soon. Don’t worry.”

“We could go to one of the bathhouses in the city and take a room for a couple of aeons,” Neil says. “Christ, I’m hard up. I don’t even know if we’re going to be in the same bedroom.”

“Well, if we’re not,” Wayne says, “we’ll sneak around. It’ll be romantic.”

They cling to each other for a few more minutes, until they realize that people are looking in the car window. Reluctantly, they pull apart. Neil reminds himself that he loves this man, that there is a reason for him to bring this man home.

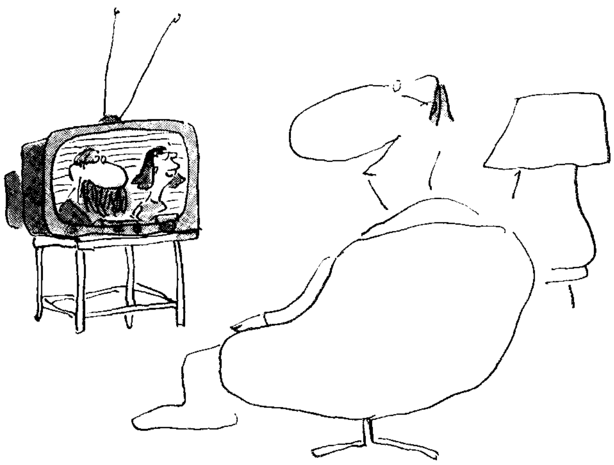
He takes the scenic route on the way back. The car careers over foothills, through forests, along white four-lane highways high in the mountains. Wayne tells Neil that he sat next to a woman on the plane who was once Marilyn Monroe’s psychiatrist’s nurse. He slips his foot out of his shoe and nudges Neil’s ankle, pulling Neil’s sock down with his toe.

“I have to drive,” Neil says. “I’m very glad you’re here.”

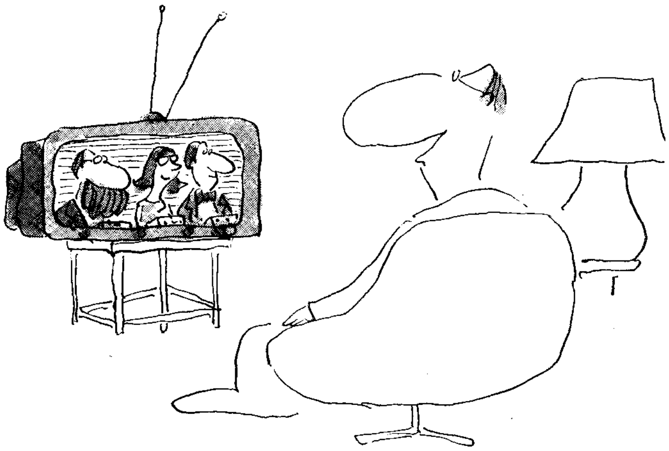
There is a comfort in the privacy of the car. They have a common fear of walking hand in hand, of publicly showing physical affection, even in the permissive West Seventies of New York—a fear that they have admitted only to one another. They slip through a pass between two hills, and are suddenly in residential Northern California, the land of expensive ranch-style houses.

As they pull into Neil’s mother’s driveway, the dogs run barking toward the car. When Wayne opens the door, they jump and lap at him, and he trie to close it again. “Don’t worry Abbylucyferny! Get in the house damn it!”

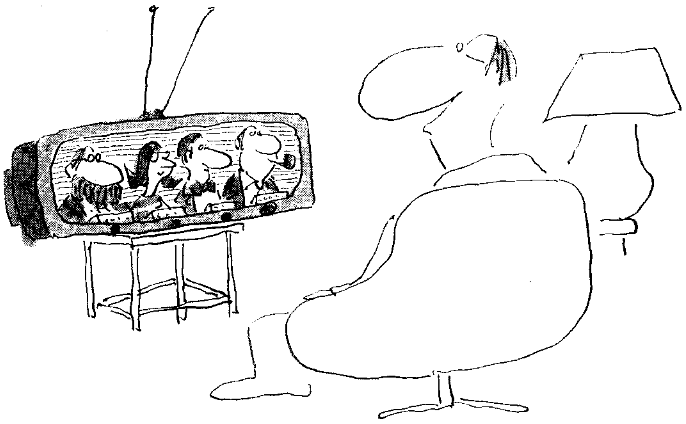
His mother descends from th porch. She has changed into a blu flower-print dress, which Neil doesn’



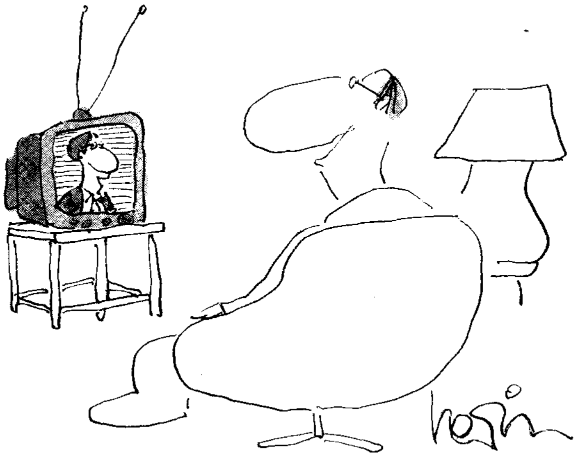
Sarah Denborrow, of the Washington 'Post' . . .



Ed Gillespie, of the 'Wall Street Journal' . . .



and Ray Fenwick, of 'Time.'



I'm your host, Bob Renko."

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recognize. He gets out of the car and halfheartedly chastises the dogs. Crickets chirp in the trees. His mother looks radiant, even beautiful, illuminated by the headlights, surrounded by the now quiet dogs, like a Circe with her slaves. When she walks over to Wayne, offering her hand, and says, "Wayne, I'm Barbara," Neil forgets hat she is his mother.

"Good to meet you, Barbara," Wayne says, and reaches out his hand. Craftier than she, he whirls her around to kiss her cheek.

Barbara! He is calling his mother Barbara! Then he remembers that Wayne is five years older than he s. They chat by the open car door, and Neil shrinks back—the embarassed adolescent, uncomfortable, unwanted.

So the dreaded moment passes and he might as well not have been there. At dinner, Wayne keeps the conversaion smooth, like a captivated courtier eeking Neil's mother's hand. A faggot son's sodomist—such words spit into Neil's head. She has prepared tiny meatballs with fresh coriander, fettuccine with pesto. Wayne talks about the street people in New York; El Salvador is a tragedy; if only Sadat had lived; Phyllis Schlafly—what can you do?

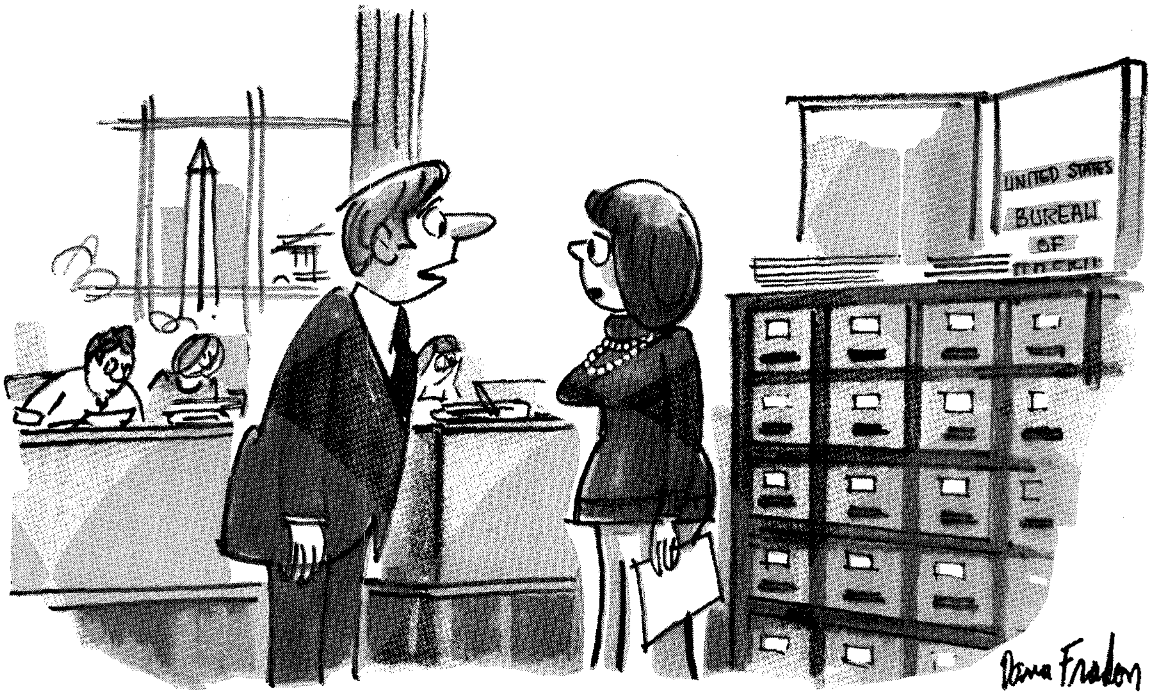
"It's a losing battle," she tells him. "Every day I'm out there with my card table, me and the other mothers, but I tell you, Wayne, it's a losing battle. Sometimes I think us old ladies are the only ones with enough patience to fight."

Occasionally, Neil says something, but his comments seem stupid and clumsy. Wayne continues to call her Barbara. No one under forty has ever called her Barbara as long as Neil can remember. They drink wine; he does not.

Now is the time for drastic action. He contemplates taking Wayne's hand, then checks himself. He has never done anything in her presence to indicate that the sexuality he confessed to five years ago was a reality and not an invention. Even now, he and Wayne might as well be friends, college roommates. Then Wayne, his savior, with a single, sweeping gesture, reaches for his hand, and clasps it, in the midst of a joke he is telling about Saudi Arabians. By the time he is laughing, their hands are joined. Neil's throat contracts; his heart begins to beat violently. He notices his mother's eyes flicker, glance downward; she never breaks the stride of her sentence. The dinner goes on, and every taboo nurtured since childhood falls quietly away.

She removes the dishes. Their hands grow sticky; he cannot tell which fingers are his and which Wayne's. She clears the rest of the table and rounds up the dogs.

"Well, boys, I'm very tired, and I've got a long day ahead of me tomorrow, so I think I'll hit the sack. There are extra towels for you in



"Gosh, Susan. Ignore me, hate me, treat me like dirt—I can take anything but your bureaucratic indifference!"

• •

Neil's bathroom, Wayne. Sleep well."

"Good night, Barbara," Wayne calls out. "It's been wonderful meeting you."

They are alone. Now they can disentangle their hands.

"No problem about where we sleep, is there?"

"No," Neil says. "I just can't imagine sleeping with someone in this house."

His leg shakes violently. Wayne takes Neil's hand in a firm grasp and hauls him up.

LATER that night, they lie outside, under redwood trees, listening to the hysteria of the crickets, the hum of the pool cleaning itself. Redwood leaves prick their skin. They fell in love in bars and apartments, and this is the first time that they have made love outdoors. Neil is not sure he has enjoyed the experience. He kept sensing eyes, imagined that the neighborhood cats were staring at them from behind a fence of brambles. He remembers he once hid in this spot when he and some of the children from the neighborhood were playing sardines, remembers the intoxication of small bodies packed together, the warm breath of suppressed laughter on his neck. "The loser had to go through the spanking machine," he tells Wayne.

"Did you lose often?"

"Most of the time. The spanking machine never really hurt—just a whirl of hands. If you moved fast enough, no one could actually get you. Sometimes, though, late in the afternoon, we'd get naughty. We'd chase each other and pull each other's pants down. That was all. Boys and girls together!"

"Listen to the insects," Wayne says, and closes his eyes.

Neil turns to examine Wayne's face, notices a single, small pimple. Their lovemaking usually begins in a wrestle, a struggle for dominance, and ends with a somewhat confusing loss of identity—as now, when Neil sees a foot on the grass, resting against his leg, and tries to determine if it is his own or Wayne's.

From inside the house, the dogs begin to bark. Their yelps grow into alarmed falsettos. Neil lifts himself up. "I wonder if they smell something," he says.

"Probably just us," says Wayne.

"My mother will wake up. She hates getting waked up."

Lights go on in the house; the door to the porch opens.

"What's wrong, Abby? What's wrong?" his mother's voice calls softly.

Wayne clamps his hand over Neil's mouth. "Don't sa anything," he whispers.

"I can't just—' Neil begins to say, bu Wayne's hand close over his mouth again He bites it, and Wayn starts laughing.

"What was that?' Her voice projects int the garden. "Hello?" she says.

The dogs yel louder. "Abbylucyferny, it's O.K., it' O.K." Her voice i soft and panicked. "I anyone there?" sh asks loudly.

The bramble shake. She takes flashlight, shines around the garder Wayne and Neil duc down; the light lanc on them and hove for a few second Then it clicks off an they are in the dark—a new dark, darker dark, which their eyes mu readjust to.

"Let's go to bed, Abbylucyferny, she says gently. Neil and Wayne he her pad into the house. The dog whimper as they follow her, and t lights go off.

ONCE before, Neil and his moth had stared at each other in t glare of bright lights. Four years ag they stood in the arena created by t headlights of her car, waiting for t train. He was on his way back to S Francisco, where he was marching a Gay Pride Parade the next day. T train station was next door to the fo co-op and shared its parking lot. T co-op, familiar and boring by da took on a certain mystery in the nig Neil recognized the spot where had skidded on his bicycle and brok his leg. Through the glass doo the brightly lit interior of the sto glowed, its rows and rows of cans a boxes forming their own horizon, ea can illuminated so that even from o side Neil could read the labels. that was missing was the ladies tennis dresses and sweatshirts, pushi their carts past bins of nuts and dri fruits.

"Your train is late," his mot said. Her hair fell loosely on shoulders, and her legs were tanned. Neil looked at her and tried to imagine her in labor with him—bucking and struggling with his birth. He felt then the strange, sexless love for women which through his whole adolescence he had mistaken for heterosexual desire. She was regal, a figure to be worshipped, and he understood why homosexuals worship old movie stars—Joan Crawford and Greta Garbo and Judy Garland.

A single bright light approached them; it preceded the low, haunting sound of the whistle. Neil kissed his mother, and waved goodbye as he ran to meet the train. It was an old train, with windows tinted a sort of horrible lemon-lime. It stopped only long enough for him to hoist himself on board, and then it was moving again. He hurried to a window, hoping to see her drive off, but the tint of the window made it possible for him to make out only vague patches of light—street lamps, cars, the co-op.

He sank into the hard, green seat. The train was almost entirely empty; the only other passenger was a dark-skinned man wearing bluejeans and a leather jacket. He sat directly across the aisle from Neil, next to the window. He had rough skin and a thick mustache. Neil discovered that by pretending to look out the window he could study the man's reflection in the lemon-lime glass. It was only slightly hazy—the quality of a bad photograph. Neil felt his mouth open, felt sleep closing in on him. Hazy red and gold flashes through the glass pulsed in the face of the man in the window, giving the curious impression of muscle spasms. It took Neil a few minutes to realize that the man was staring at him, or, rather, staring at the back of his head—staring at his staring. The man smiled as though to say, I know exactly what you're staring at, and Neil felt the sickening sensation of desire rise in his throat.

Right before they reached the city, the man stood up and sat down in the seat next to Neil's. The man's thigh brushed deliberately against his own. Neil's eyes were watering; he felt sick to his stomach. Taking Neil's hand, the man said, "Why so nervous, honey? Relax."

Neil woke up the next morning with the taste of ashes in his mouth. He was lying on the floor, without blankets or sheets or pillows. Instinctively, he reached for his pants, and as he pulled them on came face to face with the man from the train. His name was Luis; he turned out to be a dog groomer. His apartment smelled of dog.

"Why such a hurry?" Luis said.

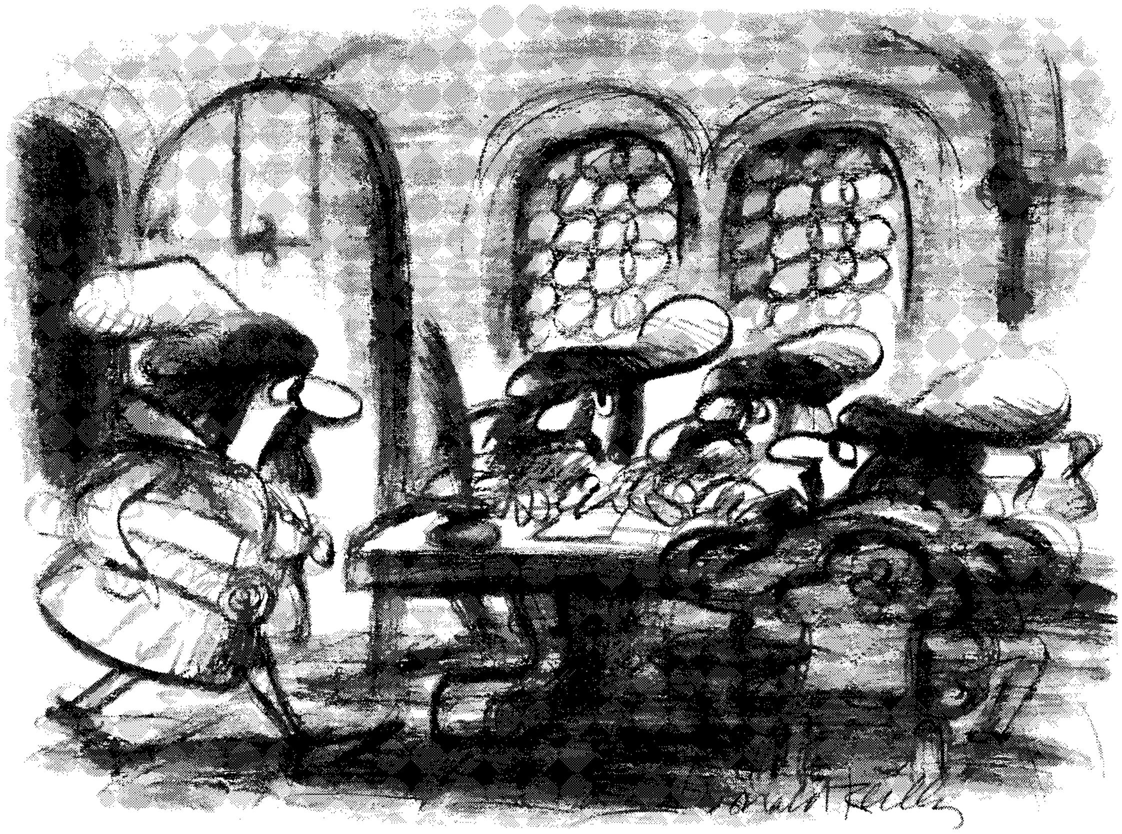
"The parade. The Gay Pride Parade. I'm meeting some friends to march."

"I'll come with you," Luis said. "I think I'm too old for these things, but why not?"

Neil did not want Luis to come with him, but he found it impossible to say so. Luis looked older by day, more likely to carry diseases. He dressed again in a torn T-shirt, leather jacket, bluejeans. "It's my everyday apparel," he said, and laughed. Neil buttoned his pants, aware that they had been washed by his mother the day before. Luis possessed the peculiar combination of hypermasculinity and effeminacy which exemplifies faggotry. Neil wanted to be rid of him, but Luis's mark was on him, he could see that much. They would become lovers whether Neil liked it or not.

They joined the parade midway. Neil hoped he wouldn't meet anyone he knew; he did not want to have to explain Luis, who clung to him. The parade was full of shirtless men with oiled, muscular shoulders. Neil's back ached. There were floats carrying garishly dressed prom queens and cheerleaders, some with beards, some actually looking like women. Luis said, "It makes me proud, makes me glad to be what I am." Neil supposed that by darting into the crowd ahead of him he might be able to lose Luis forever, but he found it difficult to let him go; the prospect of being alone seemed unbearable.

Neil was startled to see his mother watching the parade, holding up a sign. She was with the Coalition of Parents of Lesbians and Gays; they



"You're late. We've decided that the king is out of touch and that you are to tell him."

THE SOUND

Early mornings, in the light still
faint, making stones, herons, marsh
grass all but indistinguishable in the muck,

one looks to the far side of the sound, the sand
side, with low growing brush and
reeds, to the long horizontal of land's edge,

where the sea is, on that
other side, that outside, place of
imagined real openness, restless, eternal ocean.

—ROBERT CREELEY

• •

had posted a huge banner on the wall behind them proclaiming "OUR SONS AND DAUGHTERS, WE ARE PROUD OF YOU." She spotted him; she waved, and jumped up and down.

"Who's that woman?" Luis asked.

"My mother. I should go say hello to her."

"O.K.," Luis said. He followed Neil to the side of the parade. Neil kissed his mother. Luis took off his shirt, wiped his face with it, smiled.

"I'm glad you came," Neil said.

"I wouldn't have missed it, Neil. I wanted to show you I cared."

He smiled, and kissed her again. He showed no intention of introducing Luis, so Luis introduced himself.

"Hello, Luis," Mrs. Campbell said. Neil looked away. Luis shook her hand, and Neil wanted to warn his mother to wash it, warned himself to check with a V.D. clinic first thing Monday.

"Neil, this is Carmen Bologna, another one of the mothers," Mrs. Campbell said. She introduced him to a fat Italian woman with flushed cheeks, and hair arranged in the shape of a clamshell.

"Good to meet you, Neil, good to meet you," said Carmen Bologna. "You know my son, Michael? I'm so proud of Michael! He's doing so well now. I'm proud of him, proud to be his mother I am, and your mother's proud, too!"

The woman smiled at him, and Neil could think of nothing to say but "Thank you." He looked uncomfortably toward his mother, who stood listening to Luis. It occurred to him that the worst period of his life was probably about to begin and he had no way to stop it.

A group of drag queens ambled over to where the mothers were standing. "Michael! Michael!" shouted Carmen Bologna, and embraced a sticklike man wrapped in green satin. Michael's eyes were heavily dosed with green eyeshadow, and his lips were painted pink.

Neil turned and saw his mother staring, her mouth open. He marched over to where Luis was standing, and they moved back into the parade. He turned and waved to her. She waved back; he saw pain in her face, and then, briefly, regret. That day, he felt she would have traded him for any other son. Later, she said to him, "Carmen Bologna really was proud, and, speaking as a mother, let me tell you, you have to be brave to feel such pride."

Neil was never proud. It took him a year to dump Luis, another year to leave California. The sick taste of ashes was still in his mouth. On the plane, he envisioned his mother sitting alone in the dark, smoking. She did not leave his mind until he was circling New York, staring down at the dawn rising over Queens. The song playing in his earphones would remain hovering on the edges of his memory, always associated with her absence. After collecting his baggage, he took a bus into the city. Boys were selling newspapers in the middle of highways, through the windows of stopped cars. It was seven in the morning when he reached Manhattan. He stood for ten minutes on East Thirty-fourth Street, breathed the cold air, and felt bubbles rising in his blood.

Neil got a job as a paralegal—a temporary job, he told himself. When he met Wayne a year later, the sensations of that first morning returned to him. They'd been up all night, and at six they walked across the Park to Wayne's apartment with the nervous, deliberate gait of people aching to make love for the first time. Joggers ran by with their dogs. None of them knew what Wayne and he were about to do, and the secrecy excited him. His mother came to mind, and the song, and the whirling vision of Queens coming alive below him. His breath solidified into clouds, and he felt happier than he had ever felt before in his life.

THE second day of Wayne's visit, he and Neil go with Mrs. Campbell to pick up the dogs at the dog parlor. The grooming establishment is decorated with pink ribbons and photographs of the owner's champion pit bulls. A fat, middle-aged woman appears from the back, leading the newly trimmed and fluffed Abigail, Lucille, and Fern by three leashes. The dogs struggle frantically when they see Neil's mother, tangling the woman up in their leashes. "Ladies, behave!" Mrs. Campbell commands, and collects the dogs. She gives Fern to Neil and Abigail to Wayne. In the car on the way back, Abigail begins pawing to get on Wayne's lap.

"Just push her off," Mrs. Campbell says. "She knows she's not supposed to do that."

"You never groomed Rasputin," Neil complains.

"Rasputin was a mutt."

"Rasputin was a beautiful dog, even if he did smell."

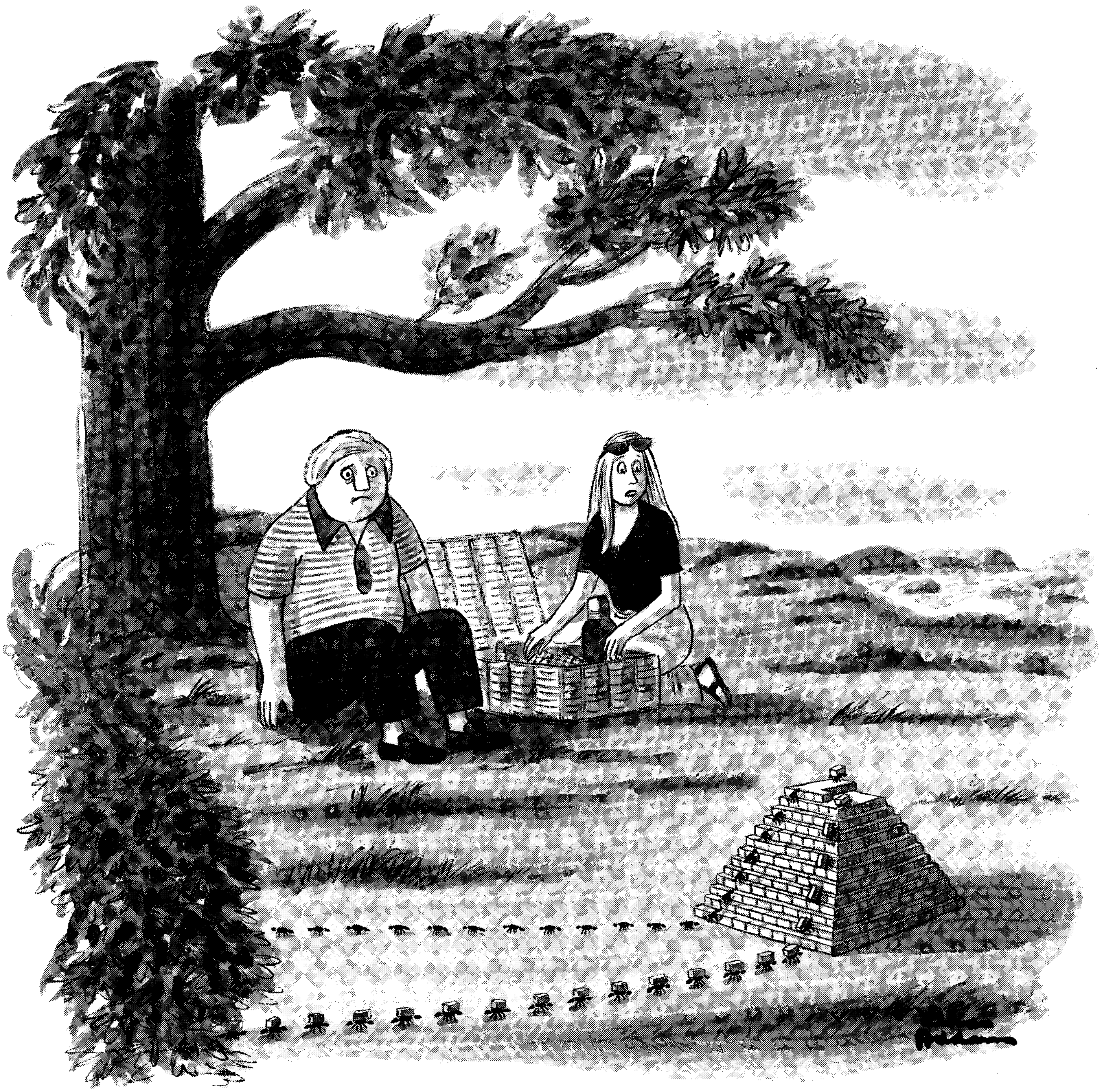
"Do you remember when you were a little kid, Neil, you used to make Rasputin dance with you? Once you tried to dress him up in one of my blouses."

"I don't remember that," Neil says

"Yes. I remember," says Mrs Campbell. "Then you tried to organize a dog beauty contest in the neighborhood. You wanted to have runners up—everything."

"A dog beauty contest?" Wayn says.

"Mother, do we have to—"



"At least they're not bothering us."

• •

"I think it's a mother's privilege to mbarrass her son," Mrs. Campbell ays, and smiles.

When they are about to pull into the lriveway, Wayne starts screaming, nd pushes Abigail off his lap. "Oh, ny God!" he says. "The dog just issed all over me."

Neil turns around and sees a puddle eeping into Wayne's slacks. He supresses his laughter, and Mrs. Campell hands him a rag.

"I'm sorry, Wayne," she says. "It oes with the territory."

"This is really disgusting," Wayne says, swatting at himself with the rag.

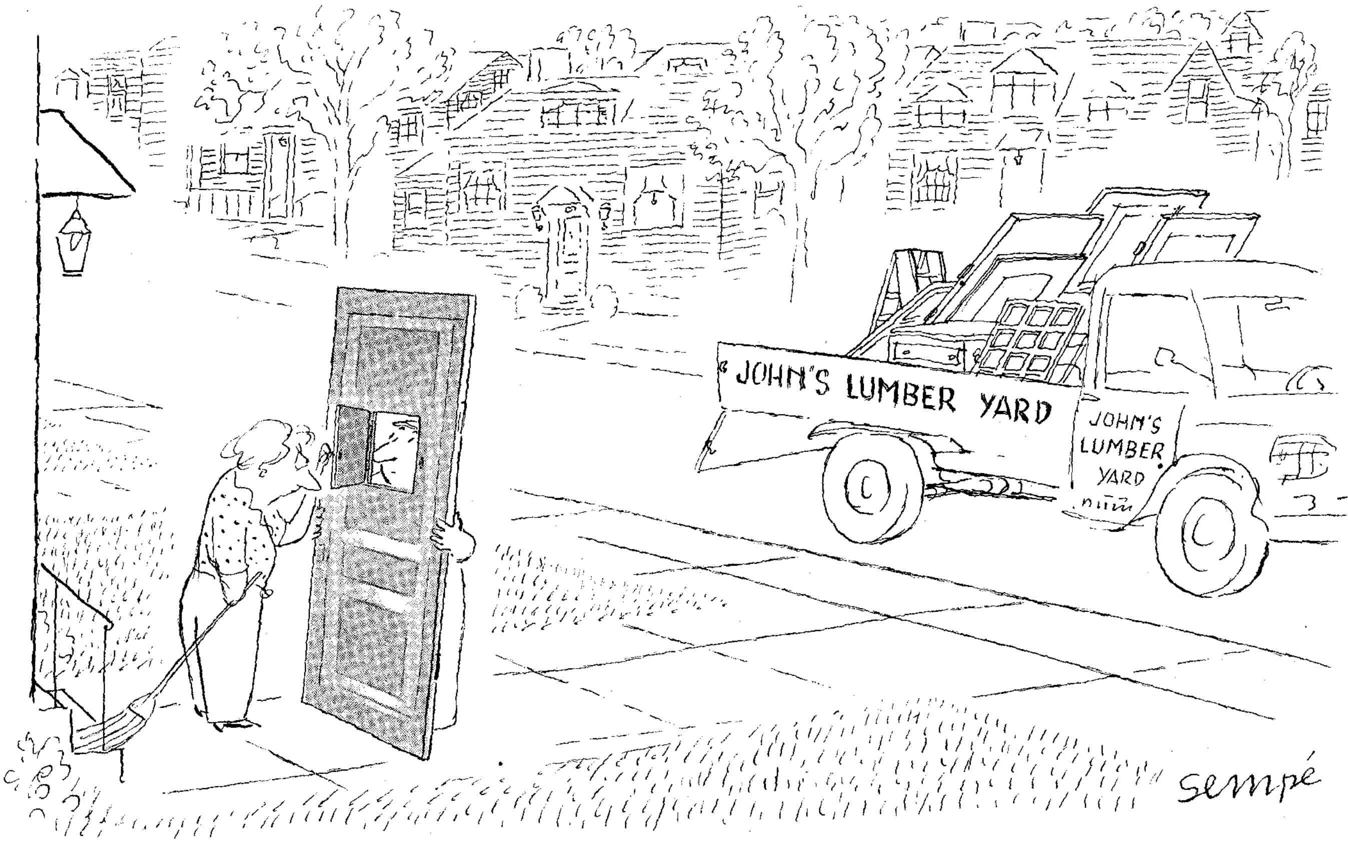
Neil keeps his eyes on his own reflection in the rearview mirror and smiles.

At home, while Wayne cleans himself in the bathroom, Neil watches his mother cook lunch—Japanese noodles in soup. "When you went off to college," she says, "I went to the grocery store. I was going to buy you ramen noodles, and I suddenly realized you weren't going to be around to eat them. I started crying right then, blubbering like an idiot."

Neil clenches his fists inside his pockets. She has a way of telling him little sad stories when he doesn't want to hear them—stories of dolls broken by her brothers, lunches stolen by neighborhood boys on the way to school. Now he has joined the ranks of male children who have made her cry.

"Mama, I'm sorry," he says.

She is bent over the noodles, which steam in her face. "I didn't want to say anything in front of Wayne, but I



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wish you had answered me last night. I was very frightened—and worried."

"I'm sorry," he says, but it's not convincing. His fingers prickle. He senses a great sorrow about to be born.

"I lead a quiet life," she says. "I don't want to be a disciplinarian. I just don't have the energy for these—shenanigans. Please don't frighten me that way again."

"If you were so upset, why didn't you say something?"

"I'd rather not discuss it. I lead a quiet life. I'm not used to getting woken up late at night. I'm not used—"

"To my having a lover?"

"No, I'm not used to having other people around, that's all. Wayne is charming. A wonderful young man."

"He likes you, too."

"I'm sure we'll get along fine."

She scoops the steaming noodles into ceramic bowls. Wayne returns, wearing shorts. His white, hairy legs are a shocking contrast to hers, which are brown and sleek.

"I'll wash those pants, Wayne," Mrs. Campbell says. "I have a special detergent that'll take out the stain."

She gives Neil a look to indicate that the subject should be dropped. He looks at Wayne, looks at his mother; his initial embarrassment gives way to a fierce pride—the arrogance of mastery. He is glad his mother knows that he is desired, glad it makes her flinch.

Later, he steps into the back yard; the gardener is back, whacking at the bushes with his shears. Neil walks by him in his bathing suit, imagining he is on parade.

THAT afternoon, he finds his mother's daily list on the kitchen table:

TUESDAY

7:00 - breakfast
Take dogs to groomer
Groceries (?)

Campaign against Draft - 4-7

Buy underwear
Trios - 2:00
Spaghetti
Fruit
Asparagus if sale
Peanuts
Milk

Doctor's Appointment (make)
Write Cranston/Hayakawa
re disarmament

Handi-Wraps
Mozart
Abigail
Top Ramen
Pedro

Her desk and trash can are full of such lists; he remembers them from the earliest days of his childhood. He had learned to read from them. In his own life, too, there have been endless lists—covered with check marks and arrows, at least one item always spilling over onto the next day's agenda. From September to November, "Buy plane ticket for Christmas" floated from list to list to list.

The last item puzzles him: Pedro. Pedro must be the gardener. He observes the accretion of names, the arbitrary specifics that give a sense of his mother's life. He could make a list of his own selves: the child, the adolescent, the sleazy-faggot son, and finally the good son, settled, relatively successful. But the divisions wouldn't work; he is today and will always be the child being licked by the dog, the boy on the floor with Luis; he will still be everything he is ashamed of. The other lists—the lists of things done and undone—tell their own truth: that his life is measured more properly in objects than in stages. He knows himself as "jump rope," "book," "sunglasses," "underwear."

"Tell me about your family, Wayne," Mrs. Campbell says that night, as they drive toward town. They are going to see an Esther Williams movie at the local revival house:

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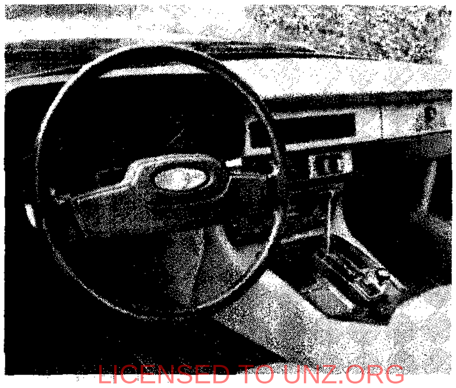

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It's crystal-clear.
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an underwater musical, populated by mermaids, underwater Rockettes.

“My father was a lawyer,” Wayne says. “He had an office in Queens, with a neon sign. I think he's probably he only lawyer in the world who had a neon sign. Anyway, he died when I was ten. My mother never remarried. She lives in Queens. Her great claim to fame is that when she was twenty-two she went on ‘The $64,000 Question.’ Her category was mystery novels. She made it to sixteen thousand before she got tripped up.”

“When I was about ten, I wanted you to go on ‘Jeopardy,’ ” Neil says to his mother. “You really should have, you know. You would have won.”

“You certainly loved ‘Jeopardy,’ ” Mrs. Campbell says. “You used to watch it during dinner. Wayne, does your mother work?”

“No,” he says. “She lives off investments.”

“You're both only children,” Mrs. Campbell says. Neil wonders if she is uminating on the possible connection between that coincidence and their ‘alternative life style.”

The movie theatre is nearly empty. Neil sits between Wayne and his mother. There are pillows on the floor t the front of the theatre, and a cat is rowling over them. It casts a montrous shadow every now and then on he screen, disturbing the sedative efect of water ballet. Like a teen-ager, Neil autiously reaches his rm around Wayne's houlder. Wayne takes is hand immediately. Next to them, Neil's mother breathes in, ut, in, out. Neil timrously moves his othr arm and lifts it beind his mother's neck. He does not look at er, but he can tell rom her breathing hat she senses what e is doing. Slowly, arefully, he lets his and drop on her houlder; it twitches pasmodically, and he umps, as if he had eceived an electric hock. His mother's uiet breathing is broen by a gasp; even Wayne notices. A suden brightness on the screen illuminates the panic in her eyes, Neil's arm frozen above her, about to fall again. Slowly, he lowers his arm until his fingertips touch her skin, the fabric of her dress. He has gone too far to go back now; they are all too far.

Wayne and Mrs. Campbell sink into their seats, but Neil remains stiff, holding up his arms, which rest on nothing. The movie ends, and they go on sitting just like that.

“I'm old,” Mrs. Campbell says later, as they drive back home. “I remember when those films were new. Your father and I went to one on our first date. I loved them, because I could pretend that those women underwater were flying—they were so graceful. They really took advantage of Technicolor in those days. Color was something to appreciate. You can't know what it was like to see a color movie for the first time, after years of black-and-white. It's like trying to explain the surprise of snow to an East Coaster. Very little is new anymore, I fear.”

Neil would like to tell her about his own nostalgia, but how can he explain that all of it revolves around her? The idea of her life before he was born pleases him. “Tell Wayne how you used to look like Esther Williams,” he asks her.

She blushes. “I was told I looked like Esther Williams, but really more like Gene Tierney,” she says. “Not beautiful, but interesting. I like to think I had a certain magnetism.”

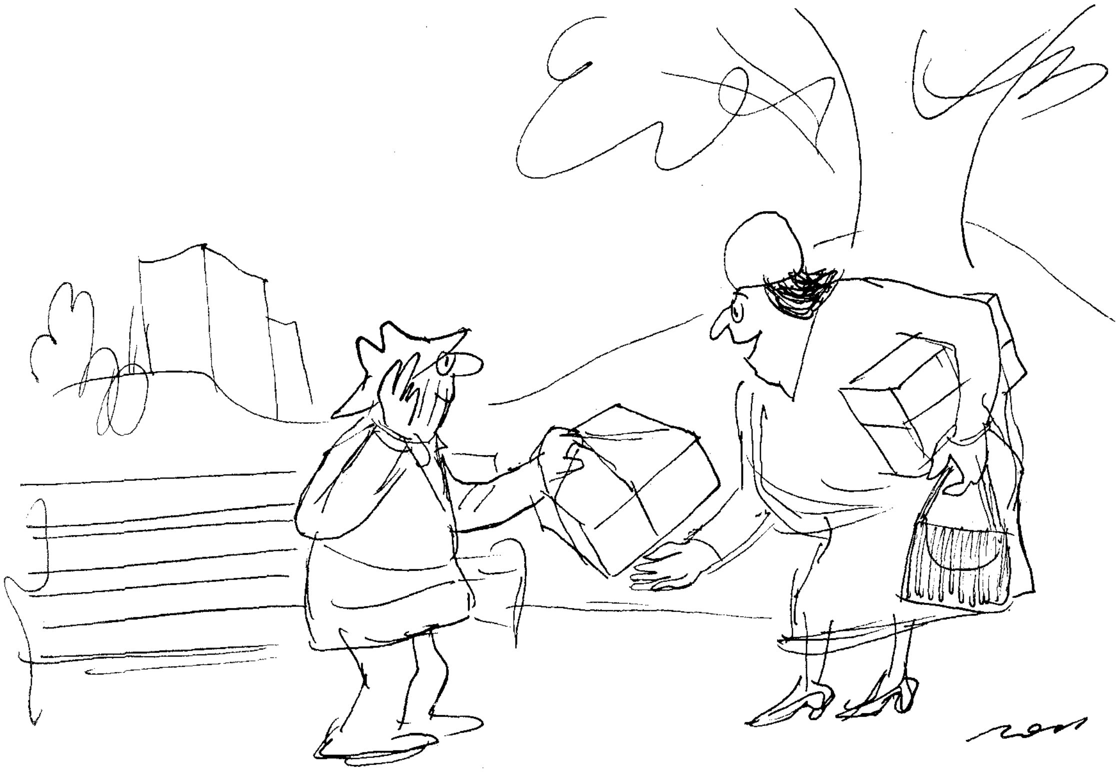
“You still do,” Wayne says, and instantly recognizes the wrongness of his comment. Silence and a nervous laugh indicate that he has not yet mastered the family vocabulary.

When they get home, the night is once again full of the sound of crickets. Mrs. Campbell picks up a flashlight and calls the dogs. “Abbylucyferny, Abbylucyferny,” she shouts, and the dogs amble from their various corners. She pushes them out the door to the back yard and follows them. Neil follows her. Wayne follows Neil, but hovers on the porch. Neil walks behind her as she tramps through the garden. She holds out her flashlight, and snails slide from behind bushes, from under rocks, to where she stands. When the snails become visible, she crushes them underfoot. They make a wet, cracking noise, like eggs being broken.

“Nights like this,” she says, “I think of children without pants on, in hot South American countries. I have nightmares about tanks rolling down our street.”

“The weather's never like this in New York,” Neil says. “When it's hot, it's humid and sticky. You don't want to go outdoors.”

“I could never live anywhere else



“Thank you. You're a gentleman but not a scholar. You're a bum.”

but here. I think I'd die. I'm too used to the climate."

"Don't be silly."

"No, I mean it," she says. "I have adjusted too well to the weather."

The dogs bark and howl by the fence. "A cat, I suspect," she says. She aims her flashlight at a rock, and more snails emerge—uncountable numbers, too stupid to have learned not to trust light.

"I know what you were doing at the movie," she says.

"What?"

"I know what you were doing."

"What? I put my arm around you."

"I'm sorry, Neil," she says. "I can only take so much. Just so much."

"What do you mean?" he says. "I was only trying to show affection."

"Oh, affection—I know about affection."

He looks up at the porch, sees Wayne moving toward the door, trying not to listen.

"What do you mean?" Neil says to her.

She puts down the flashlight and wraps her arms around herself. "I remember when you were a little boy," she says. "I remember, and I have to stop remembering. I wanted you to grow up happy. And I'm very tolerant, very understanding. But I can only take so much."

His heart seems to have risen into his throat. "Mother," he says, "I think you know my life isn't your fault. But for God's sake, don't say that your life is my fault."

"It's not a question of fault," she says. She extracts a Kleenex from her pocket and blows her nose. "I'm sorry, Neil. I guess I'm just an old woman with too much on her mind and not enough to do." She laughs halfheartedly. "Don't worry. Don't say anything," she says. "Abbylucyferny, Abbylucyferny, time for bed!"

He watches her as she walks toward the porch, silent and regal. There is the pad of feet, the clinking of dog tags as the dogs run for the house.

HE was twelve the first time she saw him march in a parade. He played the tuba, and as his elementary-school band lumbered down the streets of their then small town she stood on the sidelines and waved. Afterward, she had taken him out for ice cream. He spilled some on his red uniform, and she swiped at it with a napkin. She had been there for him that day; she had been there for him every day

Somewhere over Iowa, a week later Neil remembers this scene, remember other days, when he would find he sitting in the dark, crying. She had t take time out of her own private sorrow to appease his anxiety. "It wa part of it," she told him later. "Part o being a mother."

"The scariest thing in the world i the thought that you could unknowingly ruin someone's life," Neil tell Wayne. "Or even change someone' life. I hate the thought of having suc control. I'd make a rotten mother."

"You're crazy," Wayne says. "Yo have this great mother, and all you d is complain. I know people whos mothers have disowned them."

"Guilt goes with the territory, Neil says.

"Why?" Wayne asks, perfectly seriously.

Neil doesn't answer. He lies back i his seat, closes his eyes, imagines h grew up in a house in the mountains Colorado, surrounded by snow—enc less white snow on hills. No fl places, and no trees; just white hill Every time he has flown away, she h come into his mind, usually sittin alone in the dark, smoking. Today sh is outside at dusk, skimming leav from the pool.

"I want to get a dog," Neil says.

Wayne laughs. "In the city? It suffocate."

The hum of the airplane is drug like, dazing. "I want to stay with yo a long time," Neil says.

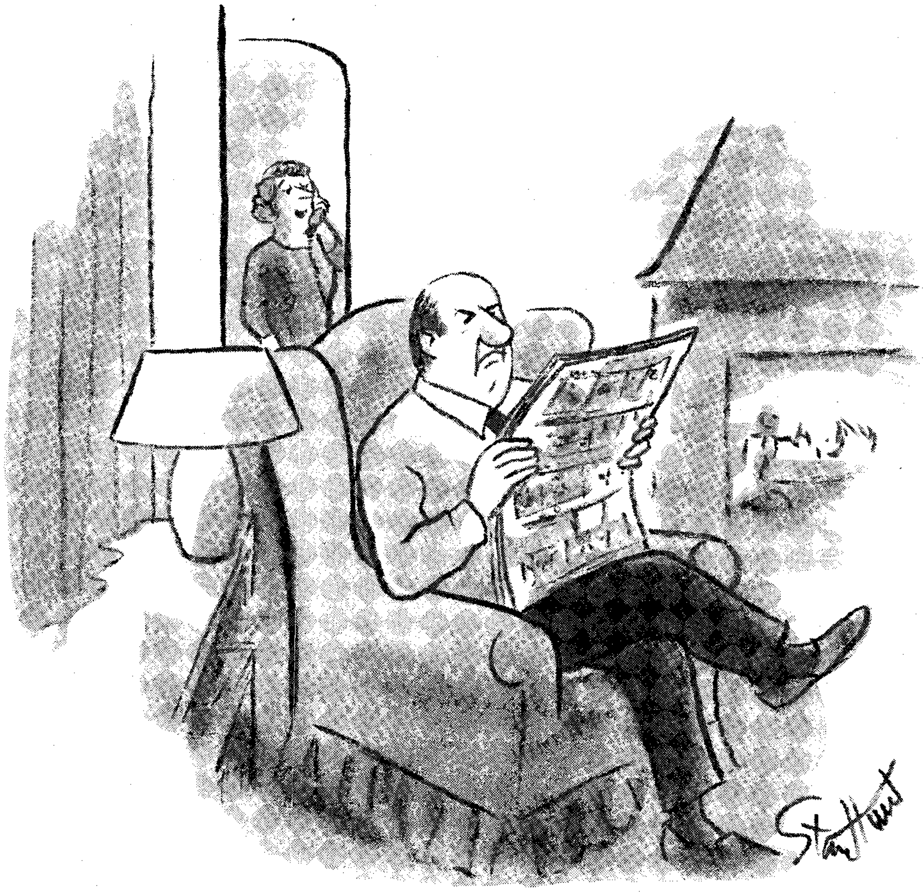
"I know." Imperceptibly, Way takes his hand.

"It's very hot there in the summe too. You know, I'm not thinki about my mother now."

"It's O.K."

For a moment, Neil wonders wh the stewardess or the old woman the way to the bathroom will thin but then he laughs and relaxes.

Later, the plane makes a slow circ over New York City, and on it tw men hold hands, eyes closed, a breathe in unison. —DAVID LEAVI


Stanhurst

"He's reading the funnies."

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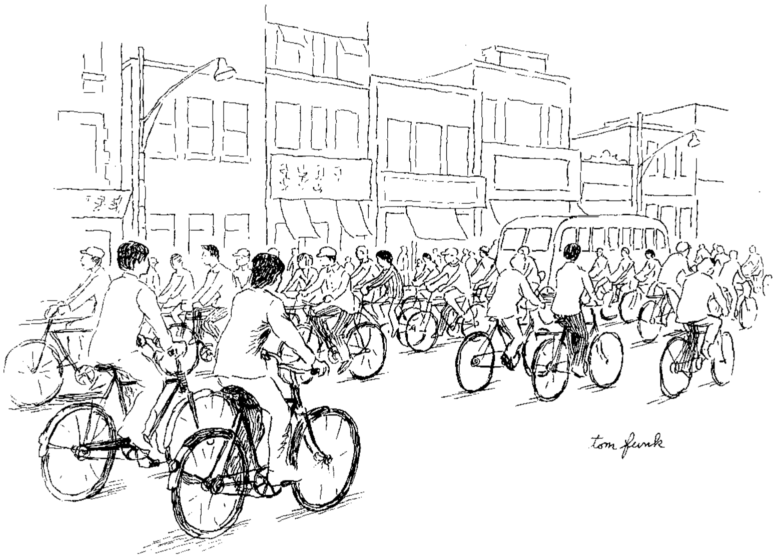
THE WORLD IN BLOOM: England, Sw zerland, the Caribbean, Mexico and Sou east Asia can be beautiful in a disgusti way when a tourist looks at the flow and plants that grow in such profusi Travel Editor Mary Lu Abbott tal readers on a floral odyssey—in TRAVEL
—*Houston Chroni*

She takes the ones that still want go.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

HOMECOMING

IV—A TYRANNY OF NUMBERS



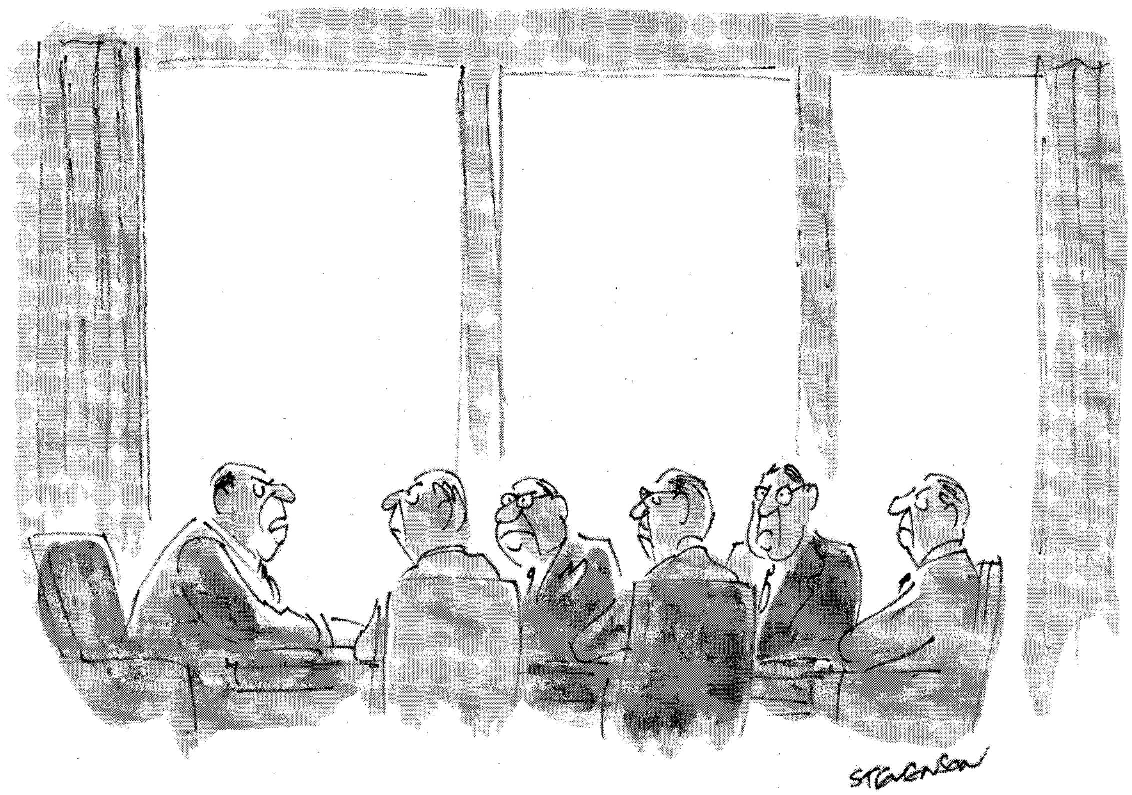
A TRIP I recently took to Tientsin, in North China, was partly sentimental. I was born in that city and had lived there for my first eleven years, and I wanted to see my family's house, and my old school, and the places where I had played. I had returned to Tientsin very briefly twice as a journalist, in 1939 and 1946, but not since the Communists had come to power; and this time, naturally, I was curious to get a sense of how things seemed to be going. There were bound to have been immense changes from the blatantly imperialistic city I had grown up in, with its nine foreign "concessions"—separate enclaves taken by force from China by nations whose only interest had been plunder. wondered whether China's socialism appeared to Tientsiners to be a uccess. Had the city bounced back rom the Cultural Revolution? Were here signs in Tientsin that the Deng Xiaoping regime might be "taking the apitalist road"?

When I first arrived, I was shocked o discover that the city I had known eemed to be wearing a hideous mask. This was the consequence of a very ad earthquake the city had suffered ve years before, and from which it had by no means recovered. The center of town was still horribly disfigured by tens of thousands of ugly little rick hovels, built onto sidewalks and n every available open space, to house arthquake refugees. It took me several ays to begin to see the face of the city eneath the mask.

ON the way through Peking, I had requested a conversation—to ake place, if possible, on one of my rst days in Tientsin—with Wang Guangying, the city's Vice-Mayor for economic affairs, who had been recommended to me by an old Chinese friend as someone who could give me a lear and full picture of the condition f the city. The companion provided me by my official hosts, the Commission on Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, was a sympathetic and tactful young man named Zhang Beihua, and he telephoned my request ahead from Peking. The minute we arrived in Tientsin, he began picking up negotiations for this talk.

These turned out to take a while. In its few decades of existence, China's Communist regime has not altogether done away with a tradition of bureaucratic form which goes back several thousand years. Bureaucracies fatten themselves at the plate of responsibility. (The letter from the Commission on Cultural Relations, some months back, announcing that I would be granted a visa had been signed: Wu Feng, Responsible Person.) My situation was a little ticklish, because there seemed to be three organizations responsible for me: the Commission, which, being based in Peking, needed a Tientsin co-host; the Tientsin branch of the Chinese Writers' Association, which had generously taken me on; and also the Foreign Affairs Bureau of the Tientsin Municipality, for the city was truly my host. The dealings between Companion Zhang and a most helpful Miss Wang, of the Writers' Association, were carried on for the most part before my eyes, but I never met the shadowy responsible person from the City's Foreign Affairs Bureau, though I knew that Companion Zhang was having frequent parleys with him on my behalf; I came to think of him as "the man behind the screen." I was not inconvenienced by the trilateral negotiations, since I was finding plenty to do, but I was becoming aware that no plan could be made in Tientsin without responsibilities having been delicately passed from hand to hand until they came, at last, somewhere, to uneasy rest. I could only guess that where truly weighty matters were being decided this issue of responsibility must have turned out to be, like the Yellow River, an ancient sorrow that just wouldn't go away.

ON one of our strolls while we were waiting for the appointment with Vice-Mayor Wang, Companion Zhang and I wandered into the part of town called the Small White House area. It had become a center for little street bazaars, where bargains could be found. Booths and tables lined both sides of the street, and blouses, sweaters, trousers, stockings, underwear, shoes were for sale. We walked into an absolutely staggering crush of acquisitive humanity. If I had had any doubt about the improvement since my earlier days in Tientsin in the standard of living of those who used to be called "the common people," it was dispelled in five minutes in that street scene. I remembered so many visions of poverty: the tatters worn by rickshaw pullers; the filthy rags and scabrous flesh of professional beggars, many of whom had maimed themselves to appear the more pathetic; the torn and patched cotton clothes of coolies laboring in the streets—sawyers, paving tampers, ditchdiggers, watermen, bearers of grotesque loads. I realized now that even in the privileged British Concession my vision had never been quite free of signs of Chinese wretchedness. In zoos, monkeys pick fleas and lice off each other; in my Tientsin, human beings did. But such degradation was nowhere to be seen now. These people were without exception decently dressed; if they were desper-



"It appears, gentlemen, we're going to have to sweeten our offer."

ate, as they bought and bought and bought along those streets, it was only to reach the next rung on a long, long ladder.

One morning at nine o'clock, finally, Companion Zhang led me into the foyer of the Foreign Affairs Bureau of the Tientsin Municipality, where we were to meet Vice-Mayor Wang. A man in a gray Mao jacket darted across the back of the hall, paused in a doorway, and disappeared. I intercepted just enough of a glance of understanding between Companion Zhang and the fugitive in gray to know that at last I had seen the man behind the screen.

Soon I was seated at one end of a very fat sofa against one wall of the bureau's huge reception room. At the other end was a man who looked for all the world to me like a prosperous Chinese businessman of a kind I had often seen in my childhood years: a man who had eaten decently, and who was fair-spoken and ceremonious in manner, sure of himself, familiarly humorous, and extremely well informed—though instead of wearing a silk gown he was in a blue Mao jacket, well tailored and of beautiful cloth. In the next hour, Wang Guangying turned out to be every bit the preceptor he had been cracked up to be.

What Mr. Wang brought home to me, with a revelatory bang, was that Tientsin, earthquake or no earthquake, had become one of the great cities of the world. China lives under a tyranny of numbers. Only within China's borders can one vividly grasp an inescapable fact of our time; namely, that one of every four human beings on this earth is Chinese. Nearly four-fifths of China lives on farms, but that still leaves too many people for the cities. In the States, talking with friends about my impending trip, I had got the impression that to most Americans, very clear though they might be in placing Peking and Shanghai on the map, Tientsin (or Tianjin, as it is spelled under the modern Pinyin system of romanization) was at best a dim someplace at the edge of their minds, if they had heard of it at all. But Vice-Mayor Wang now made me realize that only one American city—Greater New York—was larger than my natal city. In China, only those two other, familiar cities were larger. Greater Tientsin, with its outlying regions in Hebei Province, Mr. Wang told me, had a population of seven and a half million. It was nearly ten times as big as it had been when I was a child.

Mr. Wang said tha Tientsin had grown s huge for two reasons. I had long been the trading hub of all Nort China, from the sea t the far west; in the las decade, more than hundred million ton of cargo had moved into and out of Chin through the city. It ha become as well a comprehensive industri city, with more tha four thousand factorie producing textiles chemicals, machinery petrochemicals, ships rubber goods, paper elevators, electroni equipment, woolle goods, bicycles, wrist watches, tractors, an medicines, among man other things. At th time of my visit, th gross value of the city production of these an other goods was running, according t official figures, at the rate of eig hundred and eighty million Unite States dollars a month. Because of i geology, Tientsin had not dared, huge Western cities had, to scrape th sky; rather, it had expanded horizon tally. Besides sprawling suburb where most of its new housing w going up, its very large area include more than a million acres of arab land. Enough vegetables were raise on them to support the city, and near a million and a half tons a year of ric wheat, millet, sorghum, and corn.

Mr. Wang told me that the city h virtually unlimited reserves of energ available to it from nearby source enormous coalfields, with by-produc of gas, coke, and coal tar; two huge o fields; and, directly beneath the cit a great underground store of wat at very nearly boiling temperatur Tientsin was already using arou forty million tons a year of this h water in industry and for heatin There were plans to use more, b they would have to wait until wa could be found to pump waste wat back into the aquifer to maintain i pressure.

Indeed, sitting as it did on the wid flat, crowded plain of the north, whe floods and droughts had alwa

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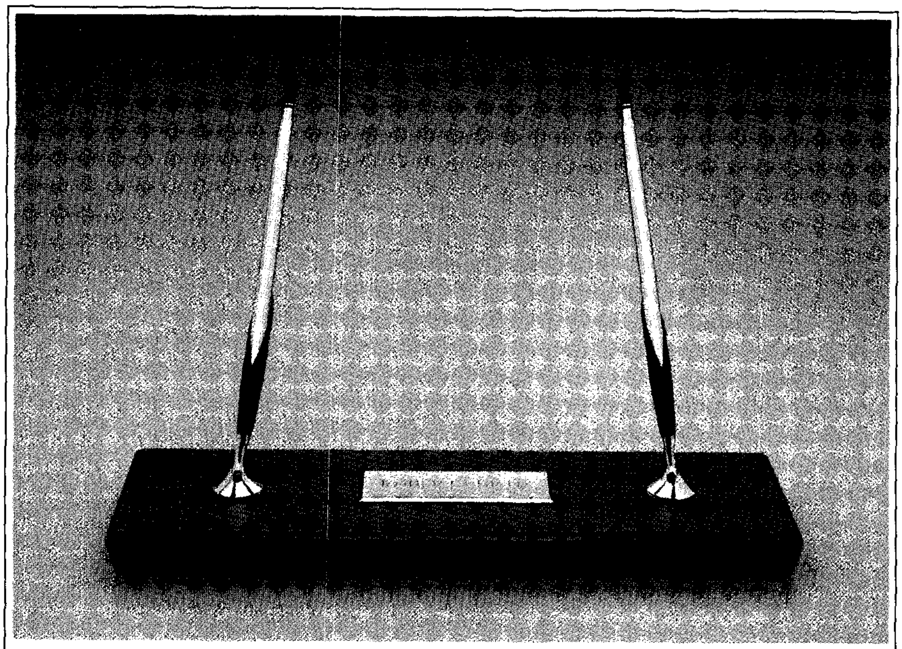

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plagued the Chinese, Tientsin was finding that water was its greatest worry. In the last two years, there had been a bad drought in this region, and on top of that the growing thirst of Tientsin's factories and of the irrigation systems upstream on the tributaries of the city's river, the Hai He, had caused a dangerous shortage of water for human uses. Because of the water-table problem, Tientsiners were forced to drink purified but foul-tasting brackish water from tidal reaches of the Hai.

Only a socialist country, the Vice-Mayor said, could have solved Tientsin's water problem in the way it was being done. The government, Mr. Wang said, had called on the people of Henan Province, to the south, to share their water with the thirsty people of Hebei Province. Hundreds of thousands of Henan workers had with shovels and baskets dug the People's Victory Canal, from the Yellow River to the northward-flowing Wei River; thence, controlled by a series of locks, Yellow River water would flow through the older Wei and South Canals, five hundred miles altogether, to Tientsin. In fact, Mr. Wang told me, the locks of the Victory Canal had been opened just the day before, and Yellow River water would reach Tientsin, if nothing went wrong, in exactly twenty-two days. Tientsin would also be borrowing water from another river, the Liang, which would come through already existing canals. By these means, three hundred and fifty million cubic metres of water would reach and be stored in Tientsin's reservoirs during the winter months, when Henan farmers would not need it.

I asked Mr. Wang when the city would be able to clear away the unsightly temporary huts for earthquake refugees. He said there were at that moment thirty-two thousand of them left, and the city had been ordered to get rid of them within ten weeks. Unlike most cities and towns in China, Tientsin, Peking, and Shanghai were under direct control of the central government, and the Central Committee had given Tientsin a lot of money to rebuild the city after the earthquake.

I asked how much.

He said, with a very wise look, "Enough to build several dozen of the Great Hall of the People on Tienanmen Square, in Peking. Several dozen of the big bridge over the Yangtze at Nanjing." I was later given estimates ranging from the equivalent of one hundred to two hundred and twenty-five million American dollars.

BESIDES being charged with the city's economy, Mr. Wang was responsible for tourism in Tientsin, and at the end of our talk he asked me how I was being treated by my hosts. I gave a favorable report. In truth, having changed hotels the day before, I had confessed to Companion Zhang after breakfast that morning that I had been awfully cold in my room in the night, and now Zhang, somewhat to my embarrassment, announced this to Mr. Wang.

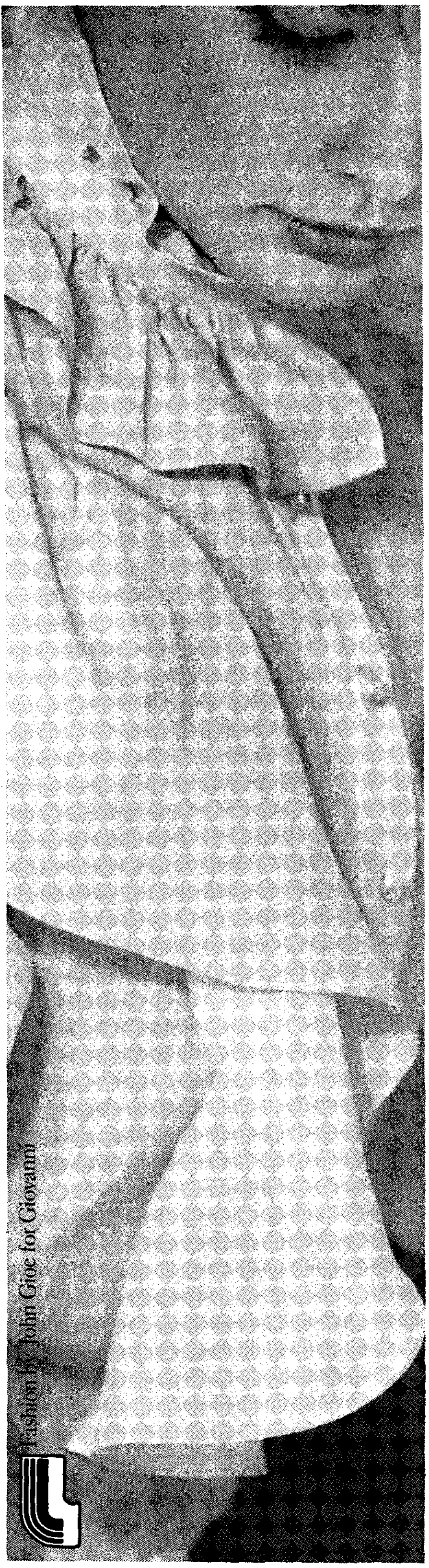
The Vice-Mayor said that such a thing could not be allowed, and he at once took me—in the black Mercedes that was available to him in this city where there were, as he had told me, two million bicycle riders (for a rule of all great egalitarian bureaucracies, as George Orwell pointed out, is that some people are more equal than others)—to the Tientsin Hotel. There he sternly commanded the hotel manager to keep me warm at night. The manager went off and conferred with his staff. Shortly, he returned and said it would be best not to move me to another room, because rooms on the street side, though warmed by the sun in the daytime, were very noisy. At night, steam heat would come to my present room. This was a quite beautiful moment. It was clear to everyone that steam did not exist. The Vice-Mayor obviously knew that there would be no steam. The hotel manager certainly knew there would be none. And it came through to me that there was none to be had. But the ceremony of official concern and kindness had been carried through, and my heart would be warmed, if not my extremities.

DURING our talk, Mr. Wang had suggested that I look in on a particular bicycle store, out on East Horse Road, on the edge of the old Chinese city. The government, he said, was using stores like that for a new kind of planning for the production of consumer goods—one in which the market from beneath, rather than the leadership from above, would determine production quotas and goals. Tientsin, he had told me, already had one bicycle, roughly speaking, to every four people. The stately flow of bicycles through the streets was wonderful to see. At the rush hours, the streets were rivers of bikes. No one ever seemed to be in a hurry. I had found that I could walk without any risk in a leisurely way across the flow, which, like an easy-running fluid, would eddy gently around me.

I did go out to the bicycle shop, and I saw displayed not only the four makes of bike considered the best in China—Flying Pigeon and Unicorn, made in Tientsin, and Everlasting and Phoenix, made in Shanghai—but also several other kinds, including Swallow, Flying Deer, Five Sheep, White Mountain, Seagull, Butterfly, and Long March. Each bicycle cost more than a hundred and fifty yuan (or more than eighty American dollars). With care, most workers might be able to save ten or so yuan a month. Many more people wanted bicycles than there were bikes to be had, and for the time being there was one kind of control from above: the government had issued purchase-permit tickets to offices, industrial enterprises, and communes, which distributed the tickets to those of their employees or members most urgently needing bicycles. People lacking such permits could buy unrationed secondhand bikes in commission shops. What the buyers' market controlled was how many of each of the various makes and models of bicycles should be manufactured; this now depended on the preferences of purchasers. The store was jammed with people. Many were youngsters just staring at the bikes with yearning eyes.

MR. WANG's talk about Tientsin's water shortage had stirred up some recollections from my childhood of a different sort of water problem. One of my earliest memories, from the age of three—or was it an implant in my mind from a picture album?—is of boarding a sampan at the gate of our house, one day in the fall of 1917, in a street flooded two feet deep, and being rowed to the railroad station, to catch a train for refuge in our summer resort until the floodwaters subsided. And another picture, from the following winter: skimming across ice fields in still flooded areas beyond dikes, warm under a fur rug and with my mother's arm around me, on a *paizi*, a kind of low platform with metal sleigh runners, on which we passengers reclined while a coolie standing behind us propelled us swiftly over the ice with a spiked pole, which he kept thrusting and thrusting backward between his legs.

Water—too much of it, then too little, in alternating disasters—had been China's historic curse, and with



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"I'm glad you said that."

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increasing population it promised to be a more and more serious problem. Tientsin's scourge was the Hai He. Except when I first arrived, riding in the Writers' Association's curtained car across the bridge built by foreigners in 1927 as the International Bridge, now called Liberation Bridge, I had not seen the river, and I decided to take a walk along the Bund—the riverfront of the old British Concession.

It was utterly changed. It used to be a broad, open area of dockage, always piled high with crates and bales and stacks of burlap bags; away from the water the area had been fronted by big warehouses called godowns. Hundreds of coolies had always been carrying unbelievable burdens, loading and unloading cargo vessels tied up to huge bollards along the embankment. Now, as I walked northward, the river to my right was altogether blocked from view by brick earthquake huts and high walls. Many of the hovels had been built around living trees, and had trunks jutting up through their roofs. The godowns were still there, to my left, as storehouses; they were being serviced now by large trucks. I came to a gate on my right, opening onto what seemed to be a junk yard full of old half-smashed crates, and I stepped through it to look at the river.

It was empty. Upstream from my viewpoint, not a single vessel; downstream, one lone motorized barge. The water used to teem, not only with small steamships and lighters but with the clamor and bustle of Chinese boat people on junks and sampans. The day was calm, the water was an unbroken sheet of dirty blue glass.

IN prehistory, this whole area had been under the sea. The silt of rivers, loess soil from the interior, slowly built up a marshland. The Yellow River, with its annual burden of millions of tons of yellowness, twice lashed its course northward and ran through the site of Tientsin—first, for nearly twenty-three centuries, between 2278 B.C. and 11 A.D., and again, for a century and a half, between 1048 and 1194 A.D. In the Han dynasty, from 206 B.C. to 221 A.D., the coastline was fifteen miles closer to Tientsin than it is today. When the foreigners came to Tientsin, they piled mud on mud to raise the level of their city above the rest of the marshes. At first, Chinese coolies carried mud in wheelbarrows from "Dagu Road more far," as one Englishman reported that his contractor had put it; later, mud dredged from the river was pumped through pipes into diked areas to build up the land. Once the level had been raised, builders dug footings for new structures down into that topping of dried mud. One of the wild pleasures of my boyhood had been a running game of warlords and bandits in those trenches for new buildings in empty lots near our house.

Devastating floods, as bad as our flood in 1917, or worse, covered the Tientsin region in 1853-54, in 1871, and in 1890; and lesser floods were annual events from 1891 through 1895. The foreign community was singularly cheerful about these disasters. For one thing, each flood was followed by a winter when miles and miles of countryside were a vast plate of ice, and the ice yachting was splendid. Among the iceboats of undying fame from the eighties were Swift, Rocket, Edelweiss, Cleopatré, Snowflake, Fleetwing, and Falcon. (Each flood was also followed by a famine.) During the deep summer of 1890, it was not necessary to go to the sea, because a sea had come to Tientsin. According to the *Chinese Times*, which in format was a little sister of the *Times* of London, it was a jolly season: "Besides the native boats which keep up passenger and goods traffic with the various villages which stand out as islands in the sea, the number and variety of foreign pleasure boats increases daily, and their white sails dot the expanse of water very prettily these sunny afternoons. The glorious moonlight nights attract large parties to the Grand Stand on the Racecourse, the steps of which make a good boat jetty."

The runoff of floodwaters silted up the Hai He so badly that commercial traffic from the sea was severely hampered. The river snaked back and forth, with treacherous curves and shallows, wriggling nearly sixty miles to cover the thirty direct miles from Dagu to Tientsin. To avoid collisions, a late-nineteenth-century Tientsiner named William McLeish wrote, a skipper would put his helm over and "charge a village or a cabbage-field with equal impartiality." According to O. D. Rasmussen, a historian of the city, "steamers would ram through the mud walls of cottages overhanging the corroded banks, and it is recorded that several have backed off with the best part of a thatched roof lying on

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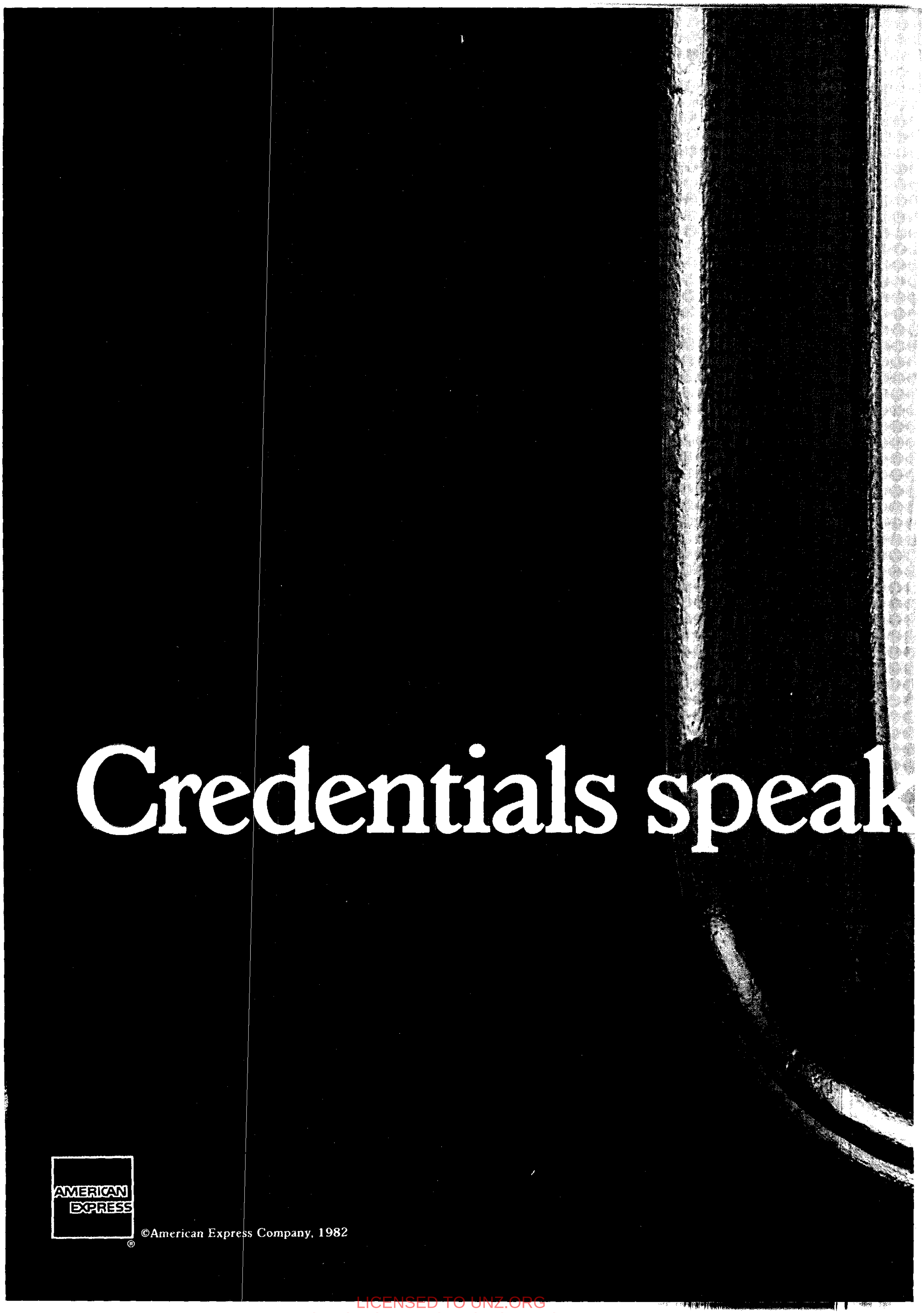
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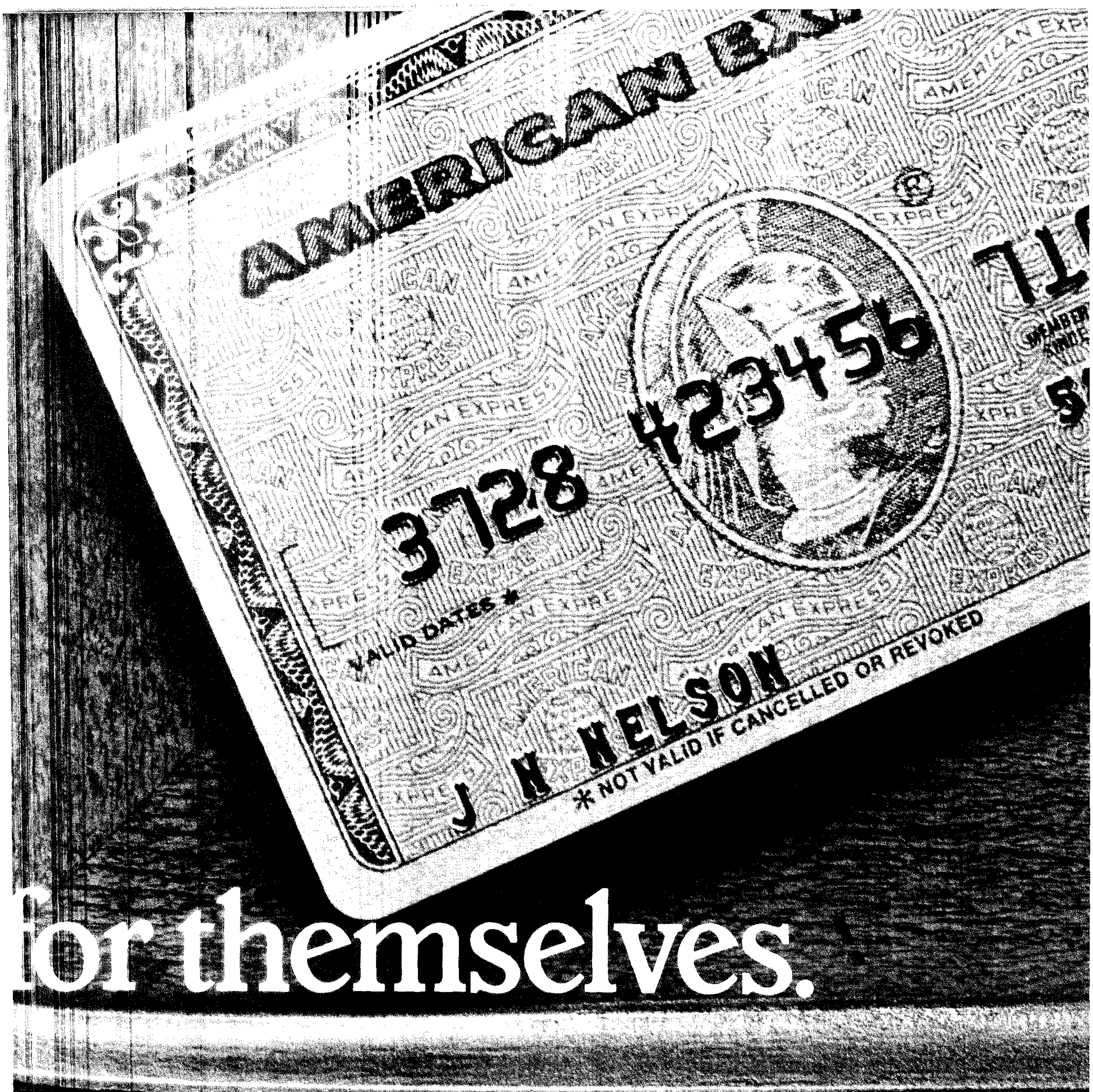

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their forecastle decks." Traffic was interrupted each winter when the river froze over, but there was one entire year when, because of silting, not a single vessel reached Tientsin. The Customs commission, which was controlled not by Chinese but by foreigners, decided to cut through curves to make a straighter channel to the sea. Customs reports indignantly tell that efforts to train the river were "constantly interfered with" by natives. Rasmussen writes, "When Mr. Detring, Mr. de Linde and the Customs' Taotai rode to the proposed First Cutting . . . they were attacked by five or six hundred villagers, who pulled up the pegs and threatened the three with bodily harm. This put an end for the time being to efforts having for their purpose the common welfare of the port."

A FEW days after my walk on the Bund, a man named Fang Ling, a former journalist who was now a liaison man for the Municipal Party Committee, explained to me why I had seen an empty river. Instead of fighting the Hai He to bring cargoes to the central city, the government in recent years had developed, downstream, the largest port in North China. They called it New Port. It was within Greater Tientsin's city limits. It had twenty-two berths capable of taking vessels up to twenty thousand tons; there cargoes could be unloaded directly into railroad cars.

As to the threat of floods, after a spate in 1963, when it had been necessary to cut dikes and flood the countryside in order to save Tientsin, Chairman Mao had ordered the taming of the Hai. Fang Ling said that as a consequence, beginning then, thirty-seven dams had been built upstream from Tientsin on the Hai and its tributaries, and these had backed up reservoirs capable of holding billions of cubic metres of water. Around these reservoirs, fifteen hundred and eighty pumping stations had been put in, to irrigate the flat, alkaline, and salty soil of the surrounding plains, which had always suffered from spring drought and summer torrents. Tientsin, Fang Ling said with assurance, might have too little water from time to time but never again too much.

A CHINESE friend told me that while the Small White House district was indeed an area for bargains, the "fashionable shopping street" was Peace Road, formerly the

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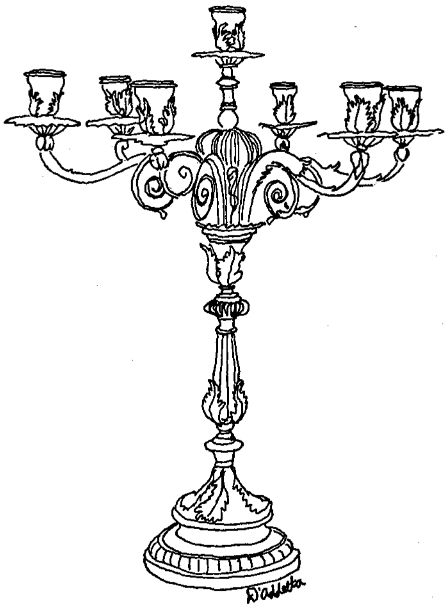
Rue de Chaylard, in the old French Concession. I was interested in what might be considered fashionable, because I had heard two young Pekingers agree that as far as clothing was concerned Tientsin was not as stylish as the capital, where during the previous summer, they said, some daring women had even begun to wear the old-fashioned Chinese-style long gowns with side slits up to the knees. What good news! A frightful heritage of China's early Soviet connection was the fact that drab Russian clothing had set what had long seemed an irreversible example of style for a China that thought it wanted to modernize. Even the dominant Mao jacket had mimicked the paramilitary simplicity of dress of the early Soviet leaders, and such foreign hot-weather clothes as had been introduced some years before looked as if they had come straight from the early days of GUM, the Moscow department store. The style break had come first with Chinese children, for the color-loving Chinese could not long bear to see a whole generation of their little ones masquerading as Soviet Young Pioneers. In the park across from my hotel, I had been seeing kindergarten children peaceably waiting for turns at a slide held at a slant by a concrete elephant, each very much an individual in variegated and idiosyncratic hot colors.

Peace Road turned out, though, not to be a street primarily of clothing stores; it offered Tientsiners a wide range of consumer goods, and enormous crowds were milling along from store to store. I passed shops that sold television sets, medicines, clocks, blankets, watches, typewriters, liquors and candies, cameras, glasses, household hardware, musical instruments, and sewing machines. Some of the stores were showcases for light industrial goods: small printing presses, surveying gear, dentists' equipment.

Quite a few stores did offer colorful things to wear: sweaters and scarves, for example, and, in one department store I went into, bright blouses. There were many shoe stores, with a wide range of styles. Brilliant silk and rayon yard goods were there for any who wanted to make their own clothes. One sporting-goods store had a snappy display of the latest tennis wear. Another store glamorized various kinds of work clothes—hard hats, boots, work gloves, gas masks—and another posed scuba-diving outfits in a window romantically draped with fishermen's nets. The availability of such a variety of goods to the general public—a public that was certainly flocking to Peace Road that day—was convincing evidence of the turn toward consumerism by the pragmatic leadership of the group around Small Man, as Deng Xiaoping has been nicknamed by some Chinese. Such a district of smart shops would have been unimaginable in Tientsin's Chinese city in my childhood years—and, indeed, equally unimaginable five years before this revisit of mine. But just as I was thinking these thoughts I came on two slight contradictions.

ONE took the form of a beggar-woman—the first beggar I'd seen. She was seated on the sidewalk, against a storefront, and she was demonstrating to the passersby how badly off her two little children were. On the sidewalk beside her was a small placard, with written notice of her hardships and her grievances against the state. She and her babies were fairly decently dressed; they were not in the sickening, tattered, filthy, half-naked state of the beggars I remembered from long ago. But the woman chanted her miseries in exactly the whining tone of the old-time beggars. Few people were giving her money, but a large crowd of obviously distressed young people had gathered around her.

UP the street on the other side was another scene that jarred against the chic of the shops. Three young women were kneeling on the sidewalk, with cobblers' compact little sewing machines in front of them. All three had customers, who were waiting for their shoes to be repaired at bargain rates right on the spot. These young women were "job-waiting youths"—a euphemism for the unemployed—who had gone into business for themselves: exemplars of an odd form of petty capitalism that had been sanctioned by the pragmatists. This phenomenon had had its start in Peking, where some unemployed young people had first had the idea of selling tea in the streets for less than it could be bought in teahouses; then they had begun vending wine, repairing bikes, selling hand-knit sweaters; then, with their profits and with government approval, they had begun buying clothing and other things wholesale and had set up shops that undercut the prices of state-owned stores. The government condoned these outcroppings of private enterprise because they helped solve what had become a serious unemployment problem—and also provided rather startling but useful competition to the conventional means of distribution. By the time I arrived in China, there were half a million job-waiting youths in these businesses. One enterprise had amassed assets equivalent to four hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars. In Tientsin, there were now more than two hundred enterprises run by job-waiting youths. I had seen some of their stalls in the Small White House area. The organization of these businesses had not been as spontaneous as in Peking. A city bureau known as the Tientsin International Trust and Investment Corporation had founded a number of them, mainly for unemployed children of that bureau's own bureaucrats. Other city bureaus had followed suit.



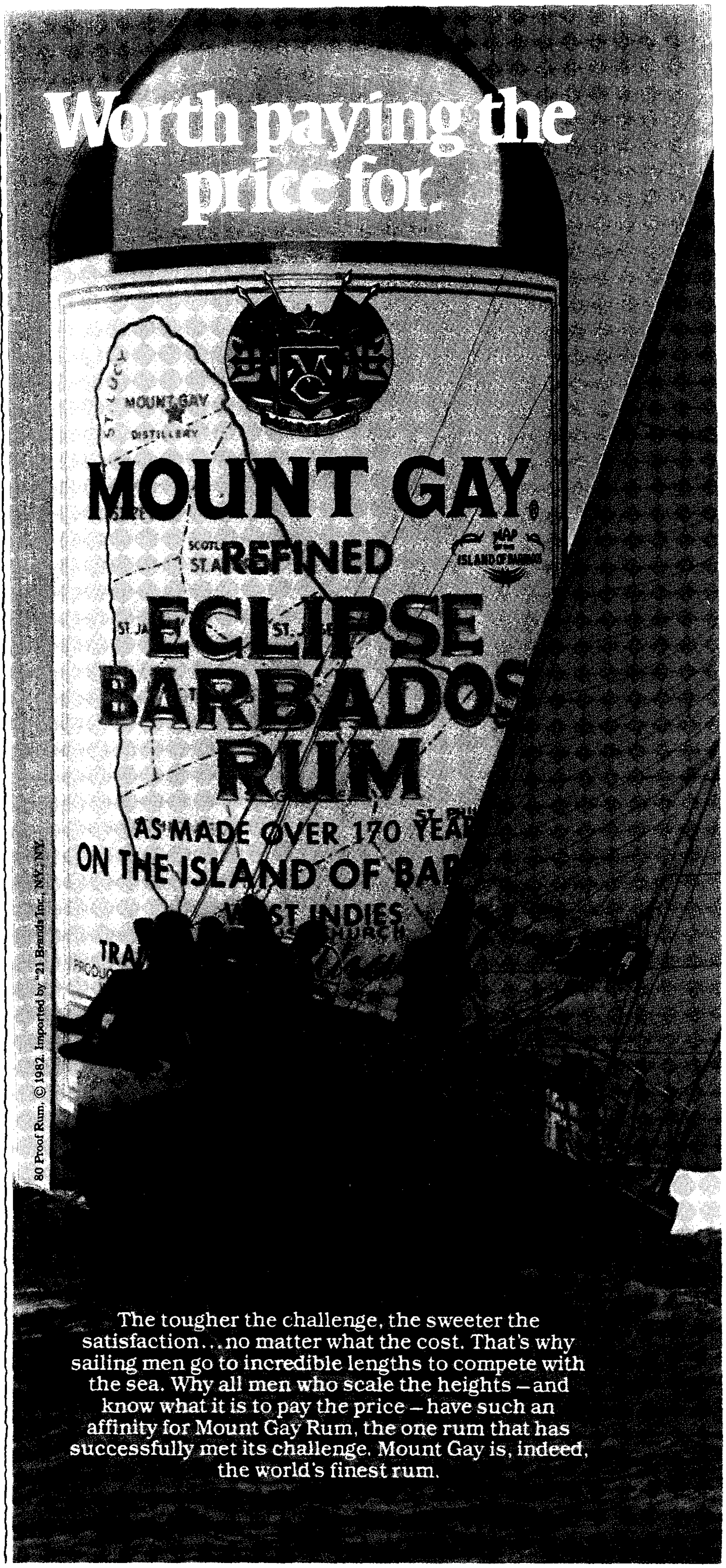
Some of the Tientsin enterprises had also been started by means that astonished me when I learned about them. They had been set up by several small political parties, which, I was told, had been permitted by the government to carry on, probably because they provided valuable educational and social-welfare services, supplementing the short supply of those offered by the government itself. Among these were the China Democratic League, the China Democratic National Construction Association, the China Association for Promoting Democracy, and the Chinese Peasants' and Workers' Democratic Party; and there were several others. I had known about the Democratic League, a famous pre-Liberation organization, which back in the forties had tried to find a middle ground between Chiang Kai-shek and the Communists, and had later abandoned Chiang and moved to the left.

SOME makes of bicycles, like some sewing machines and other consumer products, were being manufactured in Tientsin in joint enterprises with foreign firms. In the Tientsin Hotel, where I lived, I was very conscious of large numbers of foreign business people who were coming to the city to buy and sell and advise. The old main dining room in the hotel, which was exactly as it had been when I stayed in it, as the Astor House Hotel, in 1939 and 1946, and which had the atmosphere of classic imperial hotels in the old days in Cairo and Rangoon and Singapore, was sealed off from all Chinese except hosts and translators.

I ate lunch one noon with Victor Guynup, an American, who sold lumber to the Chinese in shipments worth a million and a half each, and with Rolf Sigurd, a Swede, who each year bought from the Chinese a million dollars' worth ("I'm also speaking of American dollars") of frozen venison, wild pheasant, hazel grouse, roe deer, antelope, and other game. The room was crowded with foreigners making international noises. Three Italians at a corner table were talking very loudly in their native tongue about American movies, and their explosions of laughter, their extravagant gestures, and their peremptory commands in Italian had the waiters and waitresses jumping and giggling. Scattered around were an elegant Englishman speaking in soft tones with an American wearing what looked like a Brooks Brothers suit; a Yugoslav solidifying Yugoslav-Chinese relations with his Chinese contact in a very large number of noon libations; an American woman who had gone to the Peking American School as a child and was back now, doing business as a consultant on and buyer of toys; and a great many Japanese, shouting at each other from table to table.

Sigurd told us he had been to China thirteen times; he loved doing business with the Chinese. "The very first time we bought from them, we were supposed to have a letter of credit and all that, but instead we just put a bank check for three hundred thousand dollars in the mail to them," he said. "They liked our taking that risk, trusting them like that. I've never had a minute's trouble with them since."

"I have my own marine terminal," Guynup said. "It's in Eureka, Califor-



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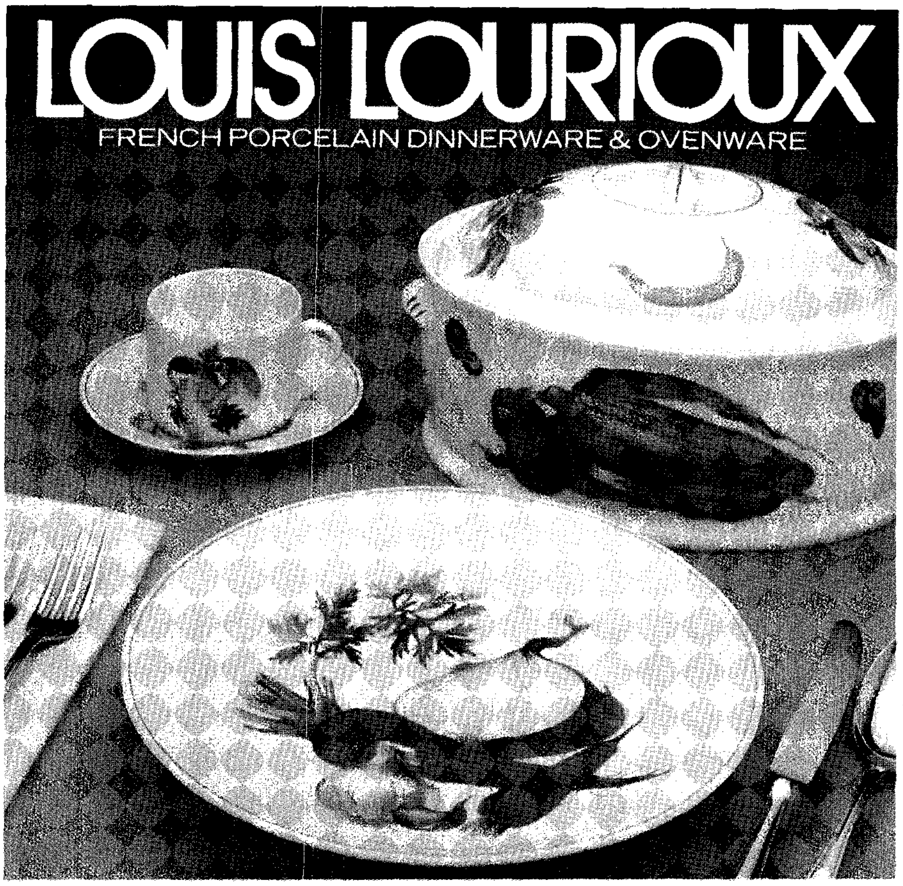

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Sigurd dutifully wrote it all down.

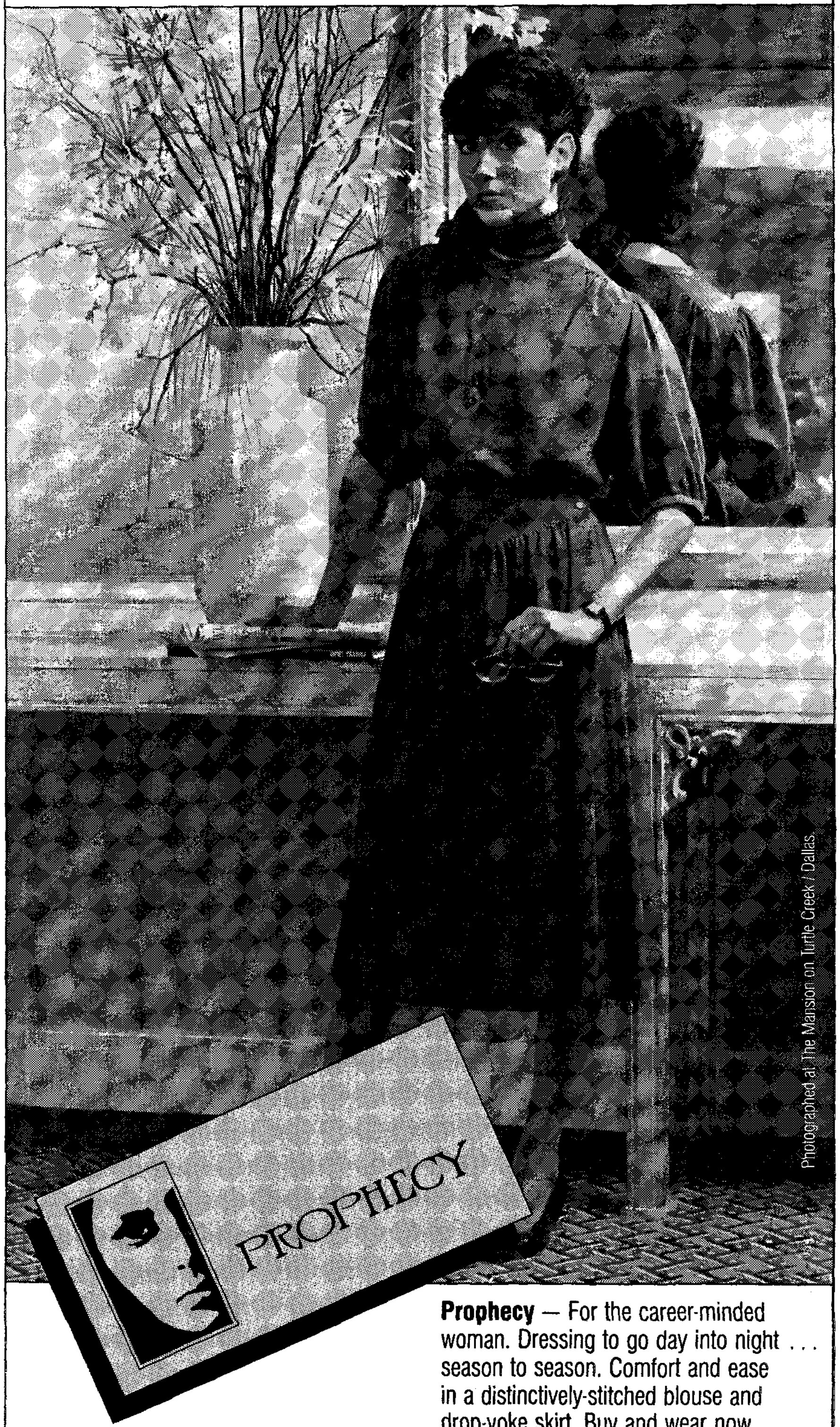
Guynup started talking about difficulties of doing business with the Chinese. "You'll think you've closed a deal with them, you know, and then they'll turn around and award it to someone else—and at the same price. Can't do a thing about it. And then there's times they just can't seem to get it together. There was this shipment of tobacco worth eight million, sat up there at Shanhaiguan for so long before they could get around to unload it the ship captain just pulled up his anchor and went to Korea and dumped the stuff there, and then the Chinese had to buy it all back through Hong Kong, because they don't talk to the South Koreans. A lot goes on through connections in Taiwan and Hong Kong, you know—family connections with the mainland."

"Don't worry about them, Victor," Sigurd said. "They know what they're doing. Let me tell you, when we Swedes were still living in caves the Chinese were sophisticated merchants. Thousands of years. Thirty-two years of socialism aren't going to make much difference in the way they strike a bargain."

THE mercantile tradition that Sigurd spoke of was one of the many constants I had by now begun to sense in the so very Chinese and so very pragmatic socialism of the post-Mao period. One of the familiar sounds from my boyhood, still heard everywhere business was done, was the decisive thwack of a chop, or seal, on a receipt. China started making marks on paper eighteen centuries ago, and I began to be convinced that the country will, one of these years, be completely buried under pieces of it. Every movement of cash, no matter how trivial, had to be recorded in triplicate, and each copy chopped. At work here, surely, was an ancient Chinese prudence where cash was concerned. (In my childhood, metal currency was used, and a merchant seldom received a payment in silver without jingling two coins together on fingertips, to make sure that neither was counterfeit.) This old caution was evidently compounded now by a socialist insistence on the individual's accountability to society. In one state bank, where I cashed some traveller's checks, the transaction was recorded by three clerks in nine copies, and an abacus was brought into play to make sure that the electronic calculator had figured the exchange rate correctly. On a train, there had been a triplicate response to a cup of tea costing six cents. Taxi-drivers were obliged to give their riders receipts, either printed (in Peking) or written (in Tientsin). On Victoria (now Liberation) Road, I had seen a huge truckload of receipts, bundled up into sturdy packages for posterity, being unloaded in the former Tientsin Press building. One entire vast old "hong" down the street, the former Russo-Asiatic Bank, now bore the sign "CHINA PEOPLE'S BANK, TIENTSIN BRANCH, VOUCHERS DEPARTMENT."

IN January, 1975, Zhou Enlai delivered to the Fourth National People's Congress a "Report on the Work of the Government," in which he set long-term goals for China's economic development. The goals have since become known as the "Four Modernizations": "The comprehensive modernization of agriculture, industry, national defense, and science and technology before the end of the century, so that our national economy will be advancing in the front ranks of the world." I had heard that there was a factory in Tientsin that produced, among other things, computers, and I thought a visit to the factory might give me some idea of how China was doing in the fourth of Zhou's modernizations—that of science and technology. In one sense, the mere act of making computers was a modernization, compared with the trading in the primitive sorts of things that went through the Tientsin of my boyhood: dried flowers, deer antlers, fish bones, salted cabbage, straw braid, camel hair, red dates, pig bristles, goatskins, sheep intestines, yak tails—and millions of bales of raw cotton. The most sophisticated Tientsin specialty of

Here / Now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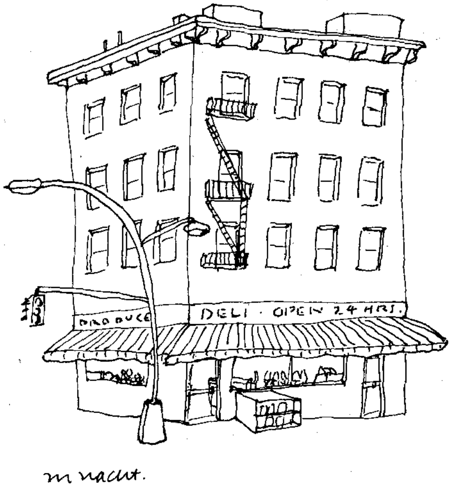
those days had been the city's famous rugs and carpets.

The director of the computer factory and his senior technical expert received me in a kind of boardroom, with a long table and many chairs. The necessary tea appeared. The two men then briefed me about the plant. What emerged was a picture of the devastating impediment to China's modernization which was left over from the Cultural Revolution. The total ruin of higher education during that nightmare decade meant that such a factory as this had only a handful of older computer scientists, trained before the mid-sixties, who were capable of keeping things going in a minimal way, and no younger qualified men coming up yet from the long-crippled universities. So the factory had had to start a school of its own. Here it could tool up basic technicians. But the plant—and all China—lacked, and will lack for many years, enough people trained to the very highest levels of mathematics and theoretical science. Not only in the development of computers but in all the higher reaches of pure and applied science in China, there will be for at least several decades a bitterly expensive half-life of the Cultural Revolution.

Some Chinese have thought that the national way of writing with ideographs—useful though it has been for sustaining nationhood where people speak in dozens of tongues—has been a major impediment to Chinese modernization. To overcome that handicap, a system of romanized spellings of Chinese words called Pinyin is now taught all children in Chinese schools—a system that has some phonetic horrors in it ("q" for "ch," "c" for "ts," "x" for a "sh" sound, and so on) and therefore may become a major impediment to future East-West communication; it is raising a generation of young Chinese who will have special difficulties mastering Western languages, and it has already made Chinese names far harder to pronounce than they should be for American readers of newspapers and books about China. Using characters hasn't seemed to handicap the more homogeneous Japanese, who have supplemented their ideographs with simplified syllabic *kana* characters. For more than a hundred years, the Chinese have wrestled in pain with the question of why Japan has modernized with such apparent ease while it has seemed so hard for them.

I asked the men at the computer factory about one ideographic problem in their field. Virtually all newspaper, magazine, and book publishing in the United States is produced nowadays from "cold type"—photographed copy composed on computer keyboards—instead of the old "hot type" of molten-lead letters from linotype machines. In China, this changeover is difficult, because a computer console with between eight and ten thousand buttons for characters would be out of the question. The two men told me that a Chinese cold-type system is being evolved, using computer consoles with Western alphabets. More than a hundred programs for this purpose have already been designed. The basic principle, they said, is that characters stored in the computer memory are called up by typing code signals: in some a phonetic representation of the word, a key for whichever of the four tones the word has, and, in cases of homophones, extra codes for character types or even individual strokes. For instance, with the words meaning "remember" and "chicken," both *ji*, there is no problem, because the tones are different. But *ji* meaning "chicken" and *ji* meaning "machine" have the same high tone, so extra code signals are needed. Not only the Chinese but also several Japanese and American companies have been working on this technology, the men said, and a standard international code for Chinese characters is being negotiated.

The two men took me on a tour of the computer wing of the factory. Even my ill-educated eye could see that the plant's computers were primitive. One ancestral monster used only large transistors. Another used what appeared to be rudimentary integrated circuits mounted on boards a foot square. Computer people speak of the generations of their machines; I gathered that American computers are moving into a fifth generation, but the computers here were still in the second or third. For this backwardness the older technicians were not the least apologetic; on the contrary, they were obviously proud of their shop, and of the progress they were making. Outdoors, some of the plant's young students were taking a break and playing life-and-death volleyball.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I WENT with Companion Zhang to the No. 1 Tientsin Carpet Factory to see what advances there had been in the city's proud old craft. The main change was the centralization into a couple of big factories—"production teams"—of what had once been a lot of small and primarily clan enterprises. The carpets were still handmade, by a method essentially unchanged for centuries. The makers, who were both men and women, sat upright on benches facing vertical warp strings of jute, behind which hung tracings of the desired color patterns. The deft fingers of the left hand of each worker knotted bits of brightly dyed wool around two warp threads at a time, with incredible speed, tuft by tuft, while the other hand, holding a dangerous little knife, repeatedly trimmed off the growing pile to the proper depth. A feature of Tientsin carpets is their sculptured surface, and for the shapers life had certainly improved. They used to have to do their work with the carpets spread flat out on the floor—squatting with scissors in their hands all day. (They could never really fill their bellies without suffering discomfort.) Now they worked at tables and used whining electric shears. Many of the carpet designs, sad to say, catered to very un-Chinese tourist tastes.

IN a factory that produced kites, lampshades, silhouettes, painted blouses, and copies of classical paintings, I came across what seemed a rather extreme example of the principle of payment "to each according to his needs"—a principle I understood Small Man's administration had been gradually moving away from, toward that of payment "to each according to his contribution." In one of the rooms was a young painter, obviously gifted—by his own account an autodidact—who had painted a spectacular scene on ten panels, altogether thirty feet by ten, depicting a wild landscape in Shanxi Province, with a river winding down past a feudal house. The painting was priced at the equivalent of

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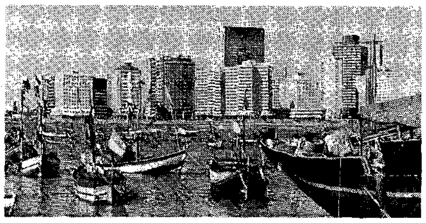

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twelve thousand dollars—which the artist, in effect, would be contributing to the state. He was paid just what the women in the factory were whose work was to glue bits of fabric onto lampshade frames—roughly, forty-two dollars a month. I was told he would probably get a bonus after one of the periodic factory meetings for appraisal of the employees' work.

OUT of curiosity, I visited a couple of art-work tourist traps. One of them produced so-called New Year prints—bright posterish affairs bearing good-luck symbols of fruitfulness. This place carried on a tradition that had originated in a village named Yangliujing, where, among other ancient crafts, the art of pornography was once highly regarded and skillfully practiced. Not now, needless to say, in a puritanical society that, hoping to reach zero population growth in the year 2000, keeps the level of erotic stimulation of its populace at somewhere around 32 degrees Fahrenheit. The other art-work place produced painted clay figures; this, now a state-owned enterprise, had been a family business handed down from a remarkable nineteenth-century genius named Zhang Mingshen, known as Clay Man Zhang. Along one side of Clay Man Zhang's compound was a long, narrow, low-lying building. I asked: Hadn't that been the stables of the old-time racecourse? I was told it had.

FOR some reason, the sport of kings seemed to lie at the very heart of the imperialists' dream. To own a string of horses, to hire jockeys, to gamble freely—these seemed to be regarded by old-timers in Tientsin as the highest reaches of privilege, and the Tientsin Race Club, founded soon after the British and French had stolen their concessions from the Chinese, was the seat of this privilege. The members grew frantic when anything interrupted their seasons. In 1871, when a flood covered their course, they held their race meetings right in the streets of the British Concession. After the big flood of 1890, the *Chinese Times* reported the despair of the sportsmen: "Horse flesh that cost a dollar a pound to educate, fell to its value as cats-meat." When the great Rajah, who won the Tientsin Champion Stakes seven times straight, died, he was given the unusual honor of a grave with a headstone; it stood in front of the stables I had seen at Clay Man Zhang's. Moidore, Mountain Deer, Hawksfold, Kettledrum, The King, and Symphony were all "excellent stayers" over the years. A British attaché named Freeman Mitford, passing through on his way to Peking in 1865, wrote:

> I found Tientsing in a great state of excitement. It was the last day of the races and to my great joy I found my colleague, Saurin, staying at the Russian Consulate.... The races really showed some very good sport. Tientsing cannot boast of such meetings as those of Hongkong and Shanghai, where English thoroughbreds are run, and for which such horses as "Buckstone," since dead, and "Sir William" are imported; the horses are but Mongol ponies, the bonafide hacks of their owners and riders, yet they accomplished the three mile race in seven minutes and forty seconds. They are very plucky, strong little beasts and run till they drop. The races were an additional stroke of luck for me, for I was able, at the end of the day, to buy a capital pony for fifty dollars. I must own I was agreeably disappointed in Tientsing. So many travellers have abused it, and inveighed against its filth and its beggarly crowd, that I expected to be shocked in one or other of my senses at every step. It certainly is very dirty, but not much more so than other Chinese towns... and who that has travelled in the sunny south has not seen rags and tatters, vermin, foul diseases, and deformities paraded as stimulants to charity?

I was curious to find out what the premises of the Race Club were being used for now. I could see from the entrance to Clay Man Zhang's the big concrete overhang of the grandstand, which had been built in 1925, the year I left China. I asked around. The old clubhouse was now a guesthouse for visiting foreign dignitaries. On the grounds of the course itself were the buildings of the city's Fine Arts and Natural History Museums; the clay-figures factory; and an electric-cable factory. But in the interior of the grandstand, placed there with an irony that could not have been intended, and hidden from the eyes of the general public ("NO ADMITTANCE!"), was a seat of privilege of the New China: the storehouse to which Party cadres at and above the thirteenth level could come for the extra supplies that were the perks of their high standing. I was told that in the central government there were twenty-five levels of cadres. Chairman Mao would have reached the first level in his time, but I gathered that the top three levels were now vacant. Deng Xiaoping was said to be at level four. From that level down to the ninth were ministerial ranks; from the ninth to the thirteenth were bureau chieftainships; from the thirteenth to the seventeenth,

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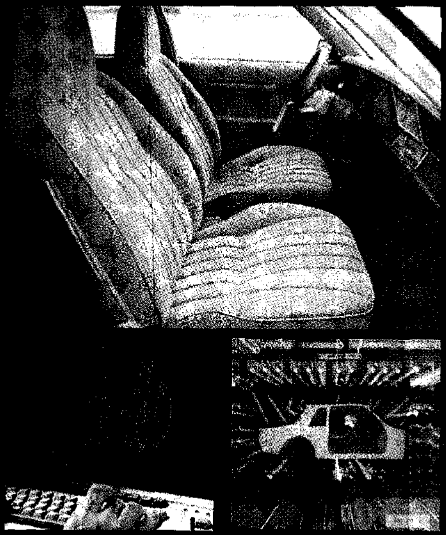

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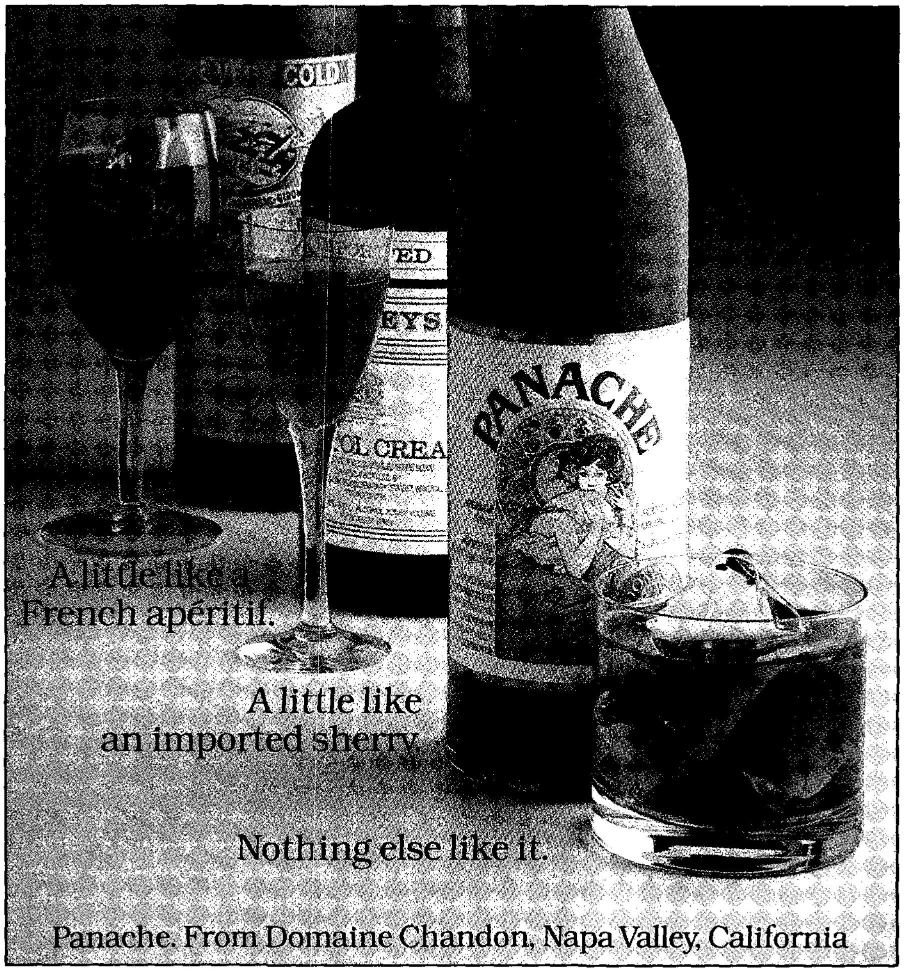
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section chieftainships; and so on down the line.

Deng's pragmatism has given new scope to self-interest and greed in post-Mao China, and the issue of privilege must worry a lot of people—especially those who have it and don't want to lose it. There are blessedly few cars so far in Tientsin, but any time a citizen sees a black limousine of the make called Red Flag he can guess that someone of about ninth-cadre level or up is in town; a black Mercedes, about thirteenth and up. Uses and abuses of privilege are inevitable in a bureaucracy; and China's tyranny of numbers has decreed that there shall be a bureaucracy. It takes a lot of people to manage a lot of people. A Nankai University professor told me he estimated that one million of Tientsin's population of seven and a half million consisted of Communist Party cadres and their families. Not long after I left Tientsin, the government undertook an extensive pruning of its bureaucracy, removing the old, the corrupt, and the incompetent, and also many, presumably, who happened to disagree with prevailing policy.

Managers make mistakes. The eighty-four-year-old Librarian of the Tientsin Library, Huang Yusheng, said to me, "Tientsin, of all the big cities of China, is the most backward. The earthquake was terrible, but Tientsin's condition can't be blamed entirely on that. The municipal government has been berated more than once by the central government for its inefficiency and mismanagement." Several people told me that the city, given huge sums by the central government for the purpose of replacing housing lost in the earthquake, had instead spent a large part of the money to build new factories.

So there were problems, and there were misgivings. There were bound to be, in any gathering of human beings as large as Tientsin had become. Big American cities all have terrible problems. But for Tientsiners the five years since the earthquake had been relatively good years; little by little, they had begun to be able to save up and buy a few things they wanted. Earlier, the revolution had recaptured their city from the foreigners, and it had dramatically reduced the gap between the rich and the poor. There having been so many more poor than rich in the old days, this meant the disappearance of everything showy and magnificent, and the city now had a very plain face. The crowdedness was getting worse, but the Chinese had been crowded for so many centuries that they had long since learned to be deeply courteous to each other; they could deal, at least for the time being, with crowdedness.

I gathered that there had been high-level debates in Peking about such outcroppings of private enterprise as the businesses run by the job-waiting youths. It was not entirely forgotten that Deng and some of his associates had been thrown out of office by Mao during the Cultural Revolution as "capitalist-roaders." But these little urban businesses were proving extremely popular—as were the many incentives the pragmatists in the present government had given to peasants in the countryside to make extra profits for themselves. The watchword of the pragmatists was decentralization. Their theory seemed to be that too much planning at the top dulled the initiative of provincial and local authorities; of the managers of factories, communes, and all other economic enterprises; and, finally, of individual citizens. The entire country had been depressed by the Cultural Revolution, and the people needed, for their morale, the comfort of some consumer goods. If a few small private enterprises could supplement the state-owned producers and distributors of those goods, so much the better.

What the Tientsiners I met said they wanted now—with almost as great a hunger, it seemed, as for food—was stability. The practical men had given them back some hope that China could get on with its hard work of modernizing without losing its essential Chineseness. The only feared thing was a new struggle for power at the top. —JOHN HERSEY

(This is the last part of a four-part article.)

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*From the London Daily Telegraph*]

SIR—A solitary fly has been in my flat for four days. Whenever I play a classical record it goes berserk, flying round and round in circles underneath the three-lamp chandelier. It always settles on a particular spot on one lampshade.

At night it settles on the door-bell transformer which emanates a consistent heat.

In the morning it nips into the kitchen for a spot of water, but as soon as a record is played it flies into the lounge and whirls around. It is particularly fond of Chopin waltzes.

J. A. MILLER
London, E.6.

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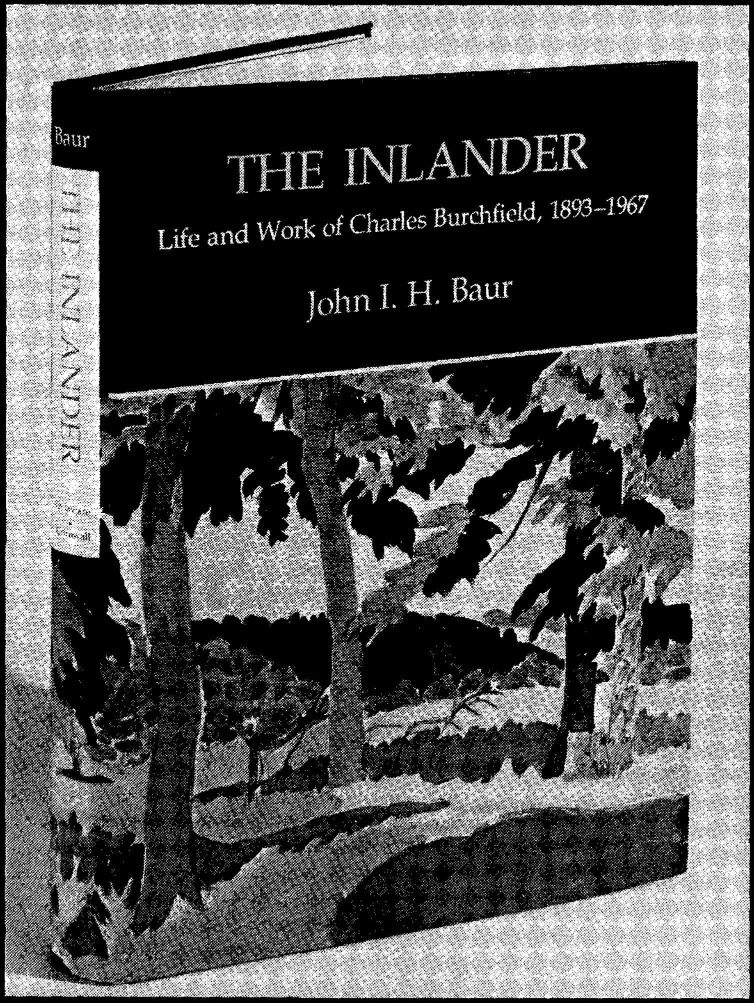

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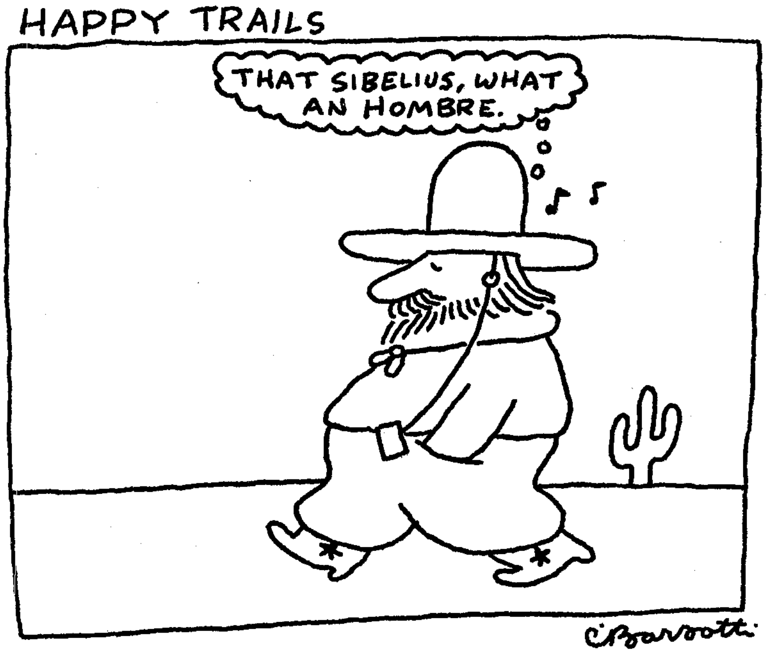
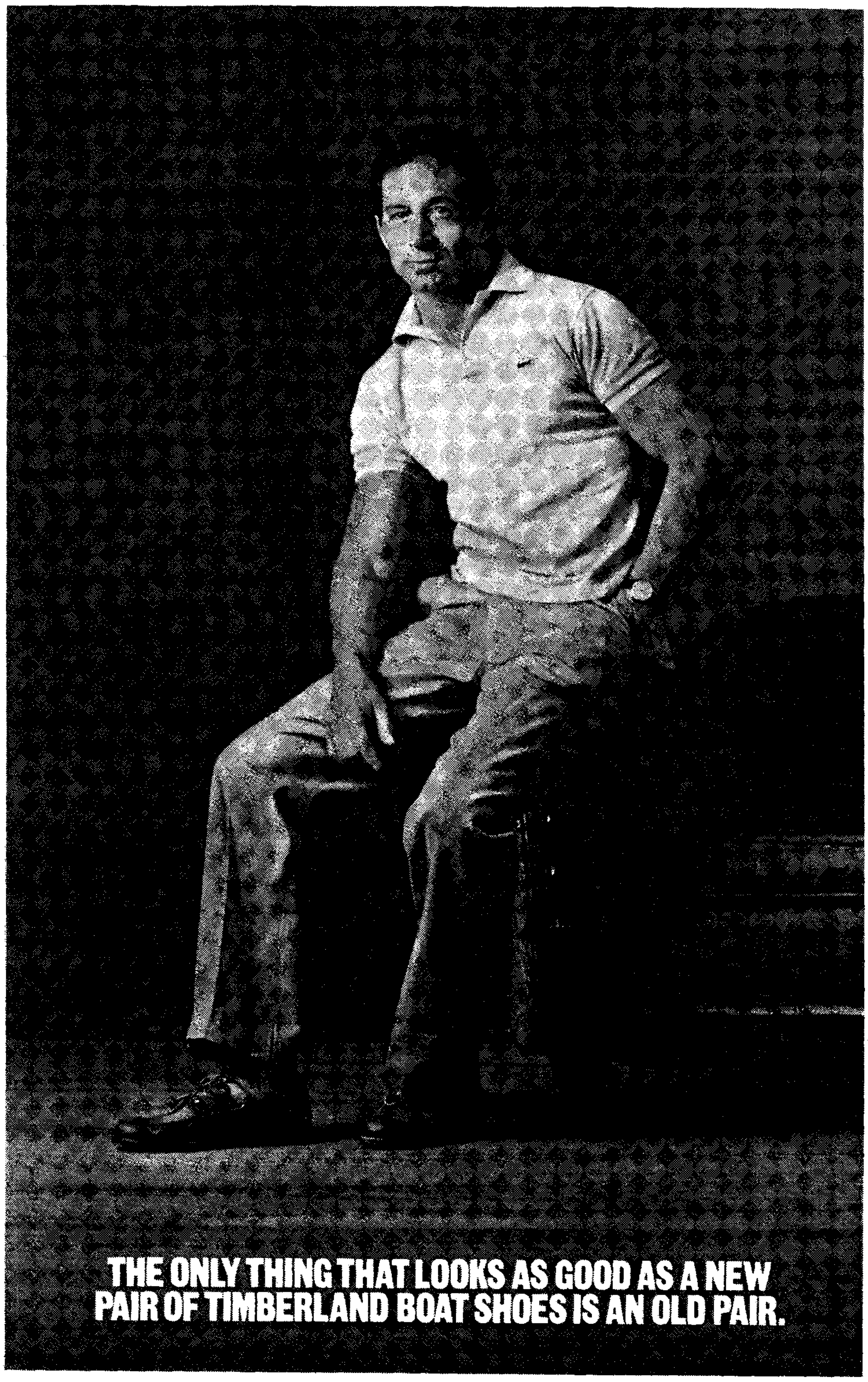
JUST TRY IT

WHAT I decided to tell my ten-year-old daughter Sarah about catfish was that it tastes like flounder. She eats flounder, although I can't say that she's an enthusiast. When it comes to food, her enthusiasms run toward chocolate—her favorite dish (if that's the word) being a chocolate-chocolate-chip-ice-cream cone with chocolate sprinkles. In last year's Halloween parade, she was costumed as a chocolate-chocolate-chip-ice-cream cone with chocolate sprinkles—the ultimate tribute. I can't remember what I told her flounder tastes like. Whatever it was must have been mentioned in a speech of considerable eloquence, because Sarah does not taste casually. There is general agreement in our family that my speeches on how closely Chinese fried dumplings resemble ravioli were as persuasive as any I have delivered—Sarah happens to love ravioli; I wouldn't be at all surprised to see her suit up as a ravioli next Halloween—but four years of such speeches were required before Sarah agreed to take one bite of one dumpling. If Sarah is finally persuaded to try something new, she usually cuts off the sort of portion I have come to think of as a microbite, chews on it tentatively, swallows it, and says, "It's O.K., but I'm not crazy about it." Over the past few years, though, there have been some signs that Sarah is growing slightly more adventuresome about non-chocolate foodstuffs. The days are past when she refused to go to Chinatown unless she was carrying a bagel ("just in case"), and even though she still doesn't eat salad, she is too old to repeat one of her grand preschool gestures—refusing to return to a summer-recreation program because those in charge had the gall to serve her salad at snack time. For reasons I don't fully understand, she casually eats two or three dishes—a Chinese dish called beef with baby-clam sauce, for instance—that seem completely outside the range of a picky ten-year-old's palate; it's as if a teetotaller thought nothing of making an exception for slivovitz and south-Georgia busthead. Still, I often hear myself making the sort of appeal I can imagine thousands of parents making to thousands of ten-year-olds at the same time: "Just try it. Would I lie to you about something as important to me as fried dumplings? If you don't like it, you don't have to eat it. Just try it."

There are, of course, a lot of grownups who won't try catfish. Some people think catfish are ugly. To be perfectly honest about it, just about everybody thinks catfish are ugly. I have run into people willing to defend the looks of hyenas and wild boars, but I have never heard anyone say, "The catfish, in its own way, is really quite beautiful." A catfish has whiskers that might look all right if attached to some completely different animal—although an appropriate animal does not come immediately to mind. The best thing that can be said of a catfish's skin is that it is removed before eating. At a fish plant, anyone who cleans catfish is ordinarily called a catfish skinner; part of the process is to pull off the skin with the kind of pliers that are used by other people to snip the heads off roofing nails. People who are particularly conscious of the tendency of catfish to feed along muddy river bottoms think of cleaning a catfish as a process that has ultimate failure built right into it; they avoid catfish precisely because they believe that there is no such thing as a clean catfish. Some people avoid catfish because they believe that no catfish—even one whose bones have been removed by a boner with the skill of a surgeon—is harboring fewer than seven small bones somewhere within it. There are also people who wouldn't think of trying a fish that in some parts of the country is thought to be eaten mainly by poor folks. In the South, where most catfish is consumed, even the way restaurants customarily advertise it implies that they are offering a bargain rather than a delicacy—"CATFISH AND HUSHPUPPIES, ALL YOU CAN EAT: $3.25." Writing in the *Times* last year about the place of catfish in his Mississippi boyhood, Craig Claiborne did describe the pleasures of eating it on summer picnics that included respectable ladies carrying parasols, but he also left the impression that catfish was eaten on picnics because his mother wouldn't allow it inside her house. With catfish farming now a considerable industry in Mississippi and Arkansas and Alabama, there has been some effort in recent years to make catfish a respectable national dish, rather than a slightly disreputable regional specialty, but seeing it on the menu of the sort of eclectic Manhattan restaurant that also serves salmon mousse and fettuccine with wild mushrooms still leaves the impression of having run into a stock-car racer at a croquet match. I preferred to think, of course, that the class implications of catfish-eating would have no effect on Sarah's willingness to try it out—we have tried to raise her to believe that honest pan-fried chicken is in no way inferior to pâté—but it is impossible to predict such things; she happens to love particularly expensive cuts of smoked salmon, and one of the wild-card dishes she dotes on in Chinatown is roast squab.

Naturally, I am interested in any opportunity to nudge Sarah's eating habits in a democratic direction, and that was one reason I chose the Fourth Annual St. Johns River Catfish Festival, in Crescent City, Florida, as the destination for a little trip we were


HAPPY TRAILS
THAT SIBELIUS, WHAT AN HOMBRE.
C. Barsotti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planning to take together while the rest of the family was occupied elsewhere. The other reason was that I happen to love catfish. I even love hushpuppies. Sarah was enthusiastic about going to Florida, although I must admit that the first question she asked was how far Crescent City is from Disney World. Then she narrowed her eyes and said, "Catfish?"

"It tastes like flounder," I said. "You can just try it."

"O.K.," she said, in the voice she uses for acknowledging the necessity of wearing gloves on cold days. "Maybe."

"Their other specialty is alligator tail," I said. "And for all I know alligator tail may taste like flounder, too."

Sarah didn't bother to reply to that one.

"I MIGHT try some catfish," Sarah said on the day before the festival, as we were discussing preparations with its founder, Ronnie Hughes. "It depends on how it looks."

"If you don't have any before the catfish-skinning contest, I suspect you won't have any after," Hughes said.

It was clear by then that the people in Crescent City, a pleasant little north-Florida town below Jacksonville, were not among those trying to tidy up the reputation of the catfish. When Hughes, the publisher of the Crescent City *Courier-Journal* and *Trading Post Shopper*, persuaded the Rotary Club to sponsor a catfish festival, it was partly with the idea of celebrating the local commercial catfishing industry, but there has never been any claim that what the fishermen catch is anything other than an ugly beast with more bones than any fish has need of. "It's not something that's going to grace a table," Hughes said. Among the articles in his newspaper's Catfish Festival supplement this year was one that investigated the various styles of trying to eat a catfish—styles that divided catfish-eaters into pickers, peelers, chompers, suckers, spitters, and animals—and concluded that all of them were more or less unsuccessful. In other parts of the South, boosters of the domestic-catfish industry may argue for wider acceptance of their product on the ground that farm-raised catfish do not have a muddy taste; a resident of Crescent City tends to say he prefers the wild catfish caught in the nearby St. Johns River precisely because they do taste muddy. People around Crescent City take the catfish on its own terms.

"We don't mind if you refer to Crescent City and southern Putnam County as 'the sticks' or 'red-neck country,' " the brochure that the Rotary put out for the Catfish Festival says. "We're a down-home community." In north Florida, it is common to hear people speak of their part of the state as "the real Florida"—meaning that it is the part still not dominated by tourists or retired Yankees or Cubans or anybody else except people who like to refer to themselves as crackers. "This here's a natural Florida cracker here" is the way Buck Buckles, the man who always presides over the preparation of the festival's swamp cabbage, was introduced to Sarah and me. The celebration of crackers in southern Putnam County is for qualities pretty much like those attached to the catfish—being ornery and plain and uncouth and unconcerned about offending the pompous ("He don't care," Gamble Rogers, a country storyteller who performed at the festival, said of a cracker fisherman in one of his stories who rams the boats of tourists. "He flat do not care"), and basically lovable.

Being down-home, people in Crescent City would not think of calling swamp cabbage by its other name—hearts of palm. They sometimes refer to another local specialty, soft-shelled turtle, as "cooter." Buck Buckles, whose crew helps him gather four hundred Sabal palm trees every year from an area scheduled for clear-cutting, is aware that some people serve hearts of palm fresh in salad, but for the Catfish Festival he cooks swamp cabbage for a day or so with noodles and salted bacon.

"How did you happen to learn how to do all that?" I asked Buckles, a friendly man in his sixties who has worked most of his life as a heavy-equipment contractor.

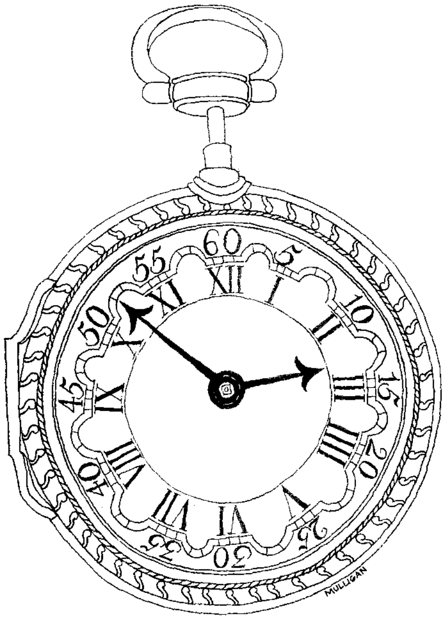
"Ever hear of Hoover?" Buckles said. There wasn't much money around southern Putnam County in the thirties, he told me, and anyone who wanted something to eat often had to "catch it, tree it, cut it out of a palm, or scratch it out of a hole."

Sarah was impressed with the process of preparing swamp cabbage—cutting the trunk of the palm into logs and then using machetes to strip away one layer after another in order to reach the heart. She announced, though, that she wasn't going to try any. I hadn't expected her to. The name "swamp cabbage" didn't seem to bother her, but she never eats anything that might ever be part of a salad—just to be on the safe side.

I also hadn't expected her to try the sort of exotic meats that Satsuma Gardens, a restaurant ten miles up the road from Crescent City, includes in what its menu lists as a "Swamp Critter Special"—frogs' legs, soft-shelled turtle, and gator tail. I was eager to taste gator tail myself—partly because it is the only exotic meat I have ever run across that nobody seems to describe as tasting like chicken. I suppose I harbored some faint hope that somebody might interest Sarah by saying that it tastes a bit like roast squab—as it turns out, most people in Putnam County compare gator tail to pork chops—but after we had a talk about alligators with John Norris, one of the proprietors of the St. Johns Crab Company, that hope evaporated. The St. Johns Crab Company is a few miles from Satsuma, in Welaka, where there are a number of commercial fish plants that buy the crabs and catfish that the same families have been hauling out of the St. Johns for generations. The company provides a lot of the catfish eaten at the festival, although the impossibility of diverting four tons of small catfish—the kind Southerners like—from regular customers once a year means that the festival supply is quietly supplemented by some farm-raised catfish from Mississippi, with the hope that festivalgoers will not be able to detect that telltale lack of mud.

"They don't just take a whole alligator tail and serve it like that," Norris said, in a reassuring way. "They cut out the muscle—"

"Well," I said, in the tone of some-



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one who has been reassured, "once they dispose of that, then—"

"That's the part you eat," Norris said.

As it turned out, I liked gator tail—at least the way it was prepared by Jack Ketter at the Satsuma Gardens, a friendly little roadside restaurant that is decorated with a beer-can collection and signs with sayings like "A Woman with Horse Sense Never Becomes a Nag." The first time I tasted alligator—at a vast, crowded restaurant where the meal reminded me once again that any time you're called to your table over a loudspeaker, what you are served there is likely to be disappointing—I found it rather, well, muscular. Ketter, though, serves a first-rate gator tail—cut into thin slices, pounded, and lightly fried. In fact, he caters the gator-tail booth at the festival, since alligator can be served only by a restaurant proprietor licensed to buy meat from the supply acquired by the shooting of "nuisance gators" that have been declared an exception to the alligator-protection law because of a tendency to frighten golfers or snack on Airedales. "It tastes like veal scallopini," I said to Sarah during our second meal at Satsuma Gardens. The remark did not inspire Sarah to pick up her fork for a taste. She doesn't eat veal scallopini.

"I might have tried alligator if that man hadn't told us about the muscle," she said, glancing at my dinner of alligator, catfish, soft-shell crab, fried mushrooms, fried okra, and coleslaw. As it was, she was having a hamburger—which is what she had eaten for lunch at Satsuma Gardens the previous day. "This place actually has very good hamburgers," she said. At our first Satsuma Gardens meal, the waitress who brought Sarah a sack of potato chips as a side dish (if that's the word) opened the sack as she placed it on the table, and I, remembering that some particularly sophisticated people trace their worldliness to having been taken as children to restaurants by fathers who advised them on selecting the wine and dealing with the captain, looked at the open sack and said, "That's the way you can tell a classy joint."

THE Fourth Annual St. Johns River Catfish Festival was held in the Crescent City town park—a long, square block in an area dominated by huge live oaks with Spanish moss. Sarah liked it. She liked the arts-

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and-crafts booths, particularly the booth that displayed a talking parrot. She liked the parade, which featured a series of Shriners driving by in every conceivable sort of vehicle that a grown man could look silly driving. She was impressed by Geetsie Crosby, the lady who always presides over the catfish chowder at the festival: Mrs. Crosby told Sarah that her own daughter would eat nothing but canned tuna for most of her childhood, and managed to grow up to be a very fine doctor.

"Maybe one of these years we can find a canned-tuna festival," I said. I had the feeling that Sarah wasn't going to eat much catfish. She had seemed to be preparing me for that on the way to the festival when she said she wasn't really all that hungry. When lunchtime came, I got one catfish dinner instead of two, and offered her a bite.

"I don't really think I want any, thanks," Sarah said.

"But it tastes like flounder," I said.

"Does it taste like chocolate?" she said.

I didn't think I could make a very good case for its tasting like chocolate. I hadn't really expected the question. "Well, at least that leaves us free to go over and watch the catfish-skinning contest," I said. "As soon as I finish eating."

—CALVIN TRILLIN

●

On page 45 at the top of the page the descriptions of F and P categories are inverted; the description of F Category should apply to P and the description of P should apply to F. Additionally, the color coding for Category P at the top of the page is incorrect. The yellow P should appear as red. The color coding on the Deck Plans is correct.

On page 46, the color coding for Category E appears as a dark red instead of the magenta (reddish purple) appearing in the E Category cabins on Acapulco and Riviera deck plans.

Please refer to the correct color coding for Category P on page 47 and the correct color coding and descriptions of categories E, F, and P on the price table on page 48.—*Notice accompanying a mailing from Sitmar Cruises.*

We feel queasy already.

●

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Wall Street Journal*]

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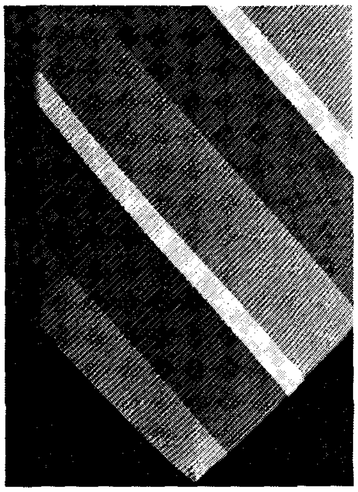

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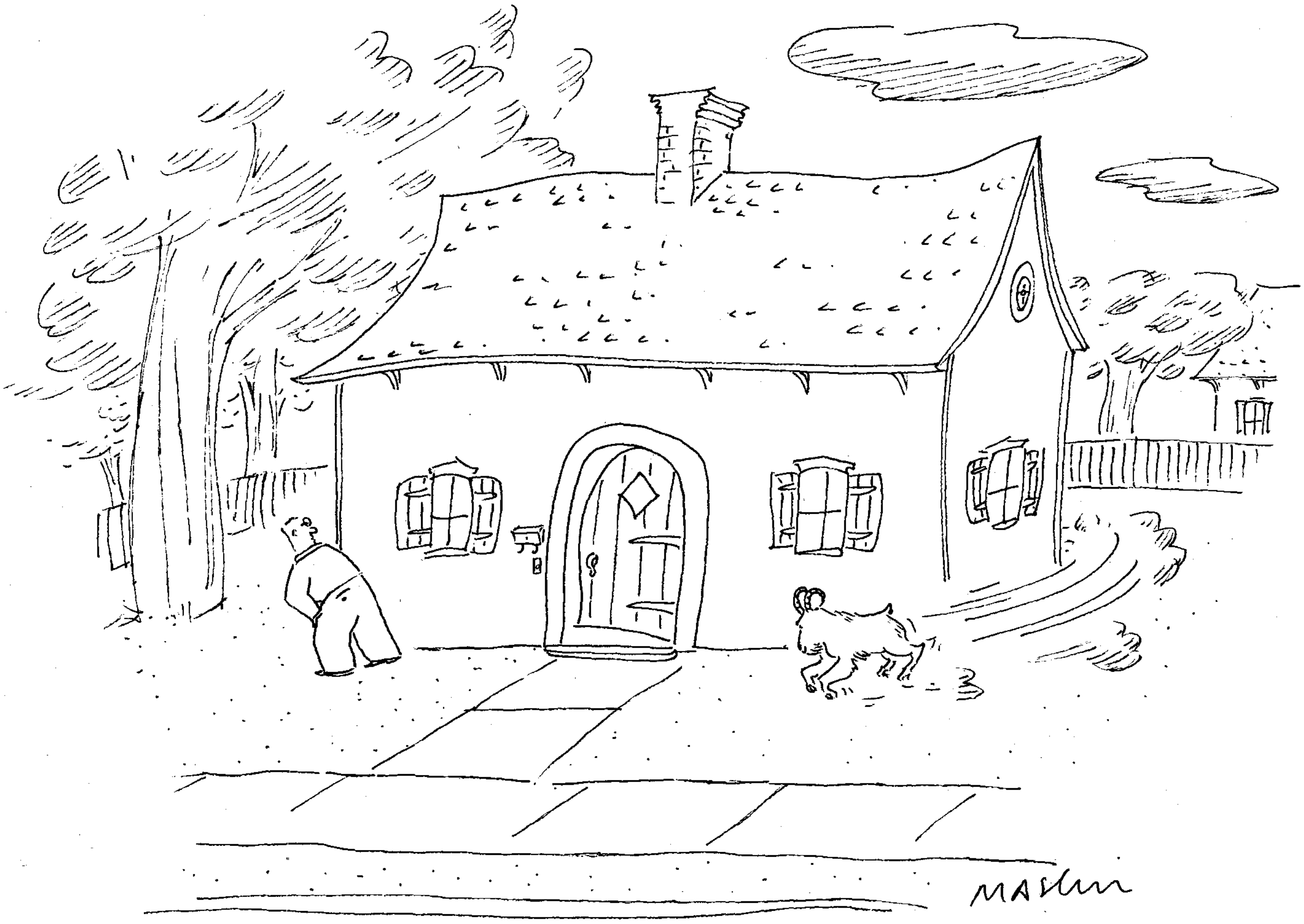
THE THEATRE

Off Broadway

BILL IRWIN, the beguiling clown, dancer, juggler, pantomimist, and acrobat, will be appearing at the American Place through June 13th, along with his partners, Doug Skinner and Michael O'Connor, in "The Regard of Flight," a new show of his own devising. A funnier or, for that matter, more imaginative evening cannot be imagined. When I saw Mr. Irwin last year at Dance Theatre Workshop, his face and body were so eloquent and comical that one would have supposed speech could only be intrusive. Not so: this time he has added words to his repertoire, and the script he and several collaborators have written is a good one, in which each word plays as strongly as each movement. The theme, in a manner of speaking, is New Theatre (as opposed to traditional theatre), and Mr. Irwin tosses its catch phrases and cant into the air as nimbly as he juggles his hat and cane. From the opening, where Mr. Irwin is discovered in bed, wearing a red-and-white striped nightcap and nightshirt, the effect of "The Regard of Flight" is kaleidoscopic, with parody following parody, and every kind of joke—sight and sound—flashing by; there are chases up the aisles and into the rows ("to involve the audience"), there are a couple of "homesickness" songs sung by Mr. Skinner and Mr. Irwin to their own ukulele accompaniment, and there are some remarkable quick changes by the star, abetted by a large trunk at stage center, which contains an apparently unlimited supply of costumes. Mr. O'Connor, acrobat as well as actor, plays several roles, among them a reporter seeking and then rattling off information about New Theatre and (at one high point) a Shakespearean director harrying the hapless Mr. Irwin—"Read it as you feel it. Let it flow; let it out. *Classicalize.*" Fortunately, "The Regard of Flight" (I can't help you with the title) doesn't stick closely to any point. There is plenty of Mr. Irwin's sublime silent comedy, surely inspired by Buster Keaton, and, above all, of his humorous, poetic, acrobatic dancing and stunts.

As a brief (too brief) epilogue, Mr. Irwin presents a dumb show, "The Clown Bagatelles," one segment of which—his tossing and whirling of a plate of spaghetti—belongs to the ages. Again he is ably assisted by Mr. Skinner and Mr. O'Connor.

"SCENES FROM LA VIE DE BOHÈME," by Anthony Giardina, at the Manhattan Theatre Club through May 30th, is a heavily ironic and often annoying little play about a struggling painter, a struggling poet, and a struggling law student who share a studio in Greenwich Village, and the struggling actress they fall in love with, and their low-comedy landlady. Loud recordings of Puccini's score are played between scenes. Although Mr. Giardina's tongue is too firmly embedded in his cheek, and although his lines seldom measure up to his ideas—some of them amusing—there is evidence, time after time, of a true theatrical imagination at work in both the script and the direction, by Douglas Hughes. —EDITH OLIVER



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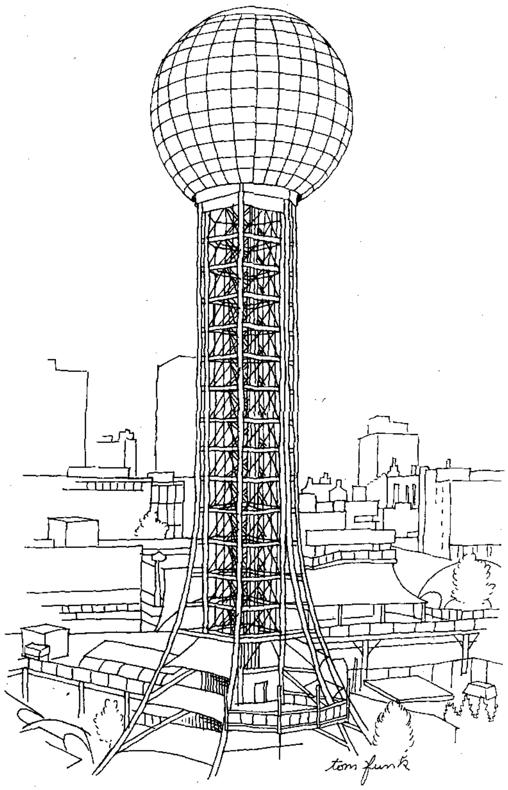
ENERGY! ENERGY!

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

KNOXVILLE, a riverside metropolis of about a hundred and eighty thousand, is the seventy-fifth most populous city in the United States, the seventeenth most populous in the Southeast, and, behind Memphis and Nashville, the third most populous in the not very cluttered state of Tennessee. Settled in 1786, and named four years later after the then Secretary of War, Henry Knox, it was for almost twenty years the capital of its state—a distinction that Nashville has held since 1826. In the intervening years, Knoxville has been best known as the home of the University of Tennessee, whose football stadium can accommodate ninety-one thousand spectators; as the headquarters of the Tennessee Valley Authority; and, for a while, back in the twenties and thirties, as the only American city of any size with mailboxes attached to the sides of its streetcars and buses. You could flag one of these down and it would stop long enough for you to drop a letter in a slot. That practice was abandoned in 1945. (At just about the same time, a lawyer friend of mine in New York who was confined to a wheelchair and worked at home next to a window abandoned his own method of circulating his correspondence; he had simply tossed his stamped envelopes out of the window, confident that in the New York of that era some passerby on the sidewalk below would pick them up and deposit them in a mailbox.)



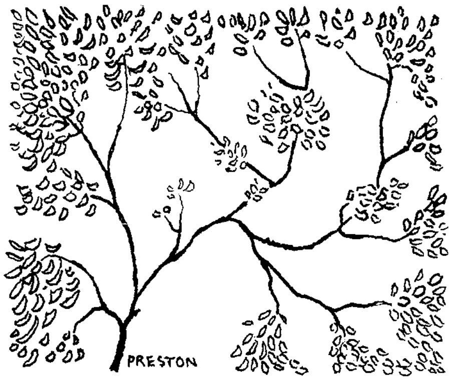
Times change. Knoxville has changed, too. In 1975, some civic boosters here decided that it would give their community a lift if they put on a World's Fair, the first such in the Southeast. Their original target date was 1980, but they ran into snags and switched to 1982. They acquired a run-down tract of downtown land abutting the big stadium—an area that had served mainly as a yard for the Louisville & Nashville Railroad. The dilapidated acreage was called Lower Second Creek Valley or, by local detractors, Stinky Creek. Knoxvilleans can take that sort of self-criticism in stride, but they will probably never forgive *The Wall Street Journal* for describing their town, in a story about the forthcoming fair which it ran at the end of 1980, as a "scruffy little city." They are perceptibly sensitive about outsiders' reactions to their turf. When I arrived at the fair for its May Day opening—it will run through October—the first native I encountered inside an entrance gate was a young woman who said, "Loosen up. You'll love Knoxville. We're a little slow, but we're comin' along." I began to tense up at once.

The theme of the fair is "Energy Turns the World," which was no doubt an estimable notion seven years ago. That many of the world's major concerns have since turned away from energy can scarcely be attributed to the exposition's progenitors; and surely they are to be commended for the vast amount of their own energy that has been lavished on the enterprise. Much of the city has been spruced up for the big show, a lamentably glaring exception being Knoxville's old City Hall, an 1848 structure with four stately Ionic columns across its façade, which overlooks the northeast section of the fairgrounds. The building stands empty, its paint flaking, its windows broken. "You'd think they might at least have prettied up the face of it," a parking-lot attendant across the street from the City Hall remarked to me. Most of the exhibitors at the fair have undertaken to observe the energy theme, and the visitor's eyes and ears are subjected to display after endless display of hydroelectric dams and wind-powered generators and natural-gas drilling rigs. There are any number of computers and television screens, and even solar-powered telephones. (One praiseworthy touch: Some of the information booths have television terminals specifically programmed to give information, by sound or picture, to the blind and the deaf.) For most Americans, though, computers and television have become routine—hardly the innovative, futuristic stuff that one anticipates at a World's Fair. Now, when the 1939-40 World's Fair in New York unveiled television, that was something. Today, what with television outlets in so many stores and banks and apartment-house lobbies, there can be few Americans for whom seeing their own face on a TV screen is not old hat; and, at the risk of sounding sexist, I am obliged to report that the majority of the women I espied peering at themselves on closed circuits at the Knoxville fair seemed less interested in the marvels of telecommunication than in adjusting their hairdos.

BY the time the Knoxville International Energy Exposition, to give it its formal appellation, has completed its six-month run, its sponsors hope they will have enticed eleven million visitors to the grounds. That averages out to about sixty thousand—one-third of the city's permanent population—every day. To the surprise, perhaps, of *The Wall Street Journal*, the little city had its big job very nearly completed when the gates opened for business, though there had inevitably been trying moments. For instance, a few spokes of a gargantuan Ferris wheel, which was manufactured in a Dutch city with the rather appropriate name of Vlodrop, slid off the deck of a ship that was transporting them across the Atlantic, and replacements had to be brought in hurriedly by air. (Foreigners seem to have a lock on making carnival rides: Knoxville has one called Der Wellenflug, and another dizzy attraction, which spins its passengers head over heels, has signs posted outside it instructing them to leave their crutches and umbrellas behind; these warnings are couched only in German and French.) Despite such minor problems, and the leaking, on opening day, of twenty gallons of wonton soup from the Chinese Pavilion's restaurant into the Egyptian Pavilion beneath it, the grounds were respectably shipshape by the time President Reagan showed up on May 1st, having skipped the concurrent Kentucky Derby to do so (Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker hails from Tennessee and was, of course, also present), to welcome the world to the fair, and also to dedicate the United States Pavilion. The chances are that, in paying his brief visit to that edifice, Mr. Reagan—whose Administration has eased the regulations about automobile emissions which previous Chief Executives had espoused—did not get to pause in front of a video console there that presents, over and over, a selection of earlier high-placed pronouncements: Richard Nixon issuing an anti-auto-emissions order, and Lyndon Johnson saying, back in the sixties, that by 1980 the country would have only one real choice—"Either we stop the poisoning in our air, or we become a nation in gas masks." President Reagan is known to have little use for Jimmy Carter's Department of Energy, so nobody should be surprised that the federal participation in this Energy Exposition, though by law it has to be under the aegis of the Department of Commerce, does not include the Energy Department except in a consultative role.

The day after the President arrived, with his Secretaries of Commerce and Agriculture, but not Energy, in tow (Commerce Secretary Malcolm Baldrige, permitted a few words at the opening ceremonies, referred to the exposition as "this expedition"), the Knoxville *News-Sentinel* ran a piece by its Washington correspondent, Richard Powelson, that was pointedly headlined "WORLD'S FAIR A PRODUCT OF BOTH REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS." The article reminded its readers that although Gerald Ford was the first to give the fledgling fair a White House blessing, it was during the Carter Administration that most of the federal funds—more than twenty million dollars, eventually, in direct grants, and far more than that in highway improvements and the like—had been allocated to the Knoxville extravaganza. The column may have been inspired by Mr. Reagan's having given a curiously partisan speech the day before—one that much of his audience seemed to find discomfiting. It was not just that he chose to rebuke the Democratic Party for all the ills the country is at present heir to—among them, he said, the Department of Energy, which he chided for never having produced a single drop of oil—but also the fact that there were on the dais with him both of Tennessee's United States senators, one of whom, Democrat James Sasser, told the crowd that, after the fair, "Knoxville will never be the same." Senator Sasser may never be, either, for when it came the President's turn to speak he extolled Tennessee's Republican solon and didn't mention the Democratic one at all. And also in the Presidential entourage (seated behind a bulletproof glass shield) were Governor Lamar Alexander of Tennessee, a Republican, and, directly alongside Mr. Reagan, Jake Butcher, a Knoxville banker, who is chairman of the corporation that is putting on the fair, and who ran unsuccessfully for governor, on the Democratic ticket, in 1978. The President saluted Alexander and snubbed Butcher. The most charitable interpretation some of the audience accorded this strikingly discriminatory performance was that just before Mr. Reagan got up to talk someone must have handed him a script that he'd had no chance to vet.

And then, of course, the President may have had more consequential things—the Falkland Islands, say—on his mind. At the opening, when the flags of the participating nations were solemnly raised, the loudest applause, to my perhaps partisan ear, went to Great Britain; Argentina is not present. The British exhibit, naturally, was planned long ago, and there is nothing truculent about it, unless one counts a bas-relief of a bulldog with a cigar in its mouth. It includes, not far from a pictorial rerun of the Charles-Diana nuptials, an energy exhibit showing how the Glengarioch Distillery, up in Scotland, has managed to fertilize tomatoes with waste heat and carbon dioxide spun off from whiskey-making.



That first morning, a Knoxville *Journal* editorial said, "It is fitting that the fair sits in the shadow of the Tennessee Valley Authority, whose experiences underline the virtual collapse of the dream houses of nuclear power as an answer to much of the world's energy problems." Mr. Reagan, who had some laudatory things to say about nuclear energy but not much about any other kind, did use the occasion to remark that Americans have been tapping the force of the Tennessee River for centuries. He did not, however, allude to the T.V.A., one of Franklin D. Roosevelt's greatest gifts to the nation, and the glue that has held Knoxville's economy together for nearly half a century. The T.V.A.'s own exhibit, on two barges moored in the Tennessee River at the southwest boundary of the fairgrounds, was not on the Presidential itinerary. There, along with the strains of "Happy Days Are Here Again," another Presidential voice can be heard, through an old-fashioned radio set (there was no television in 1932, though our grandchildren may find that hard to believe): F.D.R. assuring us that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself. The T.V.A.'s floating pavilions, which will be ferried upriver next year to celebrate the agency's semi-centennial, inform us proudly that its harnessing of the river's energy has made it possible for residential electric bills in the territory it serves to amount nowadays to forty-six dollars a month for the first thousand kilowatt-hours, compared with seventy-two dollars in Chicago, eighty-eight in Boston, and a hundred and nineteen in New York. At any World's Fair, it's wise to think about diverting children; one T.V.A. barge has some live otters frisking about in a tank and some plastic boats for kids to float over the spillway of a model dam.

The Tennessee Valley Authority is also involved in a large hall called America's Electric Energy Exhibit. One learns from a sign here—if it is early enough in the day so that one's own energy is not depleted to the point where one's attention wanders—that the T.V.A. is required by law to have its automotive fleet consist exclusively of electric and "hybrid" vehicles (those that use a combination of, say, electric and internal-combustion power) as soon as possible; there is no hint, though, of when it is expected that this worthy goal will be reached. Visitors to the fair have numerous opportunities to confide to computers and other contrivances how they feel about various aspects of energy. In the A.E.E.E. building, for example, one can feed into something called an Opinionmeter one's feelings about having a nuclear plant within five miles of one's home and about whether the federal government is capable of coping with nuclear problems in general. I shied away from that, in the interests of journalistic objectivity, but I did allow a machine sporting the colors of the American Nuclear Society—a pro-nuke outfit, I gathered—to calculate my Average Background Dose of radiation, on the basis of my answers to computer-asked questions about where I lived, had I had my teeth X-rayed, and so on. I came out with a 2.25 A.B.D., which was heartening, inasmuch as an A.B.D. of 5 is cited as the maximum tolerable annual dose for the general public. And at that I had been penalized a few tenths of a point for smoking. This building also shelters a battery of no-quarters-needed video games. (There are more, many hundreds more, in the amusement area of the fair, and though they're not free they are heavily patronized.) When a teacher shepherding a bunch of schoolchildren through the A.E.E.E. asked if they wouldn't like to quit their games long enough to take in an educational film that was about to be shown nearby, nobody even looked up. "Well, don't leave this place without letting me know," the teacher went on. There seemed little likelihood that any of her flock, given their heads, would budge before closing time.

Odyssey is the Official Video Game of the Knoxville fair; Stroh's is the Official Beer (though Budweiser is on hand by the barrelful, and is also represented by eight whopping Clydesdale horses, archly named Michelob Light, Six-Pack, and so forth); and Flav-O-Rich is the Official Ice Cream and Dairy Products Company (its parent company, Dairymen, has on display a revolutionary milk that it says doesn't have to be refrigerated until it's opened). There is an Official Coffee Filter, an Official Cash Register, and an Official Ambulance. Ford is the Official Car, even though most fair officials seem to tool around in Cadillacs. Beyond its title, Ford has little more to show for itself than, in a catchall building called the Technology and Lifestyle Center, an Alternative Fuel Vehicle—not to my knowledge yet in any dealer's showroom—which is hooked up to a methane gas compressor. A few yards away is another parked car, which at first glance I deduced runs on Gatorade. It turned out, disappointingly, to be merely Ol' Bertha, a stock racing car promoting that unofficial beverage. These exhibits are all jumbled up with one promoting the Shriners (whose energy pitch is that we should regulate the temperature of our children's bathwater and should let our lawnmower engines cool before we refuel them), one promoting the state of West Virginia (which features a mockup of a coal-mine tunnel that one can crawl through, though any members of the United Mine Workers on hand might find it amusing that the tunnel is carpeted), and one promoting the Churches of Christ ("God's Love Is Energy for Life"). There are quite a few religious shrines on the fairgrounds; after all, Knoxville is in the Bible Belt. (A billboard just outside the exposition area proclaims, "Jesus Is Lord Over This City.") At one of the fair's few bars, a barmaid told me she devoutly hoped that none of the parents of the children she teaches in Sunday School would stop by. She said she learned how to mix drinks in Montana. The only known untoward incident during the President's visit to the fair was the discovery—when a man said to be employed at the Baptist Ministries Pavilion went through a metal-detection booth—of a disassembled revolver in his bag. He said he'd forgotten that it was there. Perhaps because of the pervasiveness of fundamentalism, there is very little levity at this fair. One of the few surefire mirth-provokers is a peripatetic robot in the guise of a larger-than-life Heinz ketchup bottle. Heinz is the fair's Official Ketchup.

Dinah Shore, a native Tennessean, who served as mistress of ceremonies at the grand opening, drawled, "What you're goin' to see here is goin' to knock the socks off your feet." Well, not quite. This fair is not apt even to loosen your shoelaces. As a production, its major drawback is a lack of star performers. Where are the pavilions of the big multinational corporations? Where, for instance, considering that this is a spectacle consecrated to energy, is Exxon? Where is Mobil? General Motors? I.B.M.? A.T. & T.? Hardly any of the major American companies associated with energy have bothered to put in more than a token appearance. (Texaco, even though it has been designated the Official Gasoline, is represented chiefly by a newfangled service-station pump.) And to have a World's Fair without either a Coca-Cola or a Pepsi-Cola Pavilion seems almost un-American. The most ambitious building of any indigenous company is that of Federal Express, which has its headquarters in Memphis, and which nightly brightens the Knoxville sky with a glittering bombardment of multicolored laser beams.

Montreal's Expo in 1967 and Osaka's in 1970 were, by edict of the august Bureau International des Expositions, in Paris, Category I events. Knoxville's fair is in Category II. The principal difference is that at Category I fairs the participating nations design and pay for their own exhibition halls, while a Category II fair puts these up itself, and the countries are responsible merely for the interior displays and some exterior decoration—in the case of Australia, for instance, paintings of frolicking kangaroos. At Knoxville, the foreign pavilions consist of squat steel boxes; the imaginative architecture that one looks forward to at World's Fairs is sadly lacking. Two of the more beguiling structures on the grounds, as it happens, are Victorian-style ones that were built in Lower Second Creek Valley around the turn of the century and have been refurbished—a onetime Louisville & Nashville Railroad station and a onetime candy factory. The new, $12.4 million United States Pavilion, a slope-sided six-story pile whose main distinction is that it is in small part solar-heated and solar-cooled, looks like a factory that was designed by the factory owner's son-in-law. The theme building of the fair, a two-hundred-and-sixty-six-foot tower called the Sunsphere, has been accurately likened by a number of critics to a giant golf ball on a tee.

Montreal had sixty-two foreign nations, Osaka seventy-seven. Knoxville never aspired to so grand a turnout, but it hoped to do better than it did: twenty-two countries, if you stretch a point and count separately all those belonging to the European Economic Community. In an attempt to broaden the fair's geographical spread, various souvenir stalls have been named after Morocco, Pakistan, India, Brazil, Scandinavia, and Hawaii. (Only six states besides Tennessee are participating; conspicuously absent—at an energy fair—is Texas, but Texans may have reasoned, plausibly, that there are parts of Houston alone which could pass as a first-rate fair.) The Soviet Union had indicated at one time that it would occupy a pavilion, but after the United States bowed out of the 1980 Moscow Olympics Russia backed off. The big building that it was to have used has been divided between South Korea and Saudi Arabia, which is the only OPEC nation on the premises. Its exhibition space features, along with an illustration and a model of what is billed as the world's largest solar-powered photovoltaic system, a five-by-eight-foot replica of the Great Mosque at Mecca, which I suppose is impressive if one has never been to Mecca or hasn't previously looked at a far more striking miniature, of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey circus, arrayed under canvas, in the Technology and Lifestyle Center. A Saudi Arabian man in a long white caftan handed me a brochure proclaiming on its cover, "Science: The Islamic Legacy," but before I could pursue the point he was distracted by a young Tennessee blonde in very brief shorts sashaying right up to the edge of the Great Mosque. I thought for an instant that he was going to order her ejected.

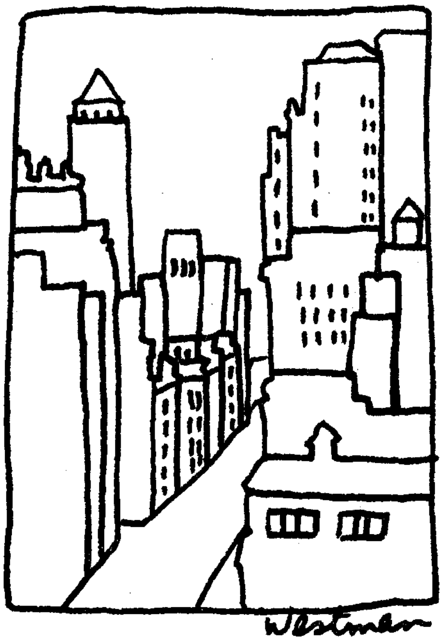
The only Eastern-bloc European nation at Knoxville (how nostalgically do we recall the lively, lovely Czechoslovakian exhibits at bygone World's Fairs!) is Hungary, which occupies half a pavilion, and which is pleased to display, in bold contrast to miniaturization, an oversized Rubik's Cube; Ernő Rubik is Hungarian. The big cube cannot be fully rotated, though; it has only three moving parts. Hungary has its own slant on energy. Under the slogan "Hungarian Creative Energy for the World," it shows photographs of some of the renowned artists it has nurtured—Béla Bartók, Marcel Breuer, Victor Vasarely, and a cast of motion-picture luminaries like Paul Lukas, Vilma Banky, and the Korda brothers. The Gabor sisters, unless I missed them, have been overlooked. The other half of the building housing Hungary is vacant. Its tenant was to have been Panama, but Panama was a no-show. The only South American country to turn up (where is oil-rich Venezuela?) was Peru, and Peru was a last-minute entry. Jake Butcher wanted *somebody* from that part of the globe, and ten weeks before the fair opened he appealed to Jorge Boza, Jr., a Florida-based Peruvian entrepreneur with whom he had a friendly business relationship. In almost no time, Boza managed to rustle up a collection of old gold objects from the Oro del Peru Museum, in Lima, and have them rushed to the fair—at which Boza's fast-food chain, Natural Eats, was also given some space. The gold objects' bearing on the fair's central theme, one is told, is that the treasures were all dedicated by their makers to the Sun God; in any event, as Hungary has also reminded us, a good deal of energy has to be expended to create any work of art.

Like Peru, Egypt chose to put on a show made up almost entirely of museum antiquities. Shortly before opening day, the fair's hierarchy became sheepishly aware that, aside from Egypt, it had no representation at all (where was oil-rich Nigeria?) from the continent of Africa. (Not that it hadn't tried; one official spent a month over there striving to drum up trade.) It was a situation even more vexing than the South American one: of Tennessee's four million six hundred thousand residents, more than seven hundred thousand are black. This time, the fair officials turned to an exhibition planner from New York named Leonard Levitan, who had designed the exhibits for the Afro-American Historical and Cultural Museum, in Philadelphia; and they set aside a tiny area in Technology and Lifestyle for something called "African American." The fair couldn't find any corporation that would assume the whole sponsorship of such a show; Exxon, for instance, which wrote off a billion or so dollars the other day when it concluded that there wasn't much of an energy future in shale oil, said that it had no funds available. Levitan's exhibit did get some help from a couple of other companies; Anheuser-Busch, for instance, lent it ten portraits of African kings by black American artists. In two weeks, with the fair ultimately footing most of the bill, Levitan arranged to have a slide show put together. It has a script written by Cliff Mason and narrated by James Earl Jones, which advises us that Africans bequeathed to the world, inter alia, engineering, mathematics, and medicine, and "have given more than any other people to make this country great." As for the repository of "black, bold, and beautiful energy," Jones intones, "how often has he found himself on the breadline, displaced by the very progress he made possible? . . . He is the black African-American, the original energy source."

As far as foreign involvement is concerned, the Knoxville fair has ended up being dominated by East Asia—Japan, South Korea, the Philippines, and China. Japan, which is planning an Expo '85 at Tsukuba (*its* theme is to be "Science and Technology for Man at Home"), offers a model of an oil tanker with huge auxiliary sails; a map of the earth with, flatteringly, only two spots identified, Tokyo and Knoxville; and, among several robots, one that has been programmed to paint a fish, a bird, the sun, the moon, and the English word "energy." Engagingly, this robot leans back from time to time, in realistic human fashion, to examine its work in progress; it also realistically drips paint on the floor. It has a repertoire of only eight subjects, to be sure, but that's not to be sneezed at; I know one highly thought-of flesh-and-blood painter who does nothing but clouds. Along with the inevitable photographs and models of energy projects that make the spectator's eyes glaze over (mine popped slightly when I was informed at the Philippine Pavilion that by 1985 that country will outstrip the United States in the use of steam heat from the earth's core; I hadn't even realized we were competing), there is a machine, offered by Korea, that, like its Chinese-cookie cousins, dispenses slips of paper with fortunes printed on them. Mine went, "You will have a serious argument with a man, but shortly thereafter he will become your good friend." I had no stomach for any such confrontation, even though it was destined to come out all right, so I sneaked back in line and was rewarded with "You will come into an unexpected inheritance in 1982. This year your name will appear in print as a result of a meritorious achievement." Much better.

THE pavilion of the People's Republic of China was hands-down the most popular during the exposition's first week. China, which hadn't graced anybody's World's Fair since 1904, at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, in St. Louis, is Knoxville's prize catch. It wasn't easy to land. The P.R.C. dillied and dallied, and not until last October—perhaps coincidentally, after the Soviet Union had pulled out—did it consent to come to the party. Even then, China successfully demanded all sorts of concessions, most of them monetary; and when no American corporation would volunteer to pick up that tab, the fair itself did, with some help from the Chemical Bank. Unfortunately, the Chinese Pavilion, though it has made due obeisance to energy (outside its main entrance is an "air bag type of solar cooker with negative pressure," which, however it works, will probably never replace the wok), resembles nothing more or less than a department store. On display, and in many instances also for sale, are ceramics, glassware, rugs, jewelry, dress goods, dolls, postage stamps, corn-husk floor mats (one of these, presumably for Western-world export, has "Happy" written on it), drawings of pandas, and sneakers. Definitely not for sale are a terra-cotta horse and two terra-cotta warriors from the celebrated archeological dig at Xian. Nor is there a price tag on what has been trumpeted as the premier drawing card of this pavilion—a piece of the Great Wall of China. This consists of twenty large bricks in a nondescript pile. Though I have no reason to doubt their genuineness, I couldn't help reflecting that, unlike nearly every part of the Wall I've seen close up in China, none of these bricks have graffiti on them. There is no questioning the provenance of a live artist at the Chinese Pavilion. He specializes in painting portraits *inside* narrow-necked glass snuff bottles, and he performs this legerdemain before your eyes. Whatever it may signify about international relations, at the moment of my last visit to his atelier he had two finished likenesses of eminent Americans in front of him: George Washington and Henry Kissinger.

With a total expanse of only seventy-two acres—Osaka had eight hundred and fifteen, Montreal a thousand—Knoxville's fair can be quite thoroughly traversed in a single long day's march. Even so, one does like occasionally to rest one's legs, and it may be that a lot of the movies and slide shows scattered about are attended in large part by people grateful for a chance to shift their weight. (A woman at an amusement-area booth offered, for a modest fee, to guess my weight within two years or my age within two pounds; *she* certainly needed a respite.) Control Data, another Technology and Lifestyle tenant, forthrightly touts its film offering, which is projected onto a screen divided into ninety-six squares (multiple screens abound, as they abounded in Montreal fifteen years ago, when they were a novelty), by telling passersby, "You can get off your feet for eight minutes." Be sure to sit in the second of Control Data's two rows of benches; the front row has no backs. (Offscreen, Control Data has a computer game with the peculiar, if commendably nonsexist, name of Hangperson.) Mexico has a fast-paced movie, with conventional World's Fair-type scenes—mountains, flowers, waves, wheat fields, smiling children, factories, trucks, tractors, traffic jams—which are projected onto more screens than I could count, but you have to watch it standing up. The United States has a sixty-nine-foot-tall movie screen, with nine mammoth identical images sometimes projected onto it simultaneously, so that you can gape at nine sun-size eggs sizzling all at once in a frying pan, and thirty-six enormous slabs of toast leaping in unison from nine toasters. This film, entitled "Energy! Energy!," was made by Francis Thompson, who is clearly attracted both to World's Fairs and to exclamation points: he co-produced "To Be Alive!" for the 1964-65 exposition in New York and "We Are Young!" for Montreal. The seats in the United States theatre are narrow and uncomfortable, with bare-metal backrests.



All the chairs at the Baptist Ministries Pavilion—which periodically puts on live entertainment in, for instance, the decorous form of Gospel singers—have backs, but they are not padded. At Expo 67, one of the most widely appreciated features was an Australian lounge with two hundred and forty comfortable chairs. Downstairs in the Australian Pavilion at Knoxville, there are a mere fifteen chairs, but they are upholstered and have both backs and arms. The literal sleeper at the fair may be a small Technology and Lifestyle oasis manned by the Niagara Therapy Manufacturing Corporation, a Pennsylvania concern that makes vibrating chairs. Niagara has graciously brought eighteen of these to Tennessee, and if you pretend to be interested in buying one you will be treated to a relaxing demonstration. (Nearby, the Seventh-Day Adventists will, for a dollar, furnish you with a Computer Health Appraisal. Having already achieved a satisfactory A.B.D., I decided not to squander any of my Skinny Dippers money on that. Skinny Dippers are the latest potato delicacy hereabouts.) Knoxville, I'm told, can be wickedly humid in midsummer; the saying goes that if you stick your leather boots under your bed at night they'll be mildewed white by morning. From now on, accordingly, smart fairgoers, before they drop in at Niagara, would be well advised to stop off at Korea and pick up one of the delicate red-blue-and-yellow fans being distributed there, gratis. Lying in a pulsating chair, personal energy output reduced to waving a fan, could prove to be as stimulating an experience as any fairgoer could hope to have here.

—E. J. KAHN, JR.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

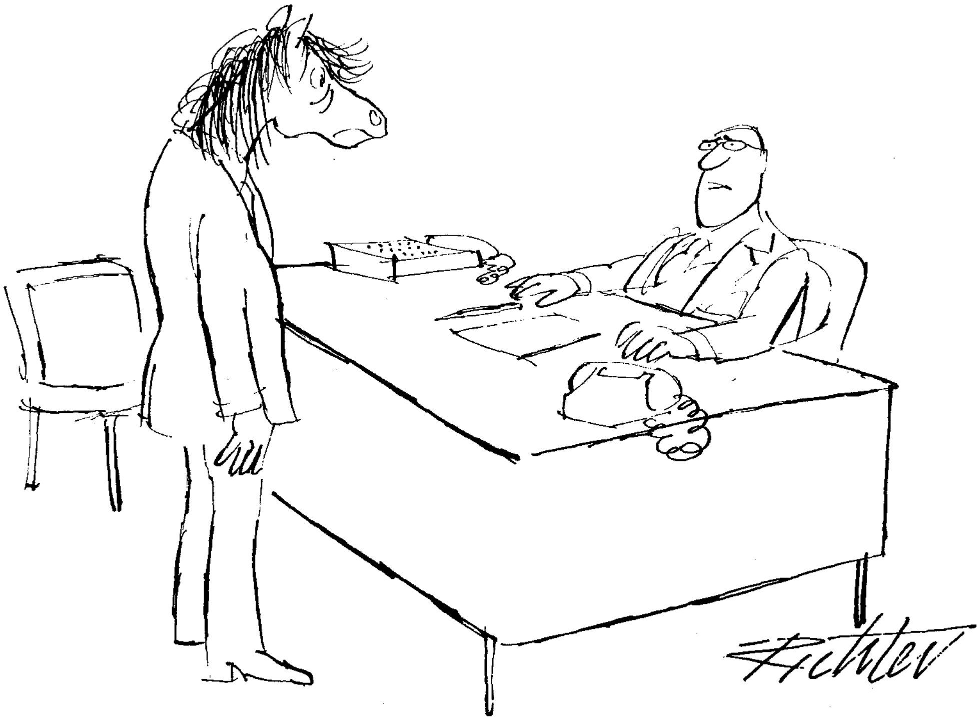
Fighters

ROGER DONALDSON'S "Smash Palace" is an amazingly accomplished movie to have come out of New Zealand. It's only Donaldson's second feature film, and his first, the 1977 "Sleeping Dogs," which opened here a few months ago, was also the first movie to be produced in New Zealand in fifteen years. "Smash Palace" (a wonderfully apt title) is a variant of the "separating" movies that have recently been made in this country, but with a more basic male-female conflict. Al Shaw (Bruno Lawrence) is a man's man—a racing-car driver, who met his French-born wife, Jacqui (Anna Jemison), eight years ago, when he was on the European circuit. But soon afterward his father died in New Zealand, and he went home, accompanied by Jacqui, then pregnant, to sell his father's wrecking-yard business, the Smash Palace; instead, he settled into the vast yard—it stretches over acres in an isolated area near a railroad crossing. Except for the pleasure he takes in watching his daughter, Georgie, scooting around in miniature cars, he lives like a single man, puttering with motors, burning up the country roads in the Grand-Prix Formula One Racer he's restoring, and drinking beer with his pals. He has slipped into a male dream existence; he has everything just the way he likes it, except that Jacqui keeps expressing her dissatisfaction. And, up to a point, that's all right, too—her complaining confirms his male way of life.

Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison embody this conflict to an uncanny degree: Al is virile, likable, growing bald—he's flesh-and-blood; Jacqui is fine-boned and fastidious. Everything about her is lovely and precise, and it seems exactly right that when she leaves Al she takes a job teaching French. They're the kind of mismatch that isn't apparent during courtship, or even during the first years of marriage; he must have been a dashing daredevil and she glowing, delicate, and seemingly soft. But to anyone looking at them now it's clear that he belongs in this remote corner of New Zealand and she doesn't. In a virtuoso sustained sequence, they charge through the house arguing and hitting each other while Georgie, in her bedroom, tries to blot the sounds out of her consciousness, rhythmically sucking her thumb and rubbing her nose with one hand and snapping a flashlight on and off with the other, and then escaping—she climbs out of her window and huddles with the family dog in the cab of Al's pickup truck. By then, the fighting has entered a different phase, with Al, aroused, pulling off Jacqui's clothes and having a go at her. It's the kind of angry sex that ends an argument but resolves nothing and tends to make a woman furious, because of her feeling that the man's superior strength and his potency are his answer to everything. As Al and Jacqui lie together afterward, exhausted, she tells him what we already know—that she's leaving him. The full force of the scene comes in his not replying.

Donaldson trusts his material; he doesn't force the situations into conventional dramatic revelations. The silences are as expressive as the dialogue, and a great deal of what the movie is about comes across in quick shots of Georgie's face. She's the battleground. Jacqui takes the child with her, of course, and though she knows that the one thing Al loves more than cars is Georgie, she views his attempts to be with the child as irresponsible and obtains a non-molestation order. Georgie is close to her mother, but she has a special rapport with Al—they can't help smiling when they look at each other, they get high on each other. Al goes a little crazy when Jacqui, who now has the upper hand, coolly and self-righteously deprives him of the child.

The movie is like those Warners pictures of the thirties that took their stories from the headlines in the tabloids; it originated in a news item about a child in a gun siege. But after we've come to know Al and Jacqui, what happens seems to flow naturally from their particular blindnesses. Donaldson wrote the script, with Peter Hansard and Bruno Lawrence (who was well known in New Zealand as a jazz and rock musician—he had his own group—long before he took up acting), and the film is conceived with a freshness and depth that you didn't get from the Warners pictures. Jacqui goes to a back-country party, where the raw faces tell life stories that don't connect with hers; there's a scene of Georgie twirling and unbraiding one of her pigtails as she stares fixedly at a TV set, watching all alone as her father wins a race; there's a memorable—desperate—birthday celebration, with party hats made from folded newspaper. And all of it is something to look at. Donaldson, who was born in Australia in 1945, worked as a still photographer before he went into making TV commercials and earned the money to try his first short films; he had several years of directing movies and shows for television before he



"I'm sorry, Harrison, but we're putting you out to pasture."

tackled “Sleeping Dogs.” His intensive experience helps to explain how he could shoot “Smash Palace” in six weeks. It’s beautifully photographed, with no empty pictorialism—no pretty pictures for their own sake. The New Zealand light seems different from ours, and the landscapes (the brush and the cluttered, junglelike bush and the steep mountains) are unfamiliar; we’re seeing a different part of the world, with a different sort of color, but every frame serves the story. And the partly electronic score has a spare, percussive elegance that points up the desolation of the characters in the open, undeveloped countryside. Donaldson has the kind of neo-neo-realist technique that a viewer is unconscious of; he doesn’t tip us to how we’re supposed to feel, and he gets us in deep. He himself disappears into the story. Even the easy, dry wit seems to belong to the material, along with the summery light. It’s a remarkable piece of work, and the handling of the little girl (Greer Robson) who plays the seven-year-old Georgie is beyond praise.

This is the sort of movie that engages some of us so fully that it becomes a personal affront if someone says, “Who needs it?” Yet that is exactly the response that some people are bound to have to it, because it’s short on the type of entertainment values that they want when they go to the movies. “Smash Palace” represents a high point of a certain kind of realism which these people don’t respond to, because they feel it’s too much like life. An artist friend I recommended it to was angry at me afterward, and said, “I see it going on all the time; I don’t need to see it on the screen.” I don’t really know how to answer this; maybe there is no answer to people who feel this way—certainly no answer that would change their perceptions. But I think that “Smash Palace” shows us far more than we see going on all the time. It’s true that the surface seems almost documentary and that the people are believably real and not unusual, but every detail has been selected to reveal just what we might not perceive if we knew them casually. Everything has been selected to indicate their capacities for cruelty and self-destructiveness, for comedy and tragedy. We literally see an affable, intelligent man driven mad. And not mad in the funny, cuckoo sense but mad in the obsessed way that so many people seem to go during the process of separating. There’s a rigorous fidelity to modern experience in this movie, and it’s not what you’d see if you lived next door to these people, because, with Donaldson’s help, Bruno Lawrence makes Al’s emotions transparent. Even when he’s deranged—which is when he’s convinced that he has resolved his festering conflicts and become logical and he sets out on a carefully planned course of action—we read his thoughts. Though the characters don’t have the dimensions or the self-awareness of the couple in “Shoot the Moon,” and though the story is simpler and the tone completely different, a few of the incidents in the two movies are startlingly similar. The rage of fathers deprived of their children—something that few men experienced in the past—is no doubt a key madness of our age.

IT may not be sufficient reason for adults whose kids don’t talk them into it to go see “Annie,” but as the head of the New York City orphanage where Annie lives till the age of ten Carol Burnett is at her most exuberantly macabre. As Miss Hannigan, who hates little girls and loathes her job, she takes off into some other dimension, and maybe she meets Angela Lansbury there. They both have a talent for playing old bats and wearing clothes that are unsuited to any imaginable occasion yet seem howlingly right on them. As Hannigan, Burnett is unleashed—she’s wild (the way she has sometimes been on TV). Breathing out a dirty-minded, ironic sort of wrath, as if it were smoke from a dragon’s nostrils, she charges into the orphans’ dormitory accusingly—“Did I hear singing in here?” If the director, John Huston, did nothing else for the movie (and he doesn’t seem to have done much else), he made a contribution by the three words he is reported to have said to her when she was having trouble getting a handle on the role: “Play it soused.” She makes Hannigan a glorious man-hungry sot. (At times, she’s a bit like Gwen Verdon in “Damn Yankees” gone over the edge and down a few cliffs.) In an alcoholic stupor throughout, Hannigan has inflections that spin around and make her the butt of her own sarcasm. There’s dementia in her when she’s wriggling at men seductively. Pie-eyed, in ruffles and gathers and a long red necklace that beats a tattoo on her belly, she’s both hag and trollop—a fit mate for W. C. Fields’ Egbert Sousé up there in pickled heaven.

The comic strip “Little Orphan Annie” was once the most popular strip in American funny papers. The child-Cinderella story of the orphan who in 1933, during the Depression, is taken for a week into the home of the billionaire Daddy Warbucks and proceeds to spread sunshine and to inspire President Roosevelt to create the New Deal cries out for a cockeyed fairy-tale tone. But the movie has the feel of a manufactured romp, and Annie (Aileen Quinn), a ten-year-old with a heart-shaped face and brass lungs, bawls out “Tomorrow” regularly, on schedule. The child is almost frighteningly assured; she’s a little freckled, red-haired engine, designed to be cheerful, inspirational, and spunky—a fearless toughie who uses her fists on any boys who mistreat animals. Aileen Quinn has a pleasant enough voice when she does a more subdued reprise of “Tomorrow” at the White House, yet even in her restrained song, “Maybe,” when her voice is at its softest and most musical, she’s too professional a Broadway babe; there’s nothing spontaneous or touching about her. All the little orphans seem to have been trained by Ethel Merman; they belt in unison. And when they dance it’s showy leaping about, and the editing breaks it up, making it more hectic. Annie arrives at Daddy Warbucks’ mansion, and his household staff dances; the cutting is so choppy that the pump-and-tumble dancing—arms like pistons, and stomping feet—turns into commotion.

Most of the things that are the matter with the movie started with the purchase of the rights to the stage musical for the record-shattering price of nine and a half million dollars (about a third of it deferred). From that point on, the picture had to be thought of as a musical that would draw enormous audiences, and any chance for a film that might have had a goofy lyrical quality—might have floated—disappeared. The producer, Ray Stark, believed that the story should be given a grounding in reality, and hired Carol Sobieski to write a script that would make the characters more real. That turns out to mean timeworn, adorable show-business types of real people—even the kids seem to have white whiskers. And the story isn’t developed; for example, we never actually see Annie charm Daddy

Warbucks. Stark hired Arlene Phillips ("Can't Stop the Music") to do the choreography—not, perhaps, the best choice for comic, folkloric invention. Every sequence seems to be trying too hard to be upbeat and irresistible, and it's all ungainly. Has there ever been a lyricist as maladroit as Martin Charnin? The songs come out sounding incoherent.

Children from about four to about eleven will probably enjoy the picture—how often do they get to see a musical that features a little girl conquering all? Annie even serves as matchmaker between Daddy (a smooth, amused performance by Albert Finney, who models his manner of speech on Huston's awesome velvet growl) and his personal secretary, Grace (Ann Reinking), thus fulfilling a child's fantasy of selecting its own parents. Grace has been made pure and perfect—she seems more nursie than secretary. This is a waste of Reinking, a dancing bonfire with a low, lusty speaking voice, who, as she showed in "Movie Movie" and "All That Jazz," has the kind of presence that carries a thrilling jolt. (She has something like what Barrie Chase had in her television specials with Fred Astaire, when she seemed to give the atmosphere an electric charge that rejuvenated Astaire.) Still, it's better to see Ann Reinking playing prim and dancing to square choreography than not to see her at all. Other performers get less of a chance than she does: Tim Curry, who plays Carol Burnett's bunco-artist brother, Rooster, has a great slimy look and matches up well with her physically but has little to do, and Bernadette Peters, as Rooster's hooker girlfriend, has even less. One little trouper, Toni Ann Gisondi, with dark bangs and big cheeks, who plays the dimply youngest orphan, Molly, is a real scene-stealer, though, and the cameraman and the director must have fallen in love with her eagerness to perform. (At one point, I was reminded of the famous gag in Woody Allen's "Bananas"—two Christs on their crosses quarrelling over a parking place. Aileen Quinn and the little Gisondi are like two competing Shirley Temples.) The other group that may love the movie is the fetishists. It features little-girl panties and big-girl panties.

What you don't feel in this movie is that Huston was having a good time. Even with its feeble melodramatic script and in its own terms, it has frequent possibilities that he doesn't

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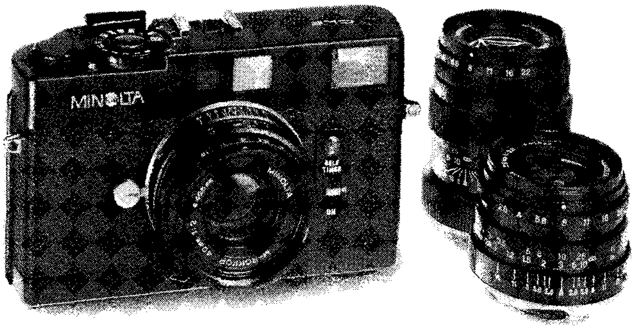

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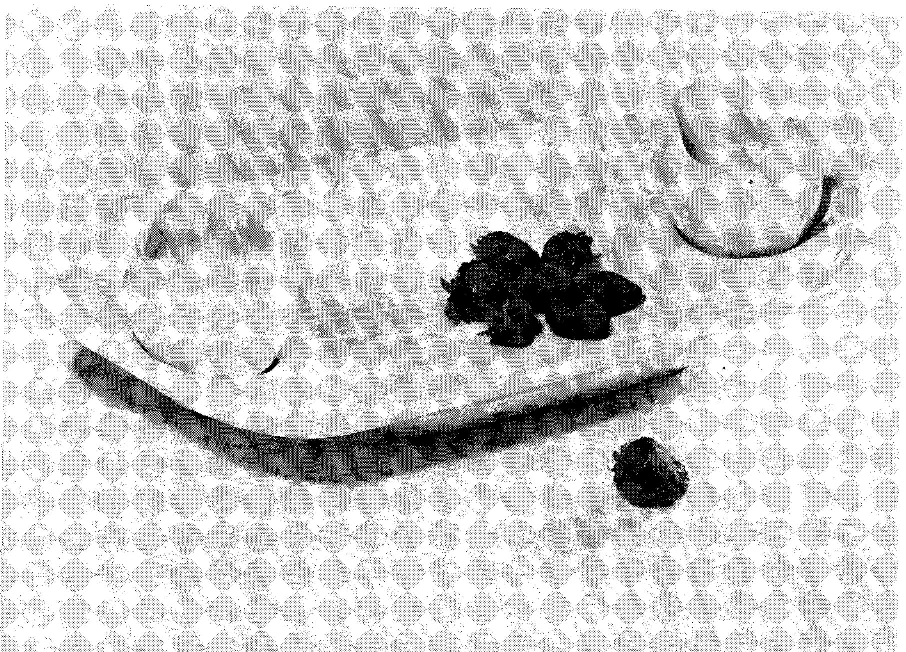

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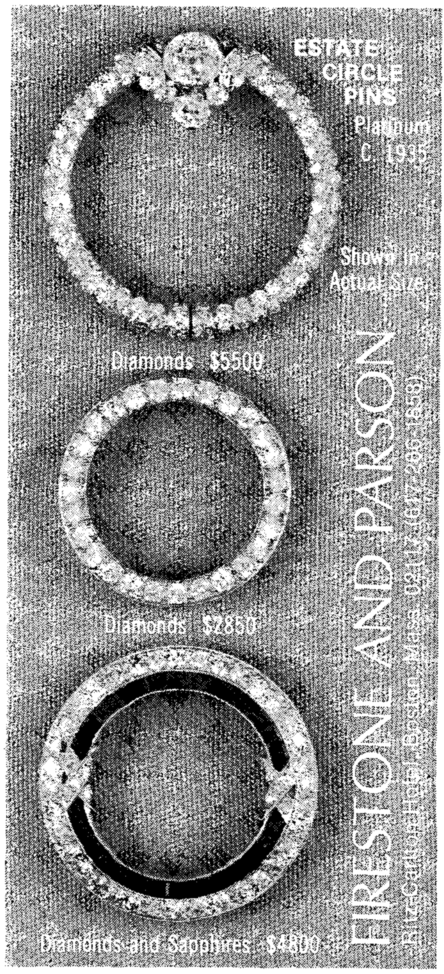

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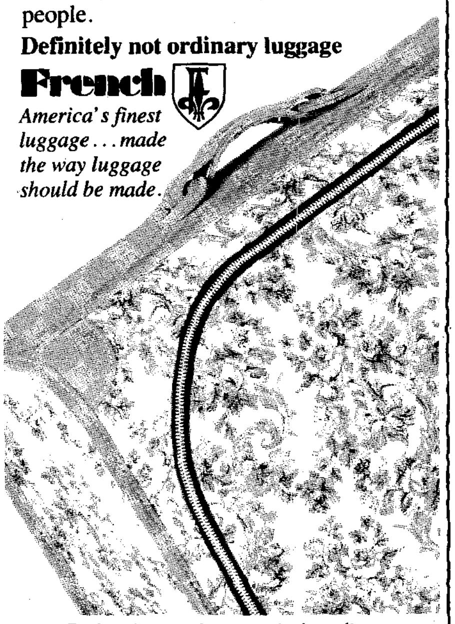

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seize. For example, when Grace goes to the orphanage to pick out a child to take to the Warbucks establishment we never see the moment when her eyes connect with Annie's and she knows that this is the one she wants. A parody of a thirties radio show is too awkward to be funny. And when Daddy Warbucks buys out Radio City Music Hall so he can take Annie to the movies for the first time, he sits there watching Garbo and Robert Taylor in "Camille" with Grace and Annie and Annie's dog, Sandy, and we see Daddy enjoying the movie and Grace weeping and Annie dozing, but we don't see how Sandy reacts. Of course, it would be corny if he were whimpering, but if the moviemakers had foxed us by showing him doing something that took us by surprise and made us laugh, that needn't have been so corny. Skipping over Sandy leaves a gap. The production must have become such a cumbersome nightmare that the brushwork and the details were never worked out. There are puzzling lapses in judgment. Did the Warbucks house have to be so cold and ugly? There's nothing there that would delight a child—you almost expect Annie to say "Let me out of here." And though it doesn't really matter that "Camille" didn't play the Music Hall—it wasn't considered family entertainment—and didn't come out until 1937, was it necessary to crop the top and bottom and show it in wide screen? As it turns out, it's dangerous to insert a soft-spoken clip like this; the audience may not want to get back to the noisy, Disneyish cavorting and the big numbers that are as abrasive to listen to as the finales of miked Broadway musicals. The picture uses the same Dolby and six-track system as "Apocalypse Now," and it sounds like "Apocalypse Now."

SINCE "Rocky II" was a reprise of "Rocky," you may wonder what is left for "Rocky III." Even to ask yourself that suggests an inability to comprehend the shamelessness about repetition and about everything else that made "II" a hit and will very likely make "III" another hit. There are people in the audience who cheer when they're "emotionally clobbered." That's the term that the TV host Phil Donahue used when he was congratulating Sylvester Stallone; Donahue reported enthusiastically that his tough-producer brother-in-law had been emotionally clobbered by the film—and that's just what Stallone as writer, director, and star is trying to do to you. The picture goes beyond wretched excess. Whatever oddball charm and silliness the first movie had is long gone. "Rocky III" starts with the hyped climax of "II" and then just keeps going on that level; it's packaged hysteria. The saintly-sweet Rocky has no greed, no lust, and no mean impulses; he's all heart, and he keeps taking punishment, his face turning into hamburger. He does it either for charity or to prove to himself that he's a real champion. Early in the picture, he gets into the ring with a gigantic and murderous wrestler who's built like a buffalo, but the main challenger he has to fight is Clubber Lang (played by an actor called Mr. T), a vicious brute with a sci-fi Mohawk haircut. Clubber is black, but he's such a disgrace to black people that Rocky's old adversary Apollo Creed (Carl Weathers), who lost the title to Rocky in "II," trains Rocky for the fight against Clubber. (Weathers, whose physique makes Rocky look like a lump, gives a sensible, unaffected performance.)

Stallone doesn't know a lot about dramatic construction, but he knows how to keep the emotional pressure on the audience; the movie really works you over. You're pummelled by the noise and the rock music and the images of bodies being whammed. The pace is accelerated by a crude, hustling shorthand—montages of Rocky in the ring defending his title against a series of contenders, Rocky doing commercials, Rocky with his family, Rocky's training intercut with Clubber's training, and so on. The first "Rocky" was primitive in a relatively innocent way. This picture is primitive, but it's also shrewd and empty and inept. Backstage before Rocky's world-championship fight with Clubber, the brute hits Rocky's old trainer, Mickey (Burgess Meredith), causing him to have a heart attack, and there's no doctor around. (Don't world champions have their own doctors in attendance, and don't there *have* to be two doctors at ringside, by law?) So Rocky goes into the ring upset and unable to concentrate on the fight; you'd think he'd want to kill Clubber, but no, he just wants to be at Mickey's side. Throughout the match, Rocky's wife, Adrian (Talia Shire), and the other people backstage vaguely fret about getting an ambulance, but they seem paralyzed. Finally, a doctor shows up, and when the fight is over he says to Rocky, "Time is important. We must get him to a hospital immediately." That leads to more fretting, and Mickey, still backstage, expires, with Rocky blubbering over the corpse.

Stallone must see the clean-living Rocky as the nation's great example to youth. Rocky attends a ceremony in his native city, Philadelphia, where a statue of him in boxing trunks and gloves is unveiled, as a tribute to "the Indomitable Spirit of Man"—and he realizes he must live up to it. He's also an ecumenical figure. He and the black Apollo become like brothers. And Mickey has a Jewish funeral service; his having been Jewish is certainly a surprise to the audience (and would surprise Mickey even more, because in the first two pictures he thought he was Irish). But the camera fastens on what's important: how deeply moved Rocky is by the loss of his Jewish friend. This movie features Rocky having a dark night of the soul. You wait for him to get his head screwed on right, so he can win. Stallone sticks to formula, and you can see all the moves coming, but the enthusiasts in the audience—and they appeared to be in a majority—didn't seem to mind. They accepted this horrible masochistic pap as if it were a highly entertaining ritual; they appeared to enjoy the puling sincerity and the taking of physical punishment. Blubber and Clubber. Rocky's brother-in-law, Paulie (Burt Young), makes a pro-forma appearance near the start (it's like an opening number): he recapitulates his jealousy of Rocky; then Rocky gives him sound advice (including an admonition against the use of the swearword "hell"), and he straightens out. And from time to time the loving Adrian is displayed; she's an icon, so heavily made up she looks like a wax prop. After a few more of these movies, will the cheering audiences get the same glazed look?

—Pauline Kael

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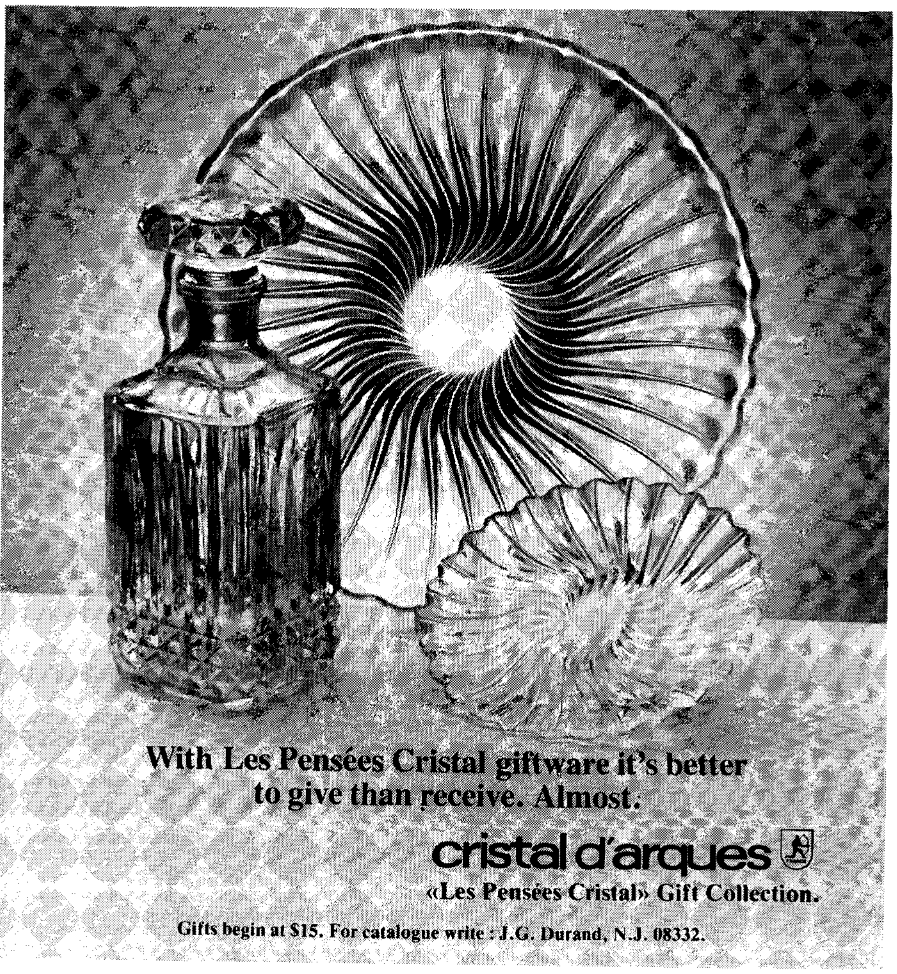
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MUSICAL EVENTS

Athenian Pursuit

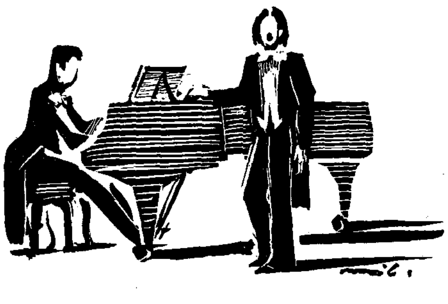
THIS is a roundup of some contemporary-music concerts—notes on a few of the new or newish compositions I heard during the latter part of the season. The fare was rich and varied. No general conclusions emerge. The recurrent name is Schoenberg: the influence of that powerful mind and that vigorous music remains strong.

THE players of the Emmanuel Wind Quintet—named for Emmanuel Church in Boston and its busy music program—came together six years ago to perform Schoenberg's Wind Quintet. Last year, the Emmanuel won a Naumburg Award, and its Naumburg concert this year, in Alice Tully Hall, opened with the Schoenberg—an important, arresting, but ungainly composition. The ungainliness lies in the sound. The substance of the Quintet—Schoenberg's first large essay in filling classical forms with twelve-note music—is enthralling. Its four movements are shapely. The themes, as John Harbison wrote in the program note, "are always clear, sometimes immediately attractive." But the writing for the instruments is ruthless. Arnold Whittall, in the BBC Music Guide on Schoenberg's chamber music, calls the Quintet "an impressive and often entertaining achievement, full of ideas about how serial technique may be explored, but not a completely satisfying musical experience." What looks lucid and graceful on the page becomes lumpy in performance. The piece proves intractable even in as finely pointed, carefully balanced, and spirited an account as that of the Emmanuel, whose members are as cogent and accomplished champions as one could hope to hear.

Two Naumburg commissions followed: Fred Lerdahl's "Episodes and Refrains," given its first performance, and Harbison's Wind Quintet. The Harbison, composed in 1978 for the Aulos Wind Quintet, a Naumburg winner that year, has achieved some popularity (and a fine CRI recording, by the Aulos)—deservedly, for it is both engaging and poetic. Since flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, and bassoon are not, Harbison wrote, "a naturally felicitous combination of instruments, such as a string quartet," he decided to work with mixtures of timbres rather than with counterpoints. Perhaps he had been listening to the busily contrapuntal Schoenberg; nothing could sound more natural and felicitous than the combination as Carl Nielsen used it in his idyllic Wind Quintet, of 1922 (composed two years before Schoenberg's). Nielsen, one is told, had been listening to the Copenhagen Wind Quintet rehearsing Mozart. (What Mozart? The quintet for piano and wind quartet? Did anyone write wind quintets before Reicha and Danzi, in the second decade of the nineteenth century?) In any event, Harbison's quintet, now romantic, now dapper, is closer both in temper and in timbres to Nielsen's than to Schoenberg's. Lasting about twenty-two minutes, it is, in effect, a five-movement suite, none of whose movements outstay their welcome. An admiration for Stravinsky, salutary and unconcealed, mingles with a lissomeness most easily, if loosely, described as "French." In the finale, a perky tune is launched from a paraphrase of the start of "Siegfried." Both the ideas and the sounds are winning.

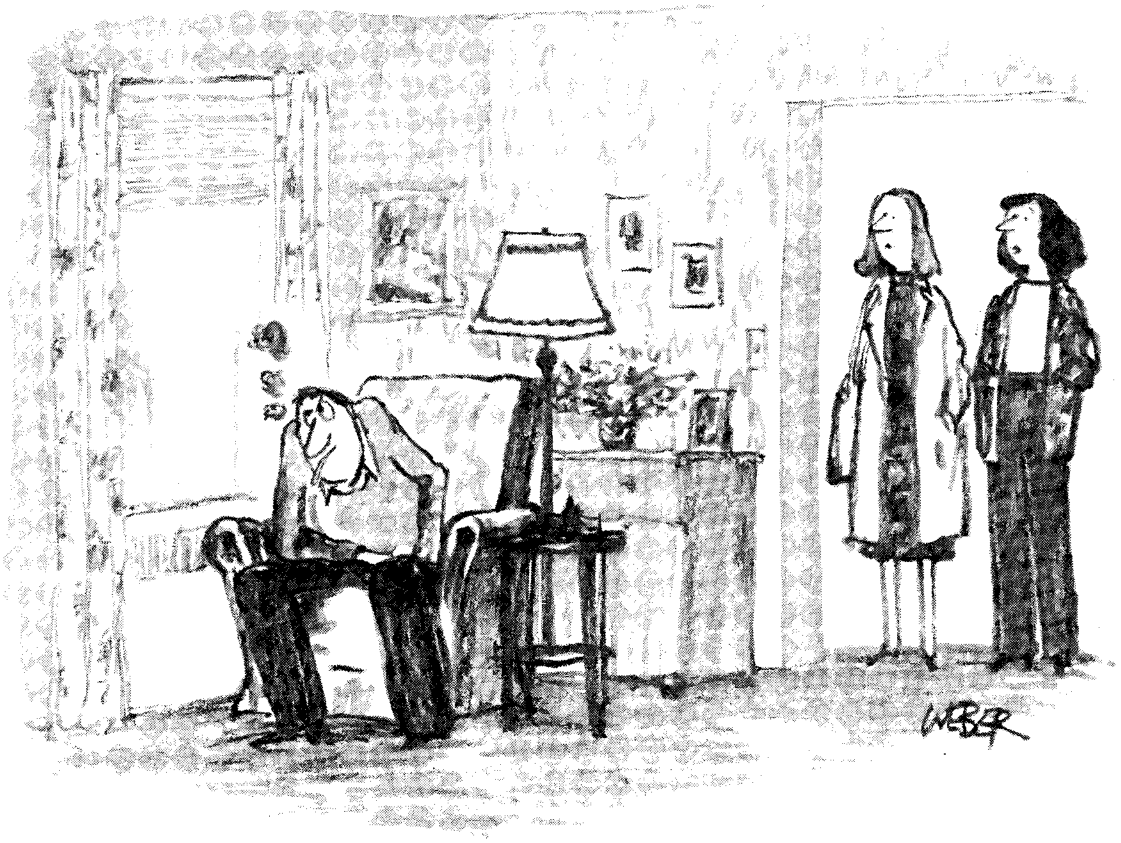
One of the sounds is that of the five instruments in unison—a complicated, composite timbre that varies as the melody rises and falls and the constituent instruments change register. Lerdahl uses the sound more extensively in his twelve-minute "Episodes and Refrains." The piece opens and closes with a refrain that is a monody for the full ensemble. From its melody, three episodes and two other refrains are derived. Lerdahl is a more schematic composer than Harbison. His planning is clear, his thought distinguished, and his execution masterly.

THE New Music Consort's last concert of the season, in Carnegie Recital Hall, opened with Schoenberg's buoyant, catchy cabaret song "Nachtwandler" (for voice, piano, trumpet, fife, and drum), composed in 1901 and performed at the Überbrettl cabaret, in Berlin, where Schoenberg succeeded Oscar Straus as music director. It brought the première of Joseph Ness's "When Orpheus Last Sang," a winding instrumental sextet, and the New York première of Conrad Cummings' pretty "Summer Air," a nonet for three woodwinds, three strings, and two percussionists and harp. Although the program books arrived only after the concert, the picturesque content of Cummings' music was plain even without his reference, in a program note, to "the lush mid-May New Hampshire woods" and "the *almost* palpable heavy sweetness of the air" around the MacDowell Colony, where the piece was composed. "Has Conrad no sense of shame?" a composer of rather more rigorous bent was heard to murmur, but there was nothing to be ashamed of in this deft, delicately scored, and beguiling work. Charles Wuorinen's Second Trio, of 1962 (for flute, cello, and piano), brilliant and energetic, was revived. And Elliott Carter's Elizabeth Bishop cycle, "A Mirror on Which to Dwell," for soprano and nine instruments, was given a bewitching performance. A critic sometimes approaches with apprehension a work that at its première he made much of, as I did of "A Mirror" six years ago. But after this performance—conducted by Harvey Sollberger, with Lucy Shelton a precise and sensitive soloist—I thought I'd made too little of it then.



Similar reassurance, this time that enthusiasm for Carter's "Night Fantasies," for piano, had not been excessive, was provided by that work's New York deuxième, played by Ursula Oppens at her Metropolitan Museum recital earlier this season, and again when WNYC broadcast tapes of both her performance and Paul Jacobs'—hers more lyrical, his more incisive, and both authoritative.

MATTHIAS KRIESBERG'S exhilarating piano recital last month for the Guild of Composers, in the McMillin Theatre, on the Columbia campus, was packed with local premières and ranged the world. The first New York performances were given of Valentin Silvestrov's "Elegy" and Edison Denisov's "Signs in White," from the Soviet Union; of the Piano Sonata No. 4 by Rodrigo Asturias, Guatemalan-born and Paris-trained; and of Kriesberg's own "a3520." Milton Babbitt's glittering "Tableaux," composed in 1973 but first played in



"*Most of Duane's ideas never see the light of day.*"

• •

1980, by Mr. Kriesberg, was the nearest thing to familiar fare. Unable to attend the concert, I listened to it later on a very clear tape. All five pieces treat the modern piano in the modern way—as a pitched percussion instrument of exceptional clarity and definition, wide dynamic range, and versatility of timbres, and one able to stutter or sustain at will, to mix singing and staccato tones as no other instrument can, and to cast clouds of romantic resonance over sharp-drilled thematic statement.

Asturias's sonata, the largest piece on the program, was written in 1967 and, in 1980, won the Stockhausen Competition for Musical Composition. It is the third part of a five-sonata "Livre pour Piano," an ambitious work whose twelve related movements at the same time (in the composer's words) "develop twelve prototypes of piano writing" and—though each sonata can be played separately—amount to a single, giant five-movement sonata. No. 4 is a toccata-like set of variations, in three movements. Long lines soar above iridescent, adamantine patterns. Complicated, bell-like harmonies are built, touched in tone by tone as animated figuration ranges the keyboard. It is a fascinating piece, surely and strongly made.

Silvestrov, a vanguard Kiev composer, was attacked in Tikhon Khrennikov's notorious address to the 1968 Congress of Soviet Composers. The next year, the author of an article expounding the composer's artistic credo was committed to a mental hospital. According to Grove, Silvestrov has in later works "consciously confined himself to traditional methods, but in an allegorical manner . . . employing the genres and stylistic norms of the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries." His "Elegy," of 1967, is "traditional," too, but not in any way that Khrennikov would accept. It is a late fruit of the Second Viennese School. The vocabulary is Webernian, but the gestures are personal and unreticent. Denisov's "Signs in White" (1974) is a very quiet piece; the dynamic range is *pppp* to *pp* with an *mp* climax, until at the end a few notes marked *mf* or *f* ring out like thunderclaps. It is a gentle meditation on the friction between adjacent notes, on what happens to piano sound as the vibrations in the strings die down or when particular frequencies are lightly reactivated, picked out in a high treble tracery. At first, I was tempted to deem it no more than one of those exercises in listening intently, healthful to glutted ears but more useful than nourishing. At a second hearing, I thought it poetic.

Kriesberg's "a3520" (1980), named for the frequency of the highest A on the keyboard, struck me as rather clattery, cluttered, and insistent—particularly after the Denisov. The piece is elaborately and thoroughly constructed. Every note bears its separate dynamic indication. While I'm sure there is a sound structural reason for each note's being what it is, I had that not uncommon philistine reaction that from a listener's point of view any other note might have done just as well. What did come across was a sense of boldness and vitality—the purposefulness that, united to good fingers, enthusiasm, and a strong, clear mind, makes Mr. Kriesberg an arresting interpreter.

THE Group for Contemporary Music's last concert of the season, in the Borden Auditorium of the Manhattan School of Music, brought the première of Susan Blaustein's "Ricercate," a long, carefully composed five-movement string quartet designed as an essay in "nested" sonata forms, a piece in which—as in Schoenberg's First Quartet, its inspiration—each recapitulation takes account not just of the movement in which it occurs but of all preceding movements as well. The composer likens it to "a river whose size and momentum increase as it picks up the bits of mud and stone in its path." An ambitious, serious, and well-sustained piece of writing. Dean Drummond's "Columbus" explored a division of the octave into thirty-one steps, which makes possible truer consonances than our familiar twelve-step compromise division. It is scored for flute (played by Stefani Starin, who has mastered microtones) and zoomoozophone—rows of tuned aluminum tubes played upon by mallets.

The concert began with Richard

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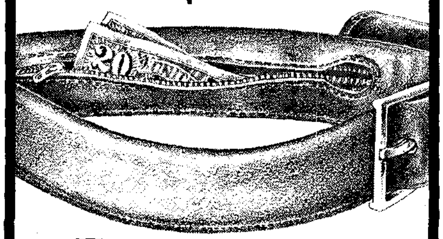

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Hervig's "An Entertainment" (1978), a duo for clarinet and marimba/vibraphone, which left me glum. It included revivals of Sollberger's animated "Riding the Wind" pieces (1973-74), for amplified solo flute, played by the composer, and of Nicolas Roussakis's slight but clever "Night Speech" (1968), for voices that click, hiss, etc., and percussion. It ended with Lukas Foss's "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird" (1978), the Stevens poems retraced for soprano (Susan Belling, sweet and limpid), flute, percussion, and piano.

IN a clarinet recital by Ian Mitchell, a wonderful player, presented by North/South Consonance in a studio on Greene Street, two British compositions—Harrison Birtwistle's "Linoi," for basset clarinet and piano (the latter played by Max Lifchitz), and Alexander Goehr's "Paraphrase on Monteverdi's 'Combattimento,'" for solo clarinet—outshone all else. The Tercera Composición Dodecafónica (1937), for clarinet and piano, of Juan Carlos Paz, who once led the Argentine vanguard, proved to be a decently made piece showing an individual response to exciting ideas that Schoenberg had suggested. Lifchitz's own "Yellow Ribbons No. 6," for solo clarinet, the latest of a series of works dedicated to the Iran hostages, proved sketchy but revealed Mr. Mitchell's skill at sounding two-part writing on his single instrument.

Sketchy, too, was Lifchitz's duo "Rhythmic Soundscape," the first work (after a drum prelude) in a Merkin Hall recital given this month by the Gottlieb twins—Jay and Gordon, piano and percussion. They are virtuosos, but their program, a free-wheeling progress through music of many kinds (including contributions from the storyteller Brother Blue, from Donald Rubinstein singing a ditty to his guitar, from the jazz group French Toast), grandly billed as "The Theatre of Piano and Percussion," didn't amount to much. Jay Gottlieb's trenchant account of Maurice Ohana's Preludes was worth hearing.

AT the American Composers Orchestra's final concert of the season, in Tully Hall, conducted by Gunther Schuller, Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's Three Movements for Orchestra had its première. It is an unabashedly romantic composition, lushly Straussian in sound, enjoyable to hear. David Diamond's Fourth Symphony (which Leonard Bernstein conducted with the Boston Symphony in 1948) was revived. George Perle's Short Symphony and Schuller's own Contrabassoon Concerto had their New York premières. The Perle, which I thought so striking when it was broadcast from Tanglewood, in 1980, now seemed a less inventive piece than most of his work, trim but dry. As for the Schuller, the composer's confidence was not misplaced when, in a program note, he wrote, "I am quite sure that my Contrabassoon Concerto will not automatically convince everyone of the instrument's potential for 'beauty' and 'good.'"

Perle at his most captivating graced Richard Goode's piano recital in Tully Hall, with a new ten-minute Ballade in which Chopinesque piano writing, including chains of thirds, and the composer's own brand of "twelve-note tonality" are happily wed. Like Perle's earlier Six Études, the Ballade is piano music at once traditionally "pianistic," accessible, thoughtful, and new.

THE three works brought forward this year to represent American musical achievement at the International Rostrum of Composers/UNESCO meetings, in Paris, for broadcast by the radio stations of the UNESCO countries are Frank Proto's String Quartet No. 1 (recorded on the QCA/Red Mark label), Neil Rolnick's "Ever-Livin' Rhythm," for percussion and computer-generated tape (recorded on the Arch label), and Faye-Ellen Silverman's "Oboe-sthenics," for solo oboe (recorded on the Finnadar label).

—ANDREW PORTER

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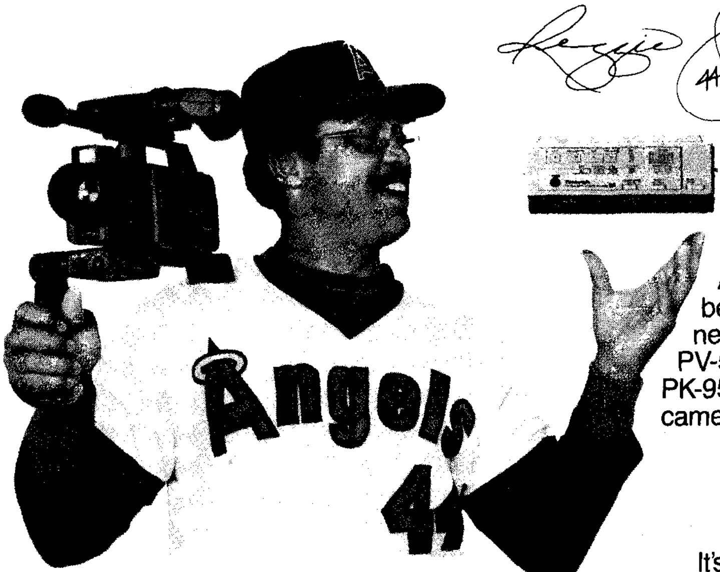

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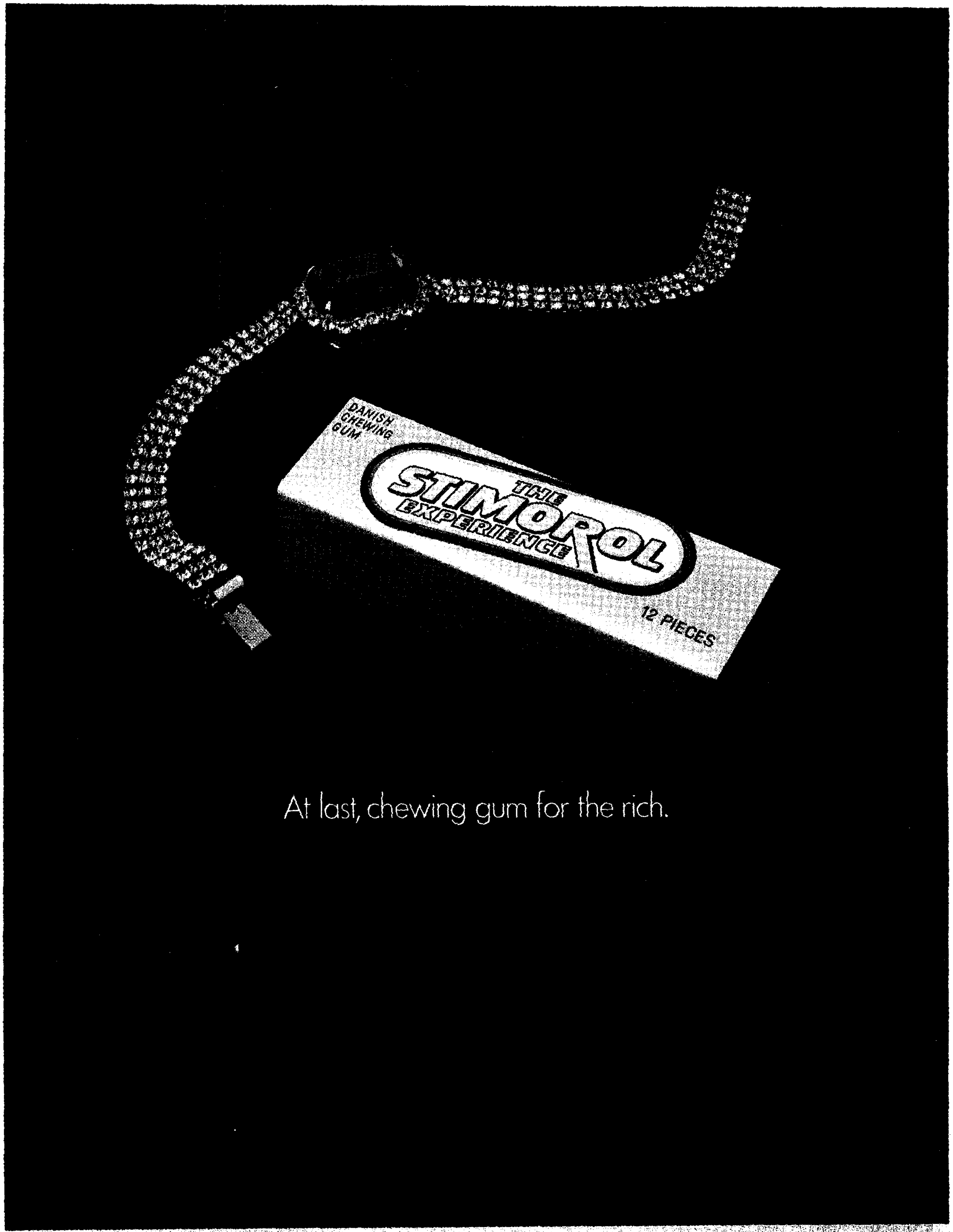
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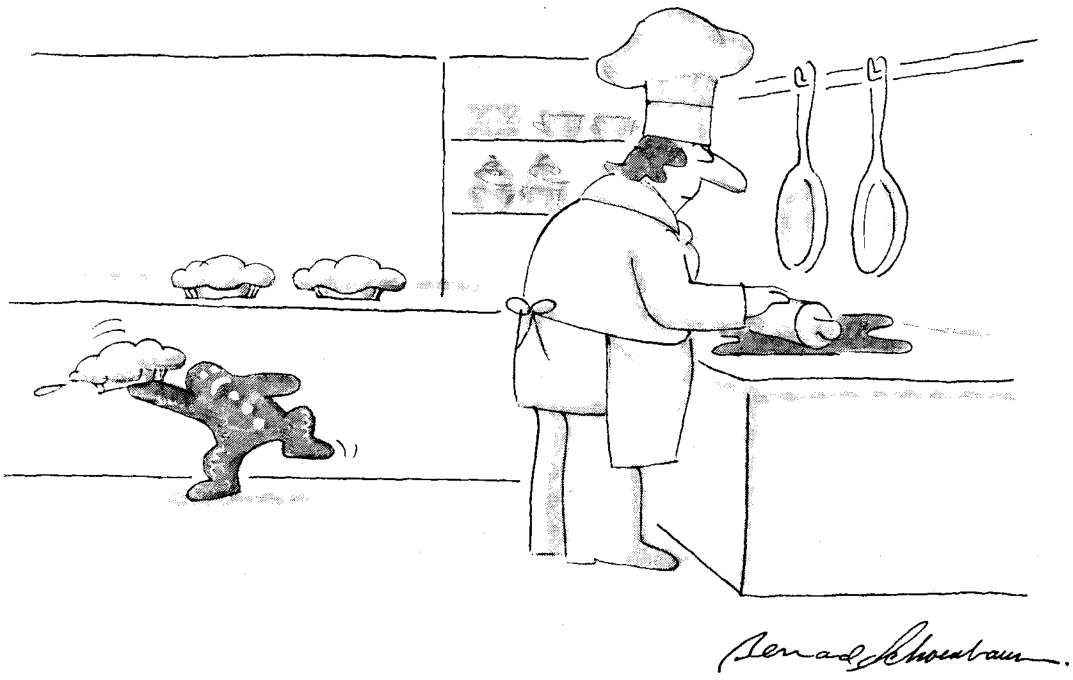
LETTER FROM LONDON

MAY 19

THIS is a limbo period of uncertainty between a sort of peace and a war that may start at any moment, and the tension is showing. A not particularly short-tempered friend of mine was certainly speaking for a lot of people when he said the other day that if he heard one more television pundit announce with an air of originality that time is running out in the Falklands negotiations he would take a swift kick at the set. The phrases, and probably the careful patience, of Mrs. Thatcher and her Cabinet are wearing thin. Everyone is reduced to twiddling knobs restlessly to catch whatever information can be had from yet another retired Air Vice-Marshal or diplomat pontificating on the options and the exact point when the talking in New York will be overtaken by the silence of rigor mortis. The newspapers have little more to give their readers in the way of illumination. The military censorship clamped down by the Ministry of Defence on the frustrated pressmen with the now invisible task force bobbing somewhere on unimaginable seas has resulted, they complain bitterly, in tepid reporting and in such a total absence of pictures that it has been said that not since the Crimean War has there been so little photographic recording of a British expedition. News of any fresh action in the South Atlantic is given to fuming London correspondents and the public alike by the Ministry's official spokesman, Mr. Ian McDonald, a hitherto unknown and now distinctly unpopular personality, who suddenly loomed up before the nation reading the communiqués with a depressingly funereal slowness that sounds like the voice of doom. Without human stories or faces to cheer their sales along, the right-wing tabloids continue to fill in with headlines screaming havoc and urgng Mrs. Thatcher to go right in and unleash the ull shooting war that “everybody” wants. The owest line of nastiness, in he view of all, was reached by Rupert Murloch's *Sun* in its glee over he sinking of the General Belgrano. Repeating their roles in the Suez crisis, which turns up rather often, like an unsettling ghost, in people's memories, the *Guardian*, the *Observer*, and the courageous little *Daily Mirror* have taken a critical line on the Government's actions from the start. (They lost many readers after Suez, and the fourth lambaster of Sir Anthony Eden's short-lived military adventure, the *News Chronicle*, suffered a hemorrhage of circulation that eventually led to its lamented demise.) Those who remembered the Eden Government's making accusations against the press were disturbed by the Prime Minister's attack in the House of Commons on the media, and particularly on the BBC, for not—she said to cheers from her right-wing benches—putting over the British case fairly and effectively. The cheers were certainly echoed by Tories throughout the country, who can never rid themselves of the suspicion that the BBC, if not exactly pink, is run by "a bunch of trendy liberals," as one of them put it wrathfully when the big row started. The really heated arguments developed over the always intelligent, well-produced Monday-night television program "Panorama," which the week after giving its entire time to an interview with Mrs. Thatcher hit upon presenting a sample of the views of the minority of dissidents in the Commons. Two Labour and two Conservative M.P.s voiced their misgivings (which seemed hardly persuasive or new enough to send anyone storming out to call for the return of the task force) over the good sense of killing a large number of men in the enforcement of an abstract idea called sovereignty. The program ended with an interview with Cecil Parkinson, the new chairman of the Conservative Party, who had listened to it all and appeared undisturbed. So did large numbers of viewers, to judge by the letters that tumbled into Broadcasting House afterward, but to most Conservatives at this moment of strung-up national emotion it sounded "unpatriotic"—to give the least violently abusive of the charges that were thrown at it. When George Howard, the chairman of the BBC, and Alasdair Milne, the director-general designate, were asked to appear at a private meeting of infuriated Conservative M.P.s, some indignant rank-and-file members of the Party talked as though it might end with both men being marched off to Tower Hill. Actually, it all ended satisfactorily for the BBC, with the press and the polls coming out strongly in approval of its Falklands reporting. This week's "Panorama," chaired by a different presenter (the usual one, Robert Kee, having stated that he, too, felt uneasy about some of the program, has been retired, whether permanently or not is not known), included Winston Churchill II, a belligerent upholder of war-not-jaw with the junta, and a group of workers on the Clyde, who said that they were doing overtime to get two Navy ships ready three months earlier than promised—not for the money, they said, but to show that they were



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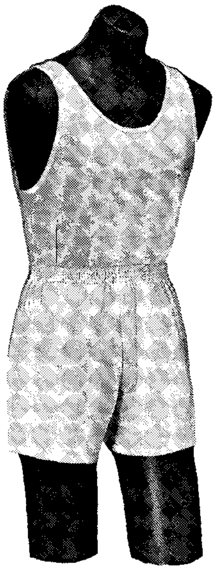

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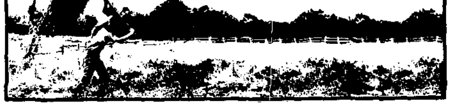

behind the boys, and even, grudgingly, Mrs. Thatcher. The presenter quoted the line from "Henry V," no less, in which Chorus speaks of the armorers at work before Agincourt—good, stirring stuff, certainly, in the stout-hearted mood of most of the watchers. Unfortunately, many people will think that the program's choice of subjects was the immediate result of the dustup instead of marking the BBC's even-handed policy of showing all sides.

IN the last two weeks, the universal, almost visible strain of waiting and wondering what was happening in the South Atlantic has been at odds with the suddenly glorious May weather, in which the usual events of the seasonal calendar began unfolding. On a cruelly warm day, sixteen thousand marathon runners—nearly as many souls as the full complement of the Falklands confrontation—sweated and collapsed or pounded on indomitably over twenty-six miles from Greenwich Park to Westminster. Yesterday, multitudes of other enthusiasts converged on the opening of the Chelsea Flower Show to admire all the frail beauties somehow nursed along to perfection in an exceptionally harsh spring, and to forget, if they could, the evening-paper posters in the streets outside the reassuringly sane horticultural world. The successful Whitehall Theatre farce "Anyone for Denis?," which purported to give an engagingly irreverent account of some dotty goings on at Chequers, is folding, since laughs at Mrs. Thatcher no longer seem relevant. People stay home and watch the television news. In the preoccupation with the only news that exists at the moment, the normal nagging worries —unemployment and Ulster and youth problems in the inner cities—appear to have receded in a cold sea fog.

The House of Commons in its fifth debate since the Argentine invasion sounded a good deal like a cross-section of England. Conservative backbenchers, suspicious of any toning down of the first clear-cut issue of no quarter for aggression, angrily heckled Francis Pym, the Foreign Secretary, when he spoke of the efforts toward peace in New York and, if these failed, the necessity of somehow insuring a lastingly peaceful future for the Falklanders after their islands are repossessed. It was a strongly reasoned speech, listened to sympathetically on the Labour side and getting only a faint growl of a cheer from his own

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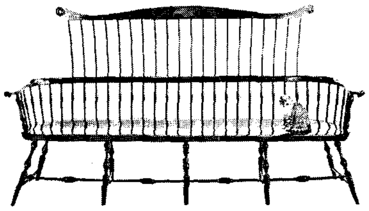

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benches after he sat down. Few people outside Parliament seem to want to look ahead, either, to what will happen when the fighting has to stop. Dinner parties frequently turn into fierce debates between friends, who divide into hawks and doves, Pym wets and Thatcher drys, and then pointedly leave early, to the annoyance of the hosts. There is a large and growing section of deeply anxious, thoughtful opinion which wonders whether the price of even a just war is not too high, as the Archbishop of Canterbury has asked, and thinks that it knows the answer.

Such discussions have been going on with new urgency since the miracle of no casualties came to an end and the pain started. You do not hear them in the country south of London not far from the Channel coast, which this writer knows best. It is a popular neighborhood for the retirement of senior officers of the services, in pleasant bungalows surrounded by spick-and-span gardens or in trim Jane Austen pink brick houses in village streets. The sinking of the General Belgrano and the Sheffield struck home here with particular shock and sorrow. Dead sailors are a catastrophe that this catchment area for the Royal Navy understands in any language. Sons and grandsons in these families disappeared weeks ago in the task force, as their forebears disappeared in other crises for England, and friends carefully avoid asking after them. Support for Mrs. Thatcher is overwhelming, with not much talk wasted about something that is simply regarded as being in the line of professional duty. The Prime Minister shows up day after day with her astringent style, her good brain, and her handsome bandbox appearance seemingly all in good trim. She has been admirable in showing restraint when all her deeply emotional, instinctive impulses must have argued the other way. Even those who dislike her in the normal course of things regard her now with a sort of awe. She is indeed an extraordinary phenomenon, who will surely need all her remarkable qualities in the trials ahead. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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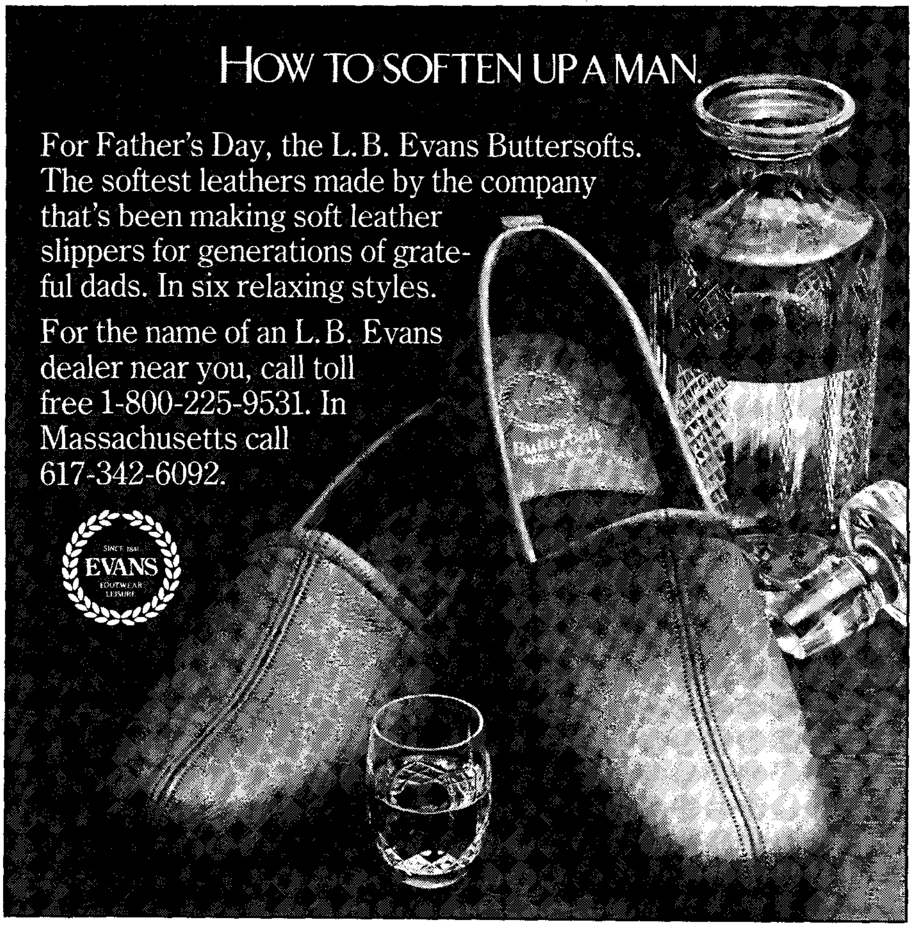
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A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON, D.C.

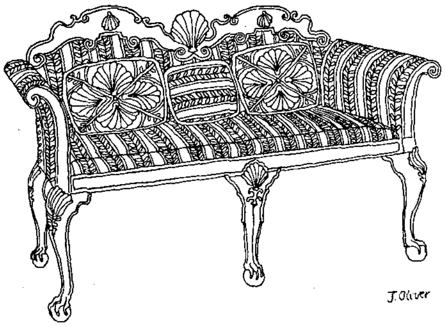
SKETCHBOOK

As spring finally settled into Washington, bringing out the beauty of the city at its best, making it safe at last to store winter coats, and carrying hints of the heat of summer to come, the season was one of the two things about which there was any certainty. The other was that this is an election year, causing predictable behavior among politicians. Every other year is an election year, of course, and each election season seems to back up, leaving only a thin sliver of time, at the beginning of a new Congress, when politicians might be inclined to take the long view. Senators who are not up for reëlection this year are somewhat more willing to make difficult decisions—often simply in order to get them out of the way before their own turn comes to face the voters. And Congress, as a result of actions it took last year, was confronted with questions for which there were few politically appealing answers. However, given the state of the economy and the size of the budget deficits, members of Congress were worried about the political, not to mention the economic, consequences of failing to take actions that might at least appear to begin to straighten things out. The options were limited by a President who was adamant on certain key issues and who, though his political strength seemed to be weakening, could not be counted out as a force. But the coalitions that had provided him his legislative triumphs last year became more elusive. Moreover, an election year foreshortens the congressional season, and thus by this spring, after months of maneuvering and stalemate, little time was left to complete action on the budget. The adoption of a budget resolution is only the first step. After that, Congress still has to enact bills to meet the spending targets in the resolution; it does not always do so. Several politicians in both parties have been positively alarmed, because they are so uncertain where the economy is headed or where the voters' wrath will land. Several worried that if no agreement was reached the public would become more convinced than ever that the government could not function.

At the same time, the President's arms-control proposals were being studied for what they indicated about the Administration's seriousness and the possibilities of an agreement with the Soviet Union, and also about what might happen in the meantime. The struggle over the Falkland Islands, which had arisen out of nowhere, was watched for its implications for American interests in Latin America, and, just as in the case of the Spanish Civil War decades ago, was studied for its implications for modern weaponry. Inevitably, proponents of various types of weapons and various strategies—a large Navy, a small Navy; large carriers, small carriers—found in the Falklands crisis justification for their arguments.

What should have been a normal legislative procedure—each house of Congress passing a budget resolution and then adopting a compromise—developed into a Cecil B. De Mille production because of the economic and political stakes involved. And the personalities of key figures, as well as accumulated bitternesses, did not help. The struggle carried more ideological freight than legislative battles usually do. Many participants were as interested in who would end up with responsibility—for which read blame—for the results as in achieving results at all. Somehow, the whole thing seemed out of scale, and, in a circular way, its out-of-scaleness made it more difficult to work out.

Part of the problem was that this year a budget resolution, which sets the limits on expenditures in various categories, would be, as one Capitol Hill aide put it, "the most unpopular piece of legislation in history." It would require members of Congress to vote for things that would annoy one or another important group: cutting back the tax breaks that were voted for individuals and corporations last year or not cutting them back enough; making further cuts in domestic programs or making insufficient cuts; reducing the amount of the increase in defense spending or not reducing it enough. It is an axiom of politics that it is easier to give things away than to take things away. But so much had been handed out in last year's tax-cut bill—which ended up amounting to about seven hundred billion dollars over five years—that there was no room for give. And President Reagan was standing firm on the bulk of the tax cuts and defense increases. Most members of his own party, despite their disagreements with him, were reluctant to defy him, and his rhetorical skills continued to make the opposition party nervous. Political fears and calculations had to be acted out against sobering economic realities: the projected budget deficits had grown by undreamed-of amounts. The previously inconceivable not only had become conceivable but was at hand. The ninety-two-billion-dollar deficit for the fiscal year 1983 that the President had proposed in February and that had sent Republicans into shock was beginning to have a retrospective appeal by May. The February budget not only had assumed further reductions that were unpalatable to members of both parties but also had been optimistic in its economic assumptions. Because of its high deficit and politically unrealistic cuts, it did not have what one Administration official called "legislative legitimacy." It was dismissed out of hand by the President's own party. Shortly after it was proposed, the Congressional Budget Office, whose findings are accepted on both sides of the aisle, said that the Administration had underestimated the deficit—even if its program passed—by thirty billion dollars, or almost a third. By April, Republicans and Democrats were agreed that if no policy changes were made the deficit would be roughly a hundred and eighty billion dollars, or twice what the Administration had projected, and would rise to more than two hundred billion by fiscal 1984 and to more than three hundred billion by fiscal 1987. (Representative Jack Kemp and some of his allies did disagree with these figures, arguing that they did not take into account the yet-to-be-realized benefits of the supply-side tax cuts.) Thus, the last Carter Administration deficit, of roughly sixty billion dollars, had been tripled in a year and a half. All along,



"*Adios, Ned.*"

it has been the future deficits—those beyond fiscal 1983—that have most worried the politicians, for they have assumed that these figures are what have caused the financial markets to keep interest rates high even as inflation has declined. As the proportions of the deficits grew, so did the political difficulty of doing anything significant about them.

After a period of some weeks, during which Republican leaders tried to negotiate a new budget with the Administration—while the Democrats were content to stand aside and not get in the way of an intraparty struggle—the Administration had the wit to invite the Democrats to join the discussions. This would cause the Democrats to share the responsibility for unpleasant choices if a budget agreement was reached, or to share—or even be saddled with—the blame if none came to pass. Democrats were divided all along on whether they should join the discussions. Several felt that the problem should remain the President's, since his own party had rejected his budget, and they also wanted the November elections to offer a clear-cut plebiscite on the Reagan program. Several were telling their congressional leaders that they should not bail the President out. Several suspected a trap. But the Democratic leaders felt that they had to join in negotiations this year, in part because, given the state of the economy, they wanted to act responsibly; in part because they wanted to appear to be acting responsibly, which is not quite the same thing; and in part because when House Democratic leaders, including Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill, were asked by the press what they would do about the budget they had said they would be willing to negotiate with the President.

The normal legislative process thus went on hold while, for a few more weeks, Democratic and Republican leaders met with representatives of the President. But whatever progress this group made—and it did at least reach agreement on what the deficit figures were, and did clarify some issues—its ultimate success rested on something that was impossible: an agreement between O'Neill and Reagan. The famous meeting between those two men on a Wednesday in late April was doomed to fail, and was not really a negotiation at all. The very idea that a one-shot, high-noon meeting could settle such matters does not stand the test of reason. A President seriously interested in working something out with congressional opponents calls people into the White House over a period of time, looking for the openings, exploring what might be possible, talking, "stroking" (as they say in politics), dealing. Lyndon Johnson comes to mind. Reagan, by contrast, stayed aloof until the end. Ideologues are not by nature negotiators. Moreover, Reagan is not by temperament inclined to work the levers the way Johnson did. His close aide Michael Deaver told me late last year that Reagan does not think of himself as a politician, and wasn't interested in working with "the boys" in Sacramento when he was Governor of California. Deaver said, "He thought, I'll go to the people." The evidence is that Reagan was ready to "go to the people" even before he set out to meet O'Neill on Capitol Hill—the trip to the Hill itself being a theatrical gesture.

O'Neill had his own problems going into the meeting with Reagan. A number of his troops were objecting to what they suspected Democratic negotiators had been yielding. Some were especially concerned that O'Neill might make concessions on Social Security, thus undoing what they saw as one of their best campaign issues. The Administration's proposals last year for some reforms in the Social Security system, which is facing insolvency, were offered without much thought or preparation, and the Democrats gleefully put the proposals to test votes. Republicans joined Democrats in voting to set the Administration's proposals aside. (The Administration, anxious to show that it was in charge, jumped in last year when it saw that a House subcommittee might go ahead with recommending its own Social Security changes; it might have been better advised to let Congress proceed.) When the President proposed to make a televised address on the subject last September, worried Republican congressional leaders talked him out of it and into establishing a bipartisan commission on Social Security, not to report until safely after this year's elections. In the budget submitted this year, the Administration warned of the pending insolvency in the Social Security trust fund but said that the solution must await the commission's report, thus finessing the issue for the nonce. But a number of Senate Republicans felt that the Social Security issue should be faced this year, and as the economy worsened the date on which the Social Security trust fund was expected to run out of money advanced. The expression they used

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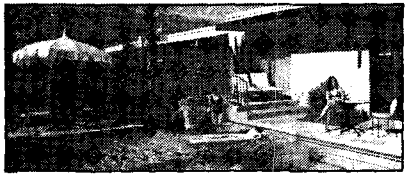

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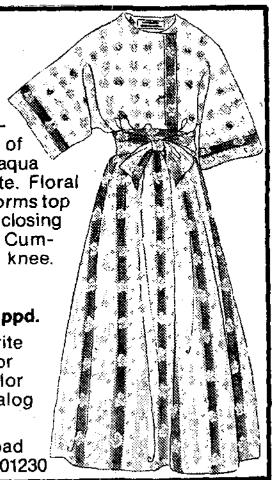

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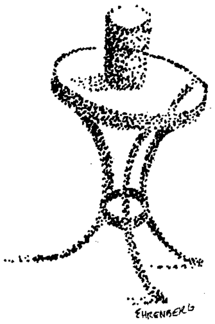
was that it was "time to bite the bullet on entitlements." This was a euphemism for taking on Social Security, the largest of the entitlement programs, which grant benefits according to more or less automatic formulas. (Other entitlement programs are food stamps, welfare, and Medicaid—all of which had already been cut somewhat—and civil-service retirement and veterans' pensions.) It had been generally recognized for some time that the cost-of-living adjustments, or COLAs, in the payments for Social Security and other retirement programs had, through a quirk in the formula, risen more than the actual cost of living had. This had led to talk of "freezing the COLAs" or of putting a "cap" on them.



Shortly before O'Neill met with Reagan, he met with a group of Senate Democratic leaders, several of whom urged him not to do anything about Social Security. Democratic polltakers had advised the Party that this was a fruitful issue. And it was a subject on which Reagan, because of statements he had made, had been vulnerable in 1980. As O'Neill went into the meeting, he was warned by a number of Democrats and by members of his own staff that he was probably being set up by the White House. Suspicions were heightened by the fact that the Democrats had been given no agenda and no pieces of paper in advance. When the Democrats at the meeting noticed that the work sheet distributed there by the Administration referred only to a proposal made by Richard Bolling, Democrat of Missouri and the chairman of the House Rules Committee, to place a limit on Social Security payments, and did not include one made by Republican negotiators, suspicions of a trap verged on certainty. (This was not the only trick that the Democrats felt was contained in the work sheet.) Some Democrats say that O'Neill would have accepted some change in Social Security if it had been part of a set of proposals that also substantially reduced the tax cuts and defense increases—requirements that the President, not surprisingly, was unwilling to meet. When Reagan disavowed the Republican Social Security proposal, O'Neill was of no mind to leave the Democrats' proposal on the table.

But the most important thing about the meeting was the collision between two strong-willed Irishmen who are at opposite philosophical poles, and who do not like or trust each other. The dislike and the mistrust are significant, and unusual. Politicians who are at philosophical odds but are inclined to try to work things out can do so; it happens all the time. Differences are expected, and are often respected—they aren't taken personally. The political machinery can get stuck when political differences become personal affronts. These are things most politicians understand. It was in the context of a conversation on the very subject of Reagan's taking offense at O'Neill's criticisms of his program that Deaver remarked to me last year that Reagan doesn't consider himself a politician. O'Neill is by tradition a legislative bargainer as well as a respecter of the institution of the Presidency. He and Gerald Ford, who was out of the same tradition, disagreed and yet got along just fine. But O'Neill resented the Administration's tactics last year in its effort to score legislative victories, and felt abused by its having made him a political target. O'Neill, by all accounts, is genuinely disturbed, even outraged, by the President's program; the President, by all accounts, really does not believe that his program has hurt anyone, and is genuinely disturbed, even outraged, by suggestions that it has. So when O'Neill, early in the meeting, said that last year's budget cuts had to be taken into consideration, the whole thing went off the rails. (Among other things, Reagan said that his friend Earle Jorgensen, who owns a steel company, was making new investments and doing well, and that a new casino that had opened in Las Vegas had on its sign a message thanking Reaganomics.) One Democrat who was present said, "It was like a physical clash, except it wasn't physical." And a Republican who was present said, "Without the two of them, we could have reached an agreement."

The collapse of the discussions left members of both political parties shaken. A Republican senator said to me the following day, "I feel as if I'm a balloon and someone has let go of the string." The White House reverted to confrontation politics, which it does well, and enjoys. Democrats were fearful of the televised address that the President was to give the night after the meeting, and were relieved when, compared to similar occasions last year, the public response to the President's message was tepid. The frustration of Republicans on Capitol Hill over the delays in getting on with the budget had been growing—"The amount of discontent here is larger than the size of the container," a Republican senator said to me in mid-April. The sooner a serious budget compromise was reached, they figured, the sooner interest rates might come down, and the better their party's prospects in November would be. Even some Administration officials had become distressed by the delays. "This is one time when being political isn't good politics," one said. And so when the discussions came apart the Senate Budget Committee went ahead on its own, eager to act quickly. Senator Mark Andrews, Republican of North Dakota and a committee member, said to me, "We've wanted to go ahead before, and had the brakes put on us by the White House. We've delayed and diddled and looked for partisan advantage for too long." Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, Republican of Tennessee—a legislator who is inclined to work things out—refereed between the committee Republicans and the White House. Senator Pete Domenici, Republican of New Mexico and the committee's chairman, who, like Baker, is a respected legislator, wanted to go further than the White House did in reducing the tax cuts and the increase in defense spending, and he also wanted to freeze the cost-of-living allowances in entitlement programs. The Administration was by this time, and with good reason, chary of going near the Social Security question. But the committee Republicans were intent on confronting it, and Baker told the White House that it had better get its proposals on this and other questions ready. On the afternoon of Wednesday, May 5th, Senator Baker called the White House and suggested that James Baker, the White House chief of staff, get to Capitol Hill fast, because the committee was voting down the President's budget (unanimously, it turned out) and going ahead with its own proposals. Domenici, having carefully gathered the votes of his committee Republicans, met with the White House representatives in Howard Baker's office, just off the Senate floor, and the participants quickly struck a deal. Too quickly, as it happened. They chose probably the most politically damaging course on Social Security. Instead of specifically freezing cost-of-living al-

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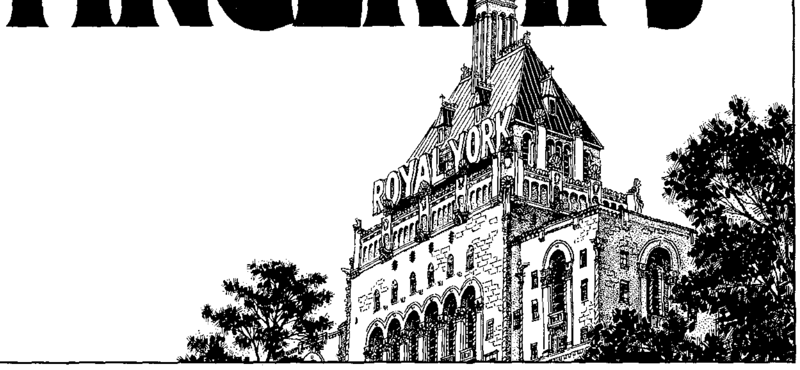

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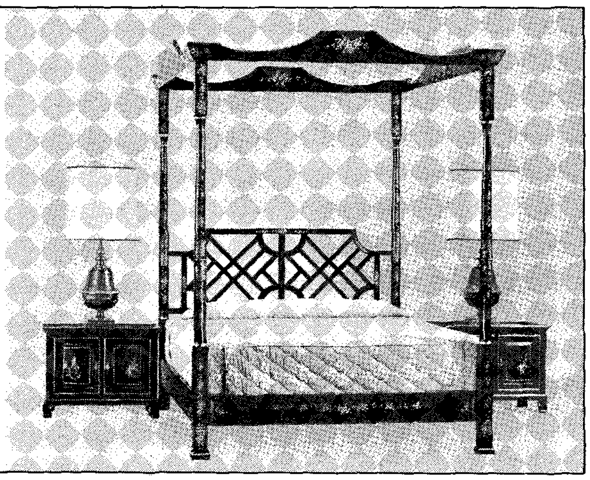

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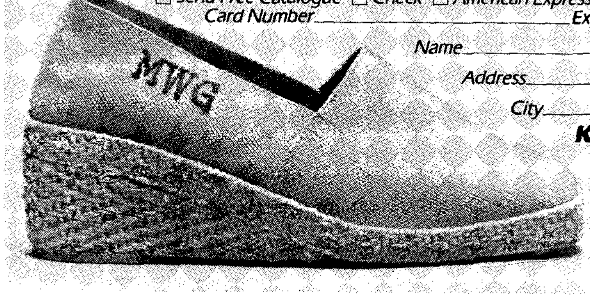

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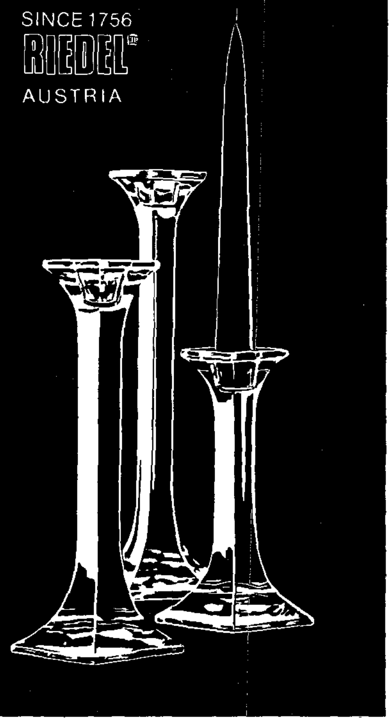

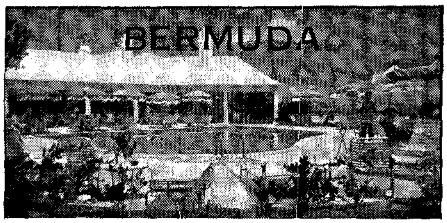

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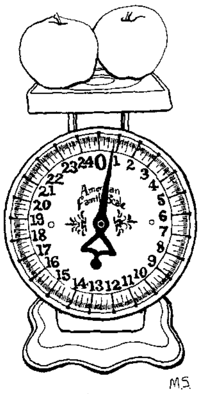
lowances, they simply said that forty billion dollars would somehow be saved over the next three years—details to come later. "They were sitting there ready to declare war on each other," Howard Baker recalls. "The Budget Committee said they were going to go ahead and freeze cost-of-living adjustments, and Jim Baker said the President would denounce that, and I was madly searching for a way out." The idea of coming up with a "plug" number on Social Security—that is, a number that represents a goal, without a policy for reaching that goal—was the White House's. The theory was that if no specific proposal was made nobody would have any specific cause to get upset. But the opposite turned out to be true: the vagueness about the methods for achieving savings could cause all Social Security recipients to worry. The President endorsed the agreement, and the Budget Committee approved it that night. The committee's proposal also reduced the tax cuts by less than the President had been willing to in the bipartisan negotiations, and imposed strict limits on domestic spending (but not quite as severe as those in the President's original budget). The bill displeased a number of Northern Republicans, but it was the best that Domenici could get out of a situation in which extremely conservative Republicans held the deciding votes on his committee and the President was unwilling to make many concessions. The following day, standing in the Rose Garden with Republican leaders by his side, Reagan endorsed the committee's proposal again. One House leader told me that he stood there, despite his deep misgivings, because "one stands with one's leader when he wants to make a show of unity."



Democrats and several Republicans very quickly saw the Social Security "plug" as a major political blunder, since its vagueness gave the Democrats an opportunity to strike fear in the hearts of Social Security recipients—an opportunity they seized at once. Congressional Republicans and Administration officials tried taking the offensive, telling one and all that the Republicans were being responsible by taking on the problem of Social Security trust-fund solvency (a problem that until then the Administration had been pleased to defer), and that the Democrats were "demagoguing" the issue. They made brave statements to the effect that some polls showed that workers doubted whether they would ever receive Social Security, and that the Democrats could be put on the defensive. The Democrats responded that they were no more demagoguing than they had been demagogued against on other issues. (And, as it happens, House Republicans had been considering making an issue of the fact that Bolling had proposed limits on Social Security payments.) In the days immediately following the Budget Committee action, it was almost impossible to have a conversation with a Republican or Administration official which did not begin with a distressed little speech to the effect that the Social Security issue was being misunderstood and demagogued.

A Presidential adviser whom I spoke with on the Friday after the Budget Committee Republicans and the White House acted was depressed. "There have been better days," he said sorrowfully. "I don't quite understand how we got into the Social Security swamp again. I thought we had stayed clear of that. And I don't think there's now a graceful way to detach ourselves from it. Not saying how they are going to reduce Social Security is the worst of both worlds. If they want to fall on their swords, fine, but they should fall gracefully. Now people on Social Security are fearing that they will lose their benefits. For forty billion dollars, we've generated a hundred and sixty billion dollars' worth of fear. The proposal won't get through Congress, so what good has it accomplished? Now the issues about the budget are not cutting the size of government but Social Security and 'fairness.' Those are bad issues for us. The Democrats will be quick to exploit that opportunity. I can't blame them."

The White House tried to ride it out for the next few days. In his Saturday radio address, the President assured Social Security recipients that their benefits would not be cut this year. (No such cut had been contemplated.) He also sent personally addressed letters to all Republican members of Congress assuring them that they could tell their constituents the same thing. But the House Republican leadership, which had apparently been

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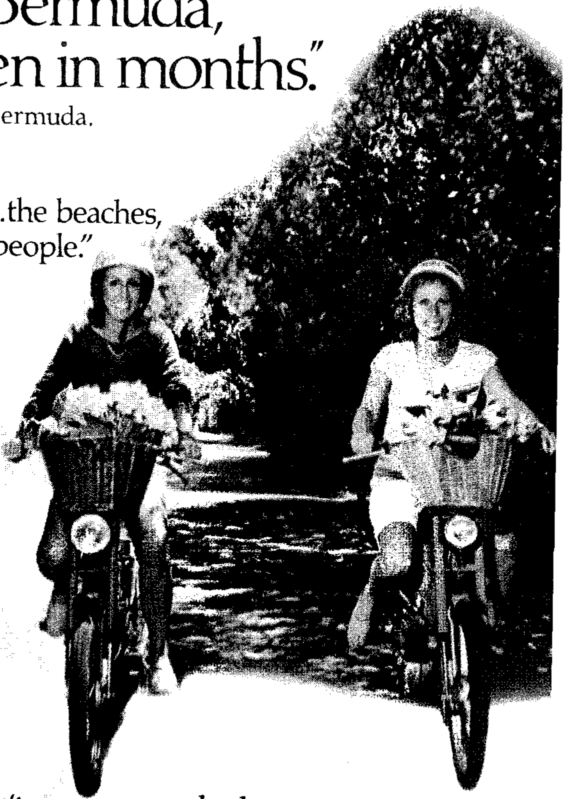

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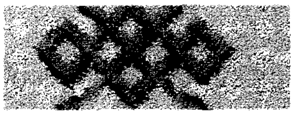

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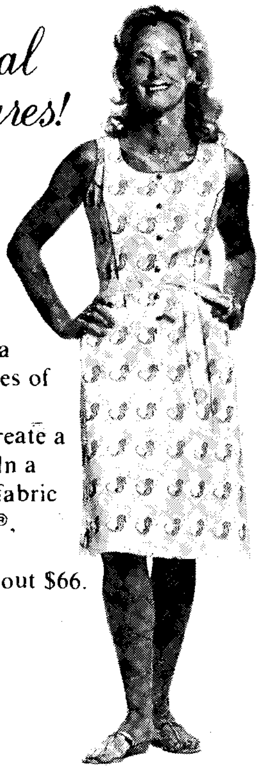
surprised by the agreement on Social Security in the first place, found its own troops in revolt, and simply announced that it could not go along. Gradually, the White House itself began to back away; at his May 13th press conference, Reagan declined to take a position on the proposal, thus abandoning Senate Republicans on their limb. A few days later, Domenici, faced with defections by Northern Republicans, gave up on Social Security. The White House seemed relieved. The varying degrees of panic among Republicans on this issue were directly related to their electoral situations. Only one Republican on the Senate Budget Committee is up for reëlection this year. On the Senate Finance Committee, which would have to write the actual Social Security legislation, six of the eleven Republicans are up for reëlection. Robert Dole, Republican of Kansas and the Finance Committee chairman, had already remarked that if he brought up Social Security in his committee "there may be an evacuation." And, of course, all House members are up for reëlection.

The days leading up to the two chambers' actual consideration of the budget resolutions produced bedlam. The White House was feverishly trying to work out strategies both for limiting the damage it had brought on itself and for constructing a coalition to win. Its problem in both chambers was that conservative Republicans and Southern Democrats wanted to go in one direction, while disaffected Northern Republicans wanted to go in another. In the Senate, Howard Baker struggled to find ways to hold the Republican majority together for some resolution. Eventually, the Senate passed a Republican-backed resolution that made less severe cuts in domestic spending than the Budget Committee bill had, cut the tax cuts by more, and simply urged that something be done about Social Security sometime—no "plug" numbers included—and contained a somewhat larger deficit. The House, meanwhile, was aswirl in caucuses and meetings. Democrats were still divided over how much to try to compromise with Republicans or how much to set themselves apart. It was a good time for being sought after. An Administration official said to me, "We're in an auction situation, and we have to see what the bids are." Southern conservative Democrats, who had voted against the House leadership on budget resolutions and other issues for years (long before they adopted the name "boll weevils"), and who had made the Reagan budget and tax victories possible last year, were once again making themselves desirable. Some Northern Republicans who had supported the Reagan program last year were indicating that they might vote with the Democrats this time. Everyone was aware that in past years budget resolutions had sometimes been defeated altogether. Members of Congress do not have to vote for budget resolutions—no one is sent to jail for voting against them. And there were any number of reasons, or excuses, for voting against any given resolution: that it called for too big (or too small) a reduction in the tax cuts; that it called for too big (or too small) an increase in defense spending; that it cut spending for domestic programs by too much (or too little).

As I sat talking with Howard Baker in his office one warm May afternoon, he said, "What worries me is, what if we go through all this and nothing happens? Last year, they told us that if we cut the budget by forty billion dollars we would be fine, and we did and nothing happened. Interest rates stayed up. Inflation has been down for a while, but interest rates are still up. So in my blue moments I wonder whether even if we succeed in our struggle to get this budget under control it will yield anything. And then I say, Maybe not, but it's the only thing we can do."

THE President's proposals for new arms-reduction talks, which he outlined in a speech at Eureka College in early May, also created a great deal of uncertainty. For one thing, the proposals were sketchy. For another, while they represented the basis for an opening position in talks with the Soviet Union, they also represented an opening position in the negotiations within the Administration. The details have to be filled in, and the details involve important policy decisions. Next, once negotiations with the Soviet Union begin, there are usually battles within the government over the instructions to the negotiators, between the negotiators and Washington, and sometimes within the negotiating team itself. The opening position, as the President outlined it—calling for cuts of about one-third in the number of warheads on long-range ballistic missiles held by each side, for a reduction in the missiles themselves, and for no more than half of the warheads to be on land-based missiles—



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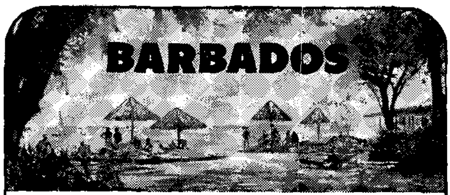

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asks the Soviet Union to give up far more than the United States would, since the two sides begin with different types of forces. The Soviet Union has placed most of its missiles on land, while the United States has placed a higher percentage at sea, on the theory that they are less vulnerable there. Moreover, our submarine missile forces are believed to be superior to those of the Soviet Union. The Soviet Union went in for large, “heavy” missiles, with more “throw-weight”—the capacity for carrying heavier payloads with many warheads—while the United States opted for smaller, more accurate ones. Now the Soviet Union is developing more accurate missiles and the United States heavier ones (the MX). Opening with a position that is advantageous to one's own side is to be expected in a negotiation. The question is: What happens next? After so many years of talk about trying to understand the Soviet Union's “intentions,” there is now a great deal of effort here to try to read our own Administration's intentions. It is known that some key policymakers are less than enthusiastic about arms control. Key Pentagon civilians—Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger and Richard Perle, the Assistant Secretary for International Security Policy—and Eugene Rostow, the director of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, lost out in an attempt to change the basis of negotiations to one that counted “units of destruction” (throw-weight, accuracy, and so on), in part because even the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who in the past have usually pushed the Pentagon civilians to take a harder line, thought that this was not necessary. (Throw-weight can be limited indirectly, by limiting what can be done with it—by limiting the number of warheads a missile may carry.) Another factor that determined the opening position was Reagan's predilection for formulations that can be conveyed in simple terms. Weinberger and Perle were in Europe when some of the key decisions were made. It was to assuage them that Reagan added to his proposal a vague pledge to deal with throw-weight in a “second phase” of the arms talks. But the intramural battles have continued. And the attention given to the fact that the President made his proposals at all—though they had been hinted at for months—and that he called for “deep cuts” obscured two very important things about the proposals. The first is that if one assumes, as the Administration does, that the United States' land-based missiles are vulnerable the proposals do not solve that problem. (The whole notion of a “triad” of land, sea, and air forces was based on the assumption that one leg of the triad might be vulnerable at some point but that the others could survive, and that this would be adequate.) The Administration's proposals would appear to leave the Soviet Union with sufficient forces to destroy those land-based missiles—if one accepts the assumptions that underlie the theory of their vulnerability in the first place. If there are fewer land-based missiles to be “taken out,” the chances of their being destroyed can, in the minds of either side, increase. The second point is that a reduction in the number of weapons does not necessarily reduce instability. The quantitative arms race and the qualitative arms race are not the same thing. If the number of arms is reduced but their technical capabilities are enhanced, stability is not improved. The President did not address the question of qualitative improvements. If, as Secretary of State Alexander Haig said recently, SALT II is “dead”—and if that means that the United States does not plan to continue to observe it—the Soviet Union would be released from several constraints on qualitative improvements. (Henry Kissinger's recent suggestion that SALT II be ratified, with minor changes, received a good bit of attention here, because he had declined to endorse it during the Carter Administration, and he is known for his instinct for which way things are going.) So while reducing the number of arms seems like a nice goal, and might temper public anxiety, it does not, by itself, reduce the danger. In another odd twist in the political struggle over arms control, this argument has begun to be used by both arms controllers and the most hard-line officials within the Administration.

ONE bit of good luck for the Administration, in a way, was that the budget battle and the Falkland Islands crisis drove events in El Salvador off the front pages, and often out of the papers altogether. The election in El Salvador in late March was more pleasing to the Administration for its turnout than for its outcome—which was disastrous. Just as State Depart-

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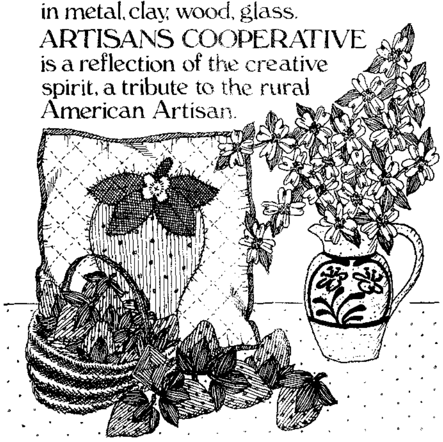

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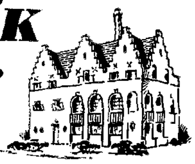

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ment officials were nervously trying to put the best face on the victory of the coalition of conservative parties headed by Roberto D'Aubuisson, the right-wing leader who had previously been associated with murder squads, the whole subject was displaced in people's attention.

THE lovely weeks of spring were also the time when the Administration was trying to shore up the President's strength with some of the groups that had constituted his original base, and to diminish his problems with others. There were gestures in the direction of blacks, including the President's endorsement, at last, of a bill extending the Voting Rights Act. A slight compromise was made in the bill that was passed by the House last year by an overwhelming margin—a compromise worked out by Senator Dole—and the White House, after considerable agonizing, went along, over the continuing objection of the Justice Department. Some of the President's political advisers were worried that the White House endorsement had come too late. "It represents an opportunity lost," one said. For those who had supported Reagan but were now aghast at the budget deficits—this sentiment was showing up in Reagan's polls—there was the President's endorsement of a constitutional amendment requiring a balanced budget. An amendment does not make the hard decisions on how to balance the budget. For blue-collar Catholics unhappy about the economy, there was the President's endorsement of tax credits for families who send their children to private schools. (A Presidential adviser told me that this proposal also pleases Hispanics.) And there was the Rose Garden ceremony in which the President endorsed a constitutional amendment permitting voluntary prayer in public schools. A White House aide said it was significant that the President endorsed only voluntary prayer—that this would make the proposal less controversial. At the White House staff meeting on the morning of the ceremony, aides stressed the importance of getting people wearing clerical collars in the pictures of the event.

—ELIZABETH DREW

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Mr. Beeston said he was asked to step down, although it is not known exactly who or whom asked him.—*Redding (Conn.) Pilot.*

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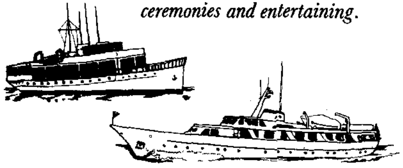

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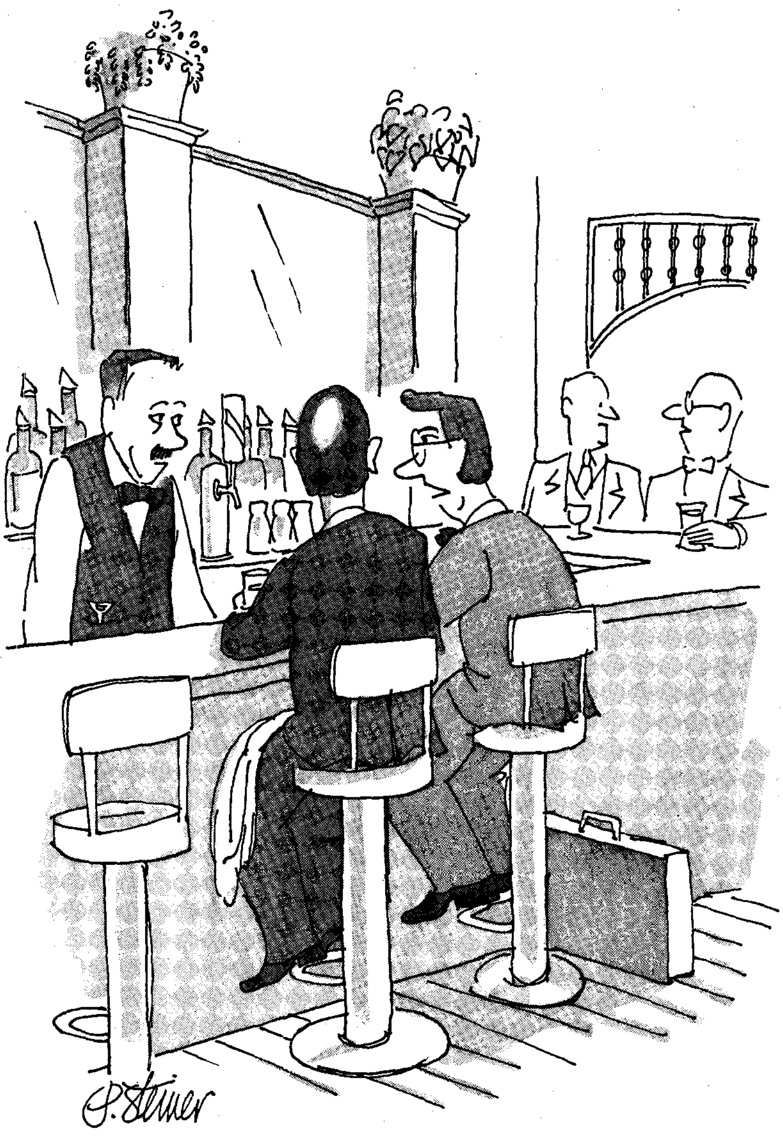
BOOKS

The Good Book

NORTHROP FRYE'S "The Great Code: The Bible and Literature" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $14.95) is an absorbing and intellectually audacious inquiry into "how or why a poet might read the Bible." (The title is a quotation from a Bible-reading poet, William Blake, who said, "The Old and New Testaments are the Great Code of Art.") Frye, the noted Canadian critic and professor at the University of Toronto, explains that he wrote this book because teaching English literature reminded him constantly of its Biblical sources—concepts, images, and references, both deliberate and unconscious. He notes with sympathy that some of his students feared that their beliefs would be threatened by a nondoctrinal literary consideration of the Bible, but readers will find that Frye's approach, beginning with his emphasis on the Bible's imaginative unity, is devoted to the text, not to a sect. Where it is appropriate, Frye mentions theological divergences, but most of the time he sticks to his literary specialty: "What I am concerned with . . . is not the question whether God is dead or obsolete [but] the question of what resources of language may be dead or obsolete."

By "the Bible," Frye means the Authorized Version: the Old Testament, the Apocrypha, and the New Testament—from Genesis to Apocalypse, from the beginning of the world to its end—rendered into English in 1611. It is the translation most familiar to English-speakers, and Frye tells us that it is also very close to St. Jerome's Latin translation, the Vulgate, which was the Bible that Western readers knew from the fifth century on. The Bible is one of a tiny class of books—sacred books—and Frye thinks it unique in this category in that it has always been diffused through translation. Yet his discussion of the language of the Bible suggests that for modern readers translations between tongues have created fewer difficulties than the fact that the Bible's use of language is wholly unlike our own. Most contemporary writing, Frye's included, is continuous prose composed for silent reading. The Bible's language is, in Frye's terms, metaphoric, metonymic, and kerygmatic, and his explanation of these terms asks the reader to stretch his imagination. Frye dates metaphoric language from literature's earliest period, when poetry composed to be recited was the dominant form of expression, and when words were not only signs but forces or powers. Puns, boasts, vows, spells, and curses were thought to release energy in the natural world: the Word of God being fulfilled is a qualitatively different process from God keeping His promises. Metaphoric language of this antiquity, Frye points out, is extremely concrete, so that we cannot be certain whether Homer's metaphors were metaphorical to him. An example Frye gives is the word *kairos*, which means both the notch of an arrow and a crucial moment. In some cases, such as the opening of the Gospel of St. John, Frye thinks we have lost the metaphorical clue, and that when the Evangelist told us "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us," he thought he was making "an intelligible statement of the type, 'And the boy became a man,' or 'And the ice became water.' " In our usage, "the word has no power to be anything but a word." Frye's readers can probably accept an effective curse as a workable device in plays, books, or operas, but few, I daresay, actually fear being cursed. (For most of us, I imagine, the routinization of obscenity in recent decades has removed the last vestige of word power, although no more than thirty years ago the intrusion of a short synonym for "sanguinary" would have assassinated most British conversations.) Historically, metonymic language is a step along. We find it in Plato, where we also find some of the discriminations of our speech and thought. Metonymic language distinguishes subject and object, thought and feeling, and recognizes the demands of logic. It regards words as standing for



"Sure, he's a great American. But so are a lot of guys."

ideas about a transcendent order "above." Plato's Form of the Good and Aristotle's Unmoved Mover are examples that Frye gives. Metaphor produces epic and magic; metonymy produces allegory and syllogism.

Each new use of language has entailed both loss and liberation. Realistic, descriptive prose cannot duplicate Homeric freshness, but it offers variety. Magic, which demands the exact repetition of a verbal formula, constrains poetry. Magic and logic, I suppose, are both coercive. So, for that matter, are myth and theory, which impose formal organization upon diverse phenomena. The coercion is in the form. Our minds seem bound to create their own constraints. Kerygmatic language offers yet more difficulties, because, as Frye mentions, contemporary kerygma (the word means "proclamation" in Greek) is mostly shoddy or fraudulent. Kerygma is a form of serious oratory—a mixture, Frye says, of "metaphor and concern," an authoritative exhortation that seeks "a comprehensive response from all aspects of [the listener's] personality." Frye offers the Gettysburg Address as a rare instance of modern kerygma. Unfortunately, kerygma's commonest modern echo, or parody, is propaganda and advertising, so that "a new heaven and a new earth" foretold in Revelation must compete for our belief or distrust with the "new you" promised by every shampoo manufacturer.

The metaphors of the Bible contribute to its unity. So does its narrative; the Bible differs from other sacred books in having such a large proportion of narrative. Stories impel the reader onward—a kind of motion that in itself expresses the breach between the Biblical faiths and paganism. Paganism conceived of time as an endless succession of cycles. Judaism and Christianity removed man from subjection to this repetitive round and placed him on a road that leads toward Apocalypse and beyond—to transcendence. Biblical narrative is a sequence of comedies—a connected row of U-shapes, as Frye visualizes it—in which a man or a people falls away, suffers, repents, and rises again. That series of "U"s has familiar counterparts: "Pilgrim's Progress" and "Little Women" and, of course, picaresque novels. Tragedy, Frye thinks, is a pagan product, and Saul is the only tragic hero he can find in the Bible. He thinks that the dominant optimism of the Bible and its orientation toward the future are characteristically revolutionary, and sees the Bible as imparting a revolutionary message from the moment in Exodus when God takes up the cause of the Hebrews enslaved in Egypt. (A contrast Frye makes is with Saturnalia, the topsy-turvy Roman festival in which each year slaves and masters temporarily exchanged roles—a gesture of mockery that recognized the inequity of slavery while promising to do nothing about it.) Frye mentions the elevation of the humble and the humbling of the mighty celebrated by the Song of Hannah, in Samuel, and by the Magnificat, in Luke. He also sees "this revolutionary and prophetic confrontation with society" in the Crucifixion itself, and suggests that Jesus' prophetic significance is "that of being the one figure in history whom no organized human society could possibly put up with. The society that rejected him represented all societies . . . the whole of mankind down to ourselves and doubtless far beyond." This reminds me of Frye's comment in an earlier book, "The Stubborn Structure," that great poets judge their critics, rather than vice versa, and that somebody writing about Shakespeare runs the risk of uncovering his own inadequacies more clearly than his subject's. But while the life of Jesus and, indeed, the entire Bible are criticisms of our lives, there is more: the Bible always holds out what Frye calls a "vision of upward metamorphosis" that is the antithesis of the resignation that paganism inculcated.

Another of the Bible's unifying techniques is typology: earlier events and people foreshadow later ones. Frye thinks that Biblical typology is a likely source of our common secular belief that history has a meaning, and that if we do not understand events immediately their purposes will be revealed in time. Christianity teaches that the Old Testament became fully comprehensible in the New. The type of deliverance—the liberation from bondage in Exodus—is followed by the antitype of deliverance: liberation from death by the Resurrection. Typology is a rhetorical device and a method of bringing coherence to scriptural writings, but above all it is a way of understanding events. Frye makes the point that the Bible intends its types and antitypes to be understood spiritually, not as literal reincarnations. One of his

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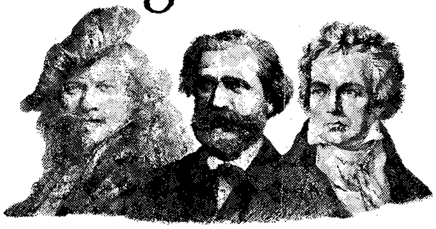

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examples—that Nebuchadnezzar and Nero are "spiritually," not literally, identical, as are Babylon and Rome—may remind readers of Hannah Arendt's enduring phrase "the banality of evil," insofar as wickedness seems condemned to do the same things over and over across millennia; in the perspective of time, let alone eternity, the quest for power lacks enchantment and is indeed banal.

Efforts to achieve textual unity of the Bible extended over centuries—an editorial work without parallel, and one that, as Frye suggests, we have difficulty appreciating, because the primacy of individual authors was taken for granted once writing supplanted oral transmission; it became almost impossible to admire the consistency that generations of editors had imposed upon Biblical texts. The Bible bridges the entire span from oral teachings to written texts. (Frye directs us to the reign of Josiah, King of Judah, in the seventh century B.C., when, according to the Second Book of Chronicles, an old "book of the law of the Lord given by Moses" was discovered, which modern scholars have identified as an early version of Deuteronomy.) Yet Frye finds that the Bible's style remains close to the conventions of the oral tradition. The staying power of words, oral or written, despite the feebleness of human breath and the fragility of papyrus remains awesome, and Frye feels that "the supremacy of the verbal over the monumental has something about it of the supremacy of life over death." He agrees with Milton that the Bible, a "manifesto of human freedom," has been misused and misread because human anxiety has feared liberty. Anxiety is doubtless part of our mammalian heritage—healthy animal alertness running amok—and though we tend to feel that our own problems are the most acute and the present age likelier than any other to produce anxiety, a threatened punishment for disobeying God from Leviticus, "And ye shall flee when none pursueth you," serves as an excellent description of the misery of anxiety. The Bible is, as Frye says, a "great cultural achievement," which means, among other things, that it forestalls us: almost everything we can think of is already there.

That quality might discourage rather than inspire a poet, but perhaps one reason it does not is that the Bible is kerygma, and so is heartening at the same time that it offers a model: disinterestedness. Twice in my life, I have unexpectedly heard true kerygmatic address. The first speaker was an anthropologist, the second a novelist. Both told their diverse audiences, with the greatest simplicity, to respect every other human being. Their language was so plain I cannot recall it; I can still feel the concern they imparted. The tongues through which the Bible has reached us were not literary languages, and the Bible's literary pretensions are secondary to the conviction of its authors that it is revelation, so its language ultimately tells us that through words we can transcend the word. It goes beyond Pascal's "True eloquence scorns eloquence," and is closer to Frye's statement that "works of literature are not things to be contemplated but powers to be absorbed," suggesting that reading and writing are the type of which communion and Communion are the antitypes. There were as many centuries of civilization before the Biblical canon was closed, in 382, as there have been since, and as far back as we can go the Bible has attempted to help two kinds of discontents—our awareness of injustice and our sense of our own limitations: not only our mortality but the finiteness of our perception and understanding. Our deepest feelings are also our civilization's oldest feelings. T. S. Eliot described the poet's work as a "raid on the inarticulate." The Bible is the most successful such foray we know.

—Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Shady Lady, by Ruth Gordon (Arbor House; $12.95). The first chapter of this high-spirited novel (Miss Gordon's first) would be simple to stage. Time: July, 1930. A dingy upper-Broadway walkup apartment; reclining, in a lacy wrapper, a thirty-one-year-old redhead. Enter a reporter for the *Mirror* sent to interview her for an article to be headed "Where Are the Former Ziegfeld Girls?" In the next eighty chapters, in terms that would make a sailor blush, Miss Gordon recounts the redhead's twenty-five-year fascination with "It": risqué costumes are donned and shed for every sort of lover (but mostly very rich ones) in every sort of setting, from a Minnesota hardware store to a Chicago boarding house to New York's top hotels to Palm Beach palaces to a Nob Hill town house to the Ile-de-France to the Paris Ritz and the Riviera. At one point, Ruth Gordon makes a cameo appearance with Alexander Woollcott, who calls her a "withered ingénue" and scolds her when she starts to reminisce. An amusing display of disorderly conduct.

GENERAL

AMERICA IN SEARCH OF ITSELF: THE MAKING OF THE PRESIDENT, 1956-1980, by Theodore H. White (Harper & Row; $15.95). The fifth and (the author insists) the last of Mr. White's accounts of Presidential elections. In it, he reviews what he thinks have been the most important changes in American politics since the end of the Second World War, and his conclusions, though pessimistic, may be accurate. Mr. White believes that the last election closed an era in American politics and that our future policies will be less optimistic, expansive, venturesome, and generous. He also feels that the dominance, or tyranny, of television, combined with the national-origins- and sex-quota systems that govern party operations (they are the rule in the Democratic Party and influence the Republicans), is pushing politics into diffuseness and making agreement and leadership more difficult within the parties. He recalls how and why the Republicans won the 1980 elections, and he fathoms, as well as anyone can, the reasons that Americans turned so emotionally, so decisively, from Jimmy Carter. Though never shy about disagreeing with opinions or policies, Mr. White is inclined to judge men kindly rather than harshly. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

THE MAN WHO WAS VOGUE: THE LIFE AND TIMES OF CONDÉ NAST, by Caroline Seebohm (Viking; $18.95). The subject of this absorbing biography invented a new theory of magazine journalism and became a founding father of the consumer society. Raised in genteel poverty in the Middle West, Nast (1873-1942) came to New York in 1897 to work for *Collier's Weekly*, and he established it among the great mass-circulation magazines. He determined, however, to found his own empire on another principle, of his own devising: that a magazine could succeed by appealing to limited but well-defined audiences that would

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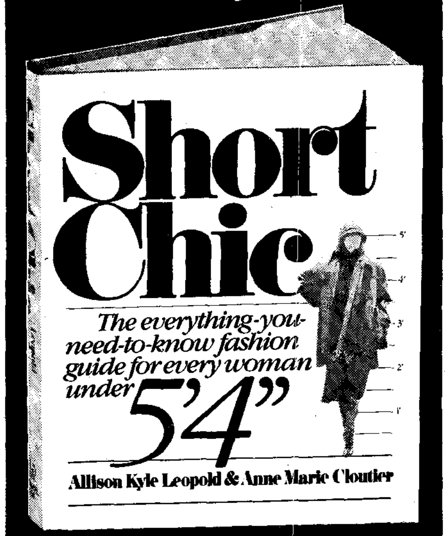
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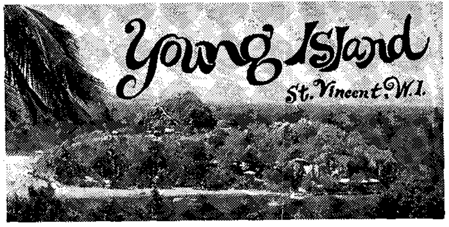

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guarantee advertisers a select readership. In an era of economic expansion, his *Vogue*, *Vanity Fair*, *House & Garden*, and *The American Golfer* told the rich how to spend their money. (*Vogue Patterns*, his earliest venture, and *Glamour*, his last, testified to his awareness of other markets.) Nast's intuition may have been his most striking quality. He was devoted to detail, but, as with every genius, his hunches preceded his fussing. His talented staffs contributed to the history of American design, and he himself made a fortune. He was welcomed by society, whose multimillionaires undid him: in the late nineteen-twenties, they persuaded him to sell shares in his private company, Condé Nast Publications, and invest the proceeds in the stock market. The crash cost Nast both his capital and his company.

BEYOND GREED, by Stephen Fay (Viking; $15.95). This story of an international plot to corner all the world's silver is, as Mr. Fay tells it, crammed with fascinating characters, few admirable. The author makes the arcana of the commodities markets not only understandable but entertaining, so that we can follow the scheme in which men from two of the richest families on earth—the Texas Hunts and the Arabian Saudis—disorganized the world's economy by quadrupling the price of silver between August of 1979 and early 1980, in pursuit of wealth they did not need. Mr. Fay explains how the scheme evolved, the damage it did, and how it miscarried, but there is, alas, only an amoral moral: the Hunts were bailed out by a coalition of banks and government agencies lest their personal crash destroy an unacceptably large section of the American financial community.

NOTE: "American Journey: Traveling with Tocqueville in Search of *Democracy in America*," by Richard Reeves, has been published by Simon & Schuster ($15.95). Much of the text originally appeared in this magazine.

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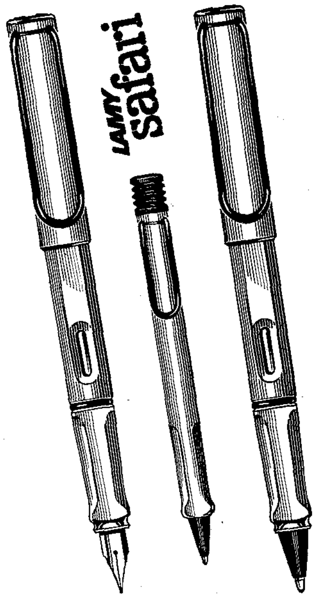

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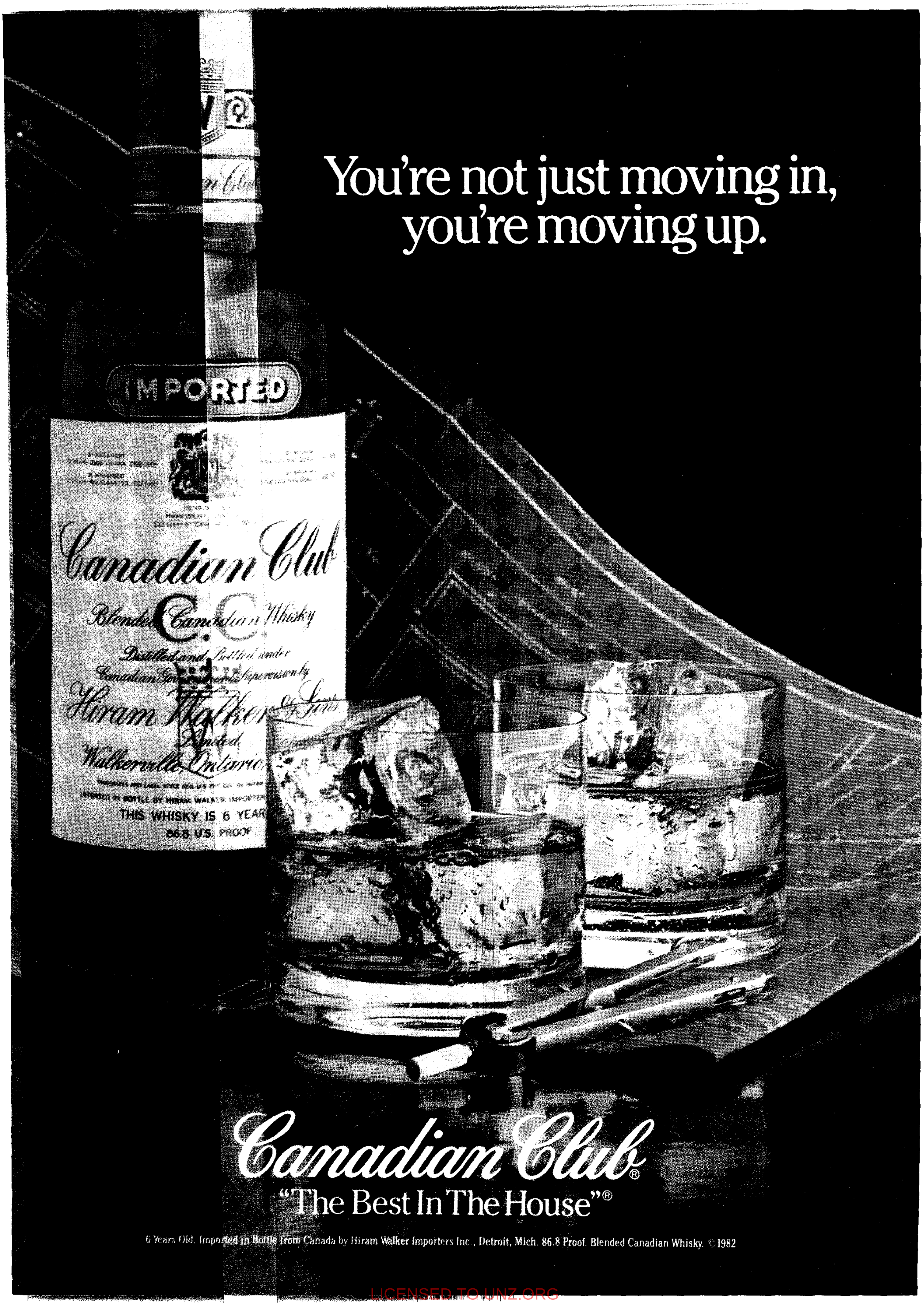
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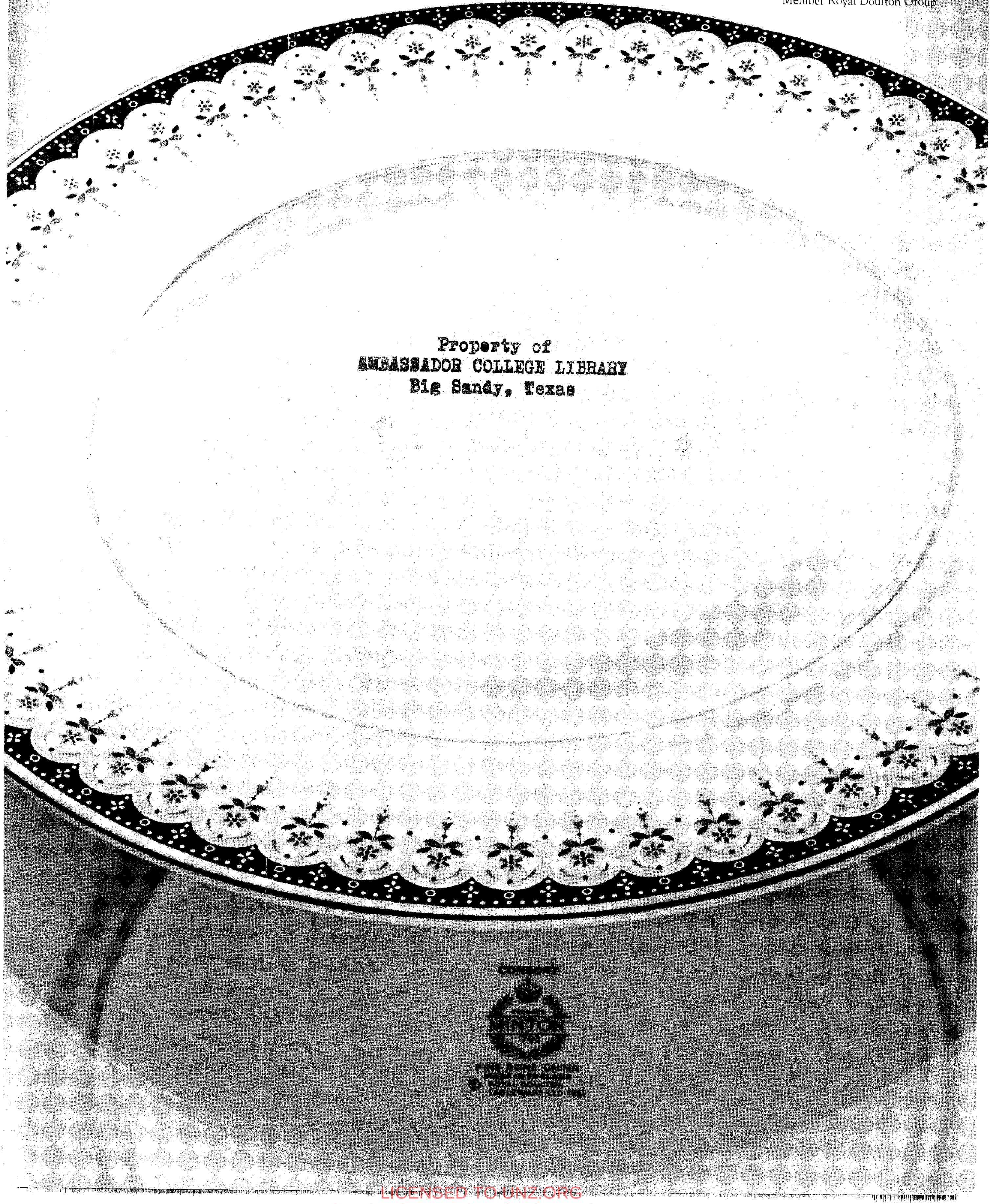

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